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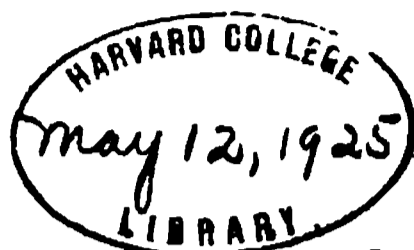
BEING

**BRIEF SKETCHES OF NOTED ACHIEVEMENTS AND INCIDENTS
IN THE LIVES OF EMINENT STATESMEN, INVENTORS,
SOLDIERS, DISCOVERERS, PHILANTHROPISTS,
POETS, AUTHORS, TRAVELLERS,
AND OTHERS.**

BY JAMES PARTON.

NEW YORK:
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1883.

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James Sturgis Pray

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37

PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHY, which is the most ancient kind of composition with which we are acquainted, remains to this day the most interesting. Fiction itself, and the drama not less, as well as the highest forms of epic poetry, derive their value from their biographic truth, and their interest from the insatiable desire which men have to know how it has fared with their fellows.

“Man alone,” says a great poet, “is interesting to man.” It is true, that we can acquire a taste for branches of science which only remotely affect the condition of our species, or do not affect it at all ; but this is, in a certain sense, an unnatural taste, — something acquired, like the preference which some persons have for repulsive flavors and outlandish forms. Speaking of the natural tastes of our kind, we can still say with Goethe, “Man alone is interesting to man.”

Any volume, therefore, in which lives of men are recorded with any degree of fulness or vivacity, is sure to meet with a certain welcome from the reading public.

In the work now presented, the reader will find some account, more or less extensive, of a considerable number of the most remarkable men who have ever lived. The word “interesting,” as applied in the title page to the persons treated in this work, was used designedly, and gives the true reason why these persons were selected in preference to others. As a portion of these sketches were written for young people, it was obviously necessary for me to confine myself to such subjects as furnished a curious and interesting

story; and the same principle guided me in the selection of the other subjects.

I think, therefore, that the reader will, at least, find this an interesting volume, and, I hope, not less instructive on that account. Not one of the lives recorded here but what contains matter to cheer, or warn, or enlighten.

Following the bent of my own taste, I have dwelt little upon the destroyers, nor have often chosen even the armed defenders of their kind. I have preferred to relate the benignant actions of philanthropists, discoverers, inventors, and philosophers, to whom the progress of man, in every age, has been chiefly due, and to whom the homage of our veneration and gratitude most justly belongs.

JAMES PARTON.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT HOME.

	PAGE
The General favored with a Curtain Lecture — Anecdote — His great Wealth — Character of his Mother — Extracts from his Diary — His Daily Life — His Habits	9

INAUGURATION OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Meeting of the First Congress — Counting the Electoral Votes — Unwillingness of the General to leave Home — His triumphal Progress to New York — He takes the Oath — The Inaugural Address.....	16
---	----

WHAT IS KNOWN OF SHAKESPEARE.

Spelling of his Name — Rank of the Family — Shakespeare's Education — Marriage — Goes to London — His dramatic Career — Retires to Stratford — Death.....	23
---	----

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The great Lisbon Earthquake — Its Effects on the mind of Howard — Business and Wealth of his Father — His Apprenticeship to a Grocer — Death of his Father — Inherits a large Estate — Makes the Tour of Europe — Returns to England — His long Illness — Marries his Aged Nurse — His happy Life with Her — Her Death — Howard sets out for Portugal — A Prisoner of War — His sufferings in a French Dungeon — His Release and Return Home — Procures the Release of many of his Companions — Marries again — Builds Cottages for his Tenants — His Benevolence as a Landlord — His religious Opinions — Was probably acquainted with Franklin — Birth of his Son — Death of his Wife — Appointed High Sheriff — Personally examines the Jails — Discovers the Horrors prevailing in English Jails — Publishes the Results of his Investigations — Receives the Thanks of Parliament — Renews his Inquiries — A Candidate for Parliament — His Services to American Prisoners of War — His Travels on the Continent of Europe — Extracts from his Journal — His Interview with the Emperor of Austria — The Black Assize of Oxford — His Travels in Sweden and Russia — The Russian Knout — Ruin and Death of his Son — His last Travels — His Death.....	30
---	----

ZERAH COLBURN.

Anecdote of the Discovery of his Talents — His Father — Instances of the Boy's wonderful Powers — Anecdotes of his Quickness — Exhibited as a Show in the United States — Residence in England — His great Exploits there — Goes upon the Stage — Turns Methodist Preacher — Loses his Calculating Power.....	79
---	----

SAMUEL DECHAMPLAIN.

His Early Life and Voyages — Sails to Canada — His Second Voyage to Canada — Founds the City of Quebec — Discovers Lake Champlain — His Death at Quebec.....	84
--	----

DEATH OF COMMODORE DECATUR.

His Early Life — In the War with Algiers — In the War of 1812 — Hostile Correspondence with Barron — The Duel — Death of Decatur.....	89
---	----

BLAISE PASCAL.

Invents the Omnibus System — Superstition in France then — The Child Bewitched — His Talent for Mathematics — His Narrow Escape from Destruction — Frightened into Excessive Devotion — His Life of Self-torture — Specimens of his "Thoughts."	96
---	----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FATHER MATHEW.

	PAGE
The Annual Celebration of his Birthday in New York — The Usefulness of the Father Mathew Societies — Origin of Father Mathew's Interest in Temperance — Beginning of his Labors — His Wonderful Success in Ireland — The beneficial Effects of his Labors — Anecdotes — Extracts from one of his Sermons — His last Sickness and Death.....	109

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF AARON BURR.

Burr severed from the human Race, and why — Interest of the Ladies in his Sorrows — A Clergyman deputed to converse with Him — Dr. Mathews selected — The Interview — Burr's subsequent Career as a Lawyer.....	115
---	-----

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

His Tomb in New York — His Wife — His early Life — His Career in the Navy — The Poet Southey in the American Naval Victories in 1813.....	122
---	-----

WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEAN?

Remark of Jefferson Davis — His Liberality in Childhood — As a Youth — As a Husband and Master — As a public Man — His Generosity to his poor Friends and Relations.....	128
--	-----

THE POET VIRGIL.

Present Currency of his Works — Traditions respecting his Youth — Goes to Rome — Specimens of his Poetry — Death.....	134
---	-----

JAMES WATT.

Truth stranger than Fiction — How Watt conceived his Idea — The Ancestors of Watt — His great Invention — His long Struggle — In Partnership with Boulton — Character of Boulton — Great Success of the Firm — Anecdote of Boswell — Watt and Sir Walter Scott — Great Importance of the Invention.....	140
---	-----

POOR JOHN FITCH.

The First Exhibition of the Steamboat at Philadelphia — The early Misfortunes of the Inventor — His miserable Marriage — Abandons his Wife — Serves in the Revolutionary War — Conceives the Idea of a Steamboat — Great Progress of the Invention — Falls from want of Capital — The Inventor broken-hearted — A Suicide.....	146
--	-----

ROBERT FULTON.

Gets Idea of the Steamboat from poor John Fitch — Not the Inventor — Never claimed to be — Early Life — Troublesome Boy at School — Generosity to his Mother — Gives her a Farm — A Miniature Painter in Philadelphia — Goes to Europe — Lives with Benjamin West — Paints a Panorama — Experiments on the Steamboat in France — Partnership with Chancellor Livingston — First Steamboat sinks — The "Clermont," on the Hudson — Brilliant Triumph — Sickness and Death.....	153
---	-----

ELI WHITNEY.

Invents the Cotton Gin — Anecdote of the suggestion of the Idea — Early Life of Whitney — Utility of his Invention — Cheated out of the Benefit of it — Improves and Manufactures Firearms — Marriage — The future Field for Improvers in the South.....	159
--	-----

AUDUBON.

Early Life — His Love of Birds — Pursues his Studies in France — His Wanderings in the Western Forests — Terrible Loss of his Specimens by Mice — Publishes his Work — His Person described — Retires to the Banks of the Hudson — Death.....	163
---	-----

THE POET MILTON.

His Father — Education — Travels in Italy — School-master — Serves under Cromwell — Becomes Blind — Paradise Lost.....	167
--	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

vii

JOHN ADAMS.

	PAGE
Antiquity of his Family — In College — Why a Lawyer — His Success at the Bar — Member of Congress — After the Revolution — His Death, and Epitaph.....	173

JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS AT THE COURT OF GEORGE III.

John Adams presented to the King — His Speech — The King's Reply — The Subsequent Conversation. — Mrs. Adams and the Queen — Mrs. Adams at Court.....	181
---	-----

INAUGURATION OF JOHN ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams upon the Election of her Husband — General Washington's joy on retiring from Office — The Inauguration — Mr. Adams' own Account of the Scene.....	191
--	-----

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

His Arrival in Illinois — His early Life — A successful Politician — Member of Congress — Scene at Chicago — Close of his Life.....	196
---	-----

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS.

Great Men appear in Groups — Education of Copernicus — His arduous Studies — His Discoveries — Danger of the Inquisition — A good Churchman — His Work published — His House still preserved — His Death.....	204
---	-----

CHAUNCEY JEROME.

Clocks in old Times — Yankee Clocks now — Family and Training of Jerome — Apprenticed to a Carpenter — Begins Clockmaking — The wooden Clock invented — Rapid Growth of the Business — Jerome sets up for Himself — A magnificent Order — Invents the cheap Brass Clock — His great Success — His Ruin — Finds work in Chicago.....	209
---	-----

CHARLES GOODYEAR.

Origin of his Interest in India Rubber — The India Rubber Mania in New England — Begins his Experiments — His many Failures — Difficulties in the Way — Partial Successes lure him on — Extreme Poverty — Sufferings of his Family — His Final Triumph — Continues to Experiment — Dies insolvent.....	215
--	-----

THOMAS JEFFERSON AT HOME.

His wife's Beauty and Accomplishments — Courtied by Jefferson — Their Wedding-Trip — Toils of a Planter's Wife — Her Trials in the Revolution — Her early Death.....	221
--	-----

BENEDICT ARNOLD — NEW LIGHT.

His Character as a Boy — A Business Man — Ravages his native State — The Wages of his Treason — His Descendants.....	228
--	-----

SAMUEL ADAMS.

Why less known than John — His early Life — Unsuccessful in Business — Serves the Public — Takes the Lead against the King — Anecdotes — In Congress — Closing Years.....	232
---	-----

RECOLLECTIONS OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

His Poverty — First Sight of Him — Interviews with him — His Recollections of Aaron Burr.....	238
---	-----

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

His celebrated Fight at School — Place of his Birth — His Education — His mechanical Talent in Childhood — Newton at Cambridge — His arduous Studies — Makes his great Discovery of the Law of Gravitation — How he was led to it — Appointed Master of the Mint — Twice in love — Extracts from his Diary — Anecdotes — The Inscription on his Tomb.....	244
---	-----

GALILEO.

	PAGE
Terrors of the Inquisition — Poverty of his Childhood — His Love of Learning — His Discoveries — Arrested by the Inquisition — Pronounced guilty, and obliged to recant — A Blind old Man — His great Knowledge	261

VASCO DA GAMA.

His Rank as a Discoverer — Selected to command the Expedition to India — Sails for that Country — Events on the Voyage — Quells a Mutiny — Reaches India — His subsequent Voyages — His Person and Character	266
--	-----

DOCTOR HAHNEMANN.

His Birth and Education — Practises Medicine — Dissatisfied with the Science — Founds Homœopathy — Persecuted by the Apothecaries — His great Successes — Removal to Paris	272
--	-----

ALFONSE THE FIRST OF PORTUGAL.

Former Greatness of Portugal — Indebtedness of the Country to Alfonse — His early Life — His gigantic Stature — His brilliant Campaigns — Founds the Kingdom of Portugal — Takes Lisbon — His Marriage and Family	277
---	-----

BARTHOLOMEW DIAS.

What the World owes to Portugal — The Mariner's Compass introduced — The first Discoveries on the Coast of Africa — The great Voyage of Dias — He discovers the Cape of Good Hope — His Shipwreck and Death	283
---	-----

EARLY LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

Effect of his Title upon his Mind — Spoiled by his Mother — Schoolboy Anecdote — At College — His early Poetry — His subsequent Career	288
--	-----

FERNANDO MAGALHAENS.

Commonly called Magellan — Importance of Portugal in Navigation — He enters the Portuguese Navy — Employed by Charles V. — Discovers Patagonia — Passes through Magellan Straits — Reaches the Ladrões — His Death	296
--	-----

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

His Appearance as a Lecturer in London — Anecdote — His Education — His Inventions and Discoveries — Marries a Fortune — Made a Baronet — His Character	301
---	-----

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

Character of the Yorkshiresmen — Frobisher ambitious of making Discoveries — Finds a Patron in the Earl of Warwick — His Voyage to Labrador — Supposes he has discovered Gold — Sails under Sir Francis Drake	306
---	-----

ALPHONSE D'ALBUQUERQUE.

Persecution of the Heathen in Former Times — Fights the Moors in Africa — His Voyage to India — His Conquests in that Country — His Booty — His edifying Death	311
--	-----

HERNANDO CORTEZ.

His Early Life — A Love Adventure — Emigrates to the West Indies — A Planter — Sails for Mexico — His Conquests in Mexico — His Scruples of Conscience	317
--	-----

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

Begins Life a Swine-herd — Enlists in the Spanish Army — Settles at Panama — Sails for Peru — Conquers the Country — His tragical Death — His Character	323
---	-----

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

The Residence of John Cabot in England — Sebastian a Map-maker — The Voyage of the two Cabots — Their Discoveries — Sebastian's other Voyages — His Object and Character	330
--	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ix

PAUL JONES.

	PAGE
Early Life — Joins the United States Navy — His great Success — Cruises in the English Waters — Attacks White Haven — Restores the Earl of Selkirk's Plate — Captures the Drake — Takes the Serapis — His last Plan	334

GUSTAVUS III.

Ascends the throne of Sweden — Becomes an Absolute Monarch — His Assassination...	340
---	-----

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

His early Education — Studies Law — Successful at the Bar — A Democrat — In Congress — Anecdotes concerning the Declaration of Independence — Governor of Virginia — President of the United States.....	346
--	-----

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

His Family and early Life — Goes to Sea as a Cabin Boy — Commands a Ship at Eighteen — Embarks in the Slave trade — Attacked by a Spanish Fleet — Ravages the Coasts of New Grenada — Sails through the Straits of Magellan — Second in command against the Spanish Armada—What are we to think of Him ?.....	357
---	-----

HENRY HUDSON.

He was not a Dutchman — His first Voyage — Sails again in the Service of Holland — Discovers the Hudson River — His last Voyage — Discovers Hudson's Bay — Mutiny of his Crew — Murdered.....	362
---	-----

JACQUES CARTIER.

Why the St. Lawrence was so named — Early Importance of the Cod Fishery — Cartier's first Voyage — Enters the Mouth of the St. Lawrence — Lands on the Island of Montreal — Sufferings of the Crew.....	368
---	-----

THE POET HORACE.

His Father a Slave — His own Account of his Education — Serves in the Army — Earns his living by Poetry — Patronized and enriched by the Emperor Augustus.....	373
--	-----

CAPTAIN COOK.

Born in Poverty — Goes to Sea in a Coal Vessel — Becomes an Officer in the Royal Navy — Serves in Canada under General Wolfe — His Romantic Marriage — His Voyages in the Pacific — Killed by the Savages.....	379
--	-----

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PARRY.

Serves in the War of 1812 in the English Navy — Sails to the North under Captain Ross — Commands an Expedition — Ten Months in the Ice — Saves his Men from Scurvy — Endeavors to reach the North Pole — Cause of his Failure — His closing Years.	383
--	-----

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The Franklin Family — His early Fondness for the Sea — Enters the Navy — Serves gallantly under Nelson — His Marriage — Governor of Van Diemen's Land — His last and fatal Expedition to the North — The Efforts made to rescue Him — Causes of their Failure — Discovery of the Relics.....	390
--	-----

VOLTAIRE AND CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

Her Origin — Marries the Crown Prince of Russia — Character of her Husband — Ascends the Throne — Her Services to Russia — Her Character.....	402
---	-----

CONFUCIUS.

His early Life — His Marriage and first Employments — His efforts to obtain Wisdom — His Death — His Works — Outline of his Teaching — Promulgates the Golden Rule.....	408
---	-----

THE TWO CATOS.

Origin of the Family — Cato the Censor — Affects great Austerity — His Removal to Rome — Accompanies Scipio to Sicily — Specimens of his Sayings — His Person — Cato the Philosopher—His Suicide.....	419
---	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PETER THE GREAT.

	PAGE
His early Life — His Friendship for Francis Lefort — His Education under Lefort — Seizes the supreme Power — Travels in Quest of Knowledge — Reforms his Country — His Faults and Virtues.....	426

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

His Education — His Character as a Youth — Ascends the Throne — His Territories invaded — Defeats his Enemies — Wages War against Poland — Overcome by Peter the Great — His Death.....	433
---	-----

MAZEPPA.

The Name celebrated by Voltaire and Byron — The true Story of his early Life — Why he was an Enemy of Peter the Great — Joins Charles the Twelfth — Shares his Fate.....	439
--	-----

DEATH OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH.

Easier to die well than to live well — The King's Declining Health — Seized with mortal Sickness — His Advice to his Heir — His Farewell to his Court — His last Words — His Death.....	444
---	-----

JOHN LAW.

His great Celebrity — His Family and Education — Wanders over Europe — Makes a Fortune by Gambling — Settles in Paris — Disorder in the Finances — His Schemes to restore them — Appointed Minister of Finance — Evils of an inflated Currency — The Reaction — One hundred thousand persons ruined.	450
---	-----

GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

His early Life — Joins the Army — His Services during the Revolution — Secretary of War.....	457
--	-----

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

Clergymen in New England formerly — Early Life of Mrs. Webster — Her first Acquaintance with her Husband — Married Life — Her Death.....	463
--	-----

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Place of his Birth — His Education — His first Speech — Services in the Revolution — Secretary of the Treasury.....	469
---	-----

LA FAYETTE.

A Democratic Marquis — Antiquity of the Family — Offers his Services to Silas Doane — Sails to America — A Major-General in the American Army — Return to France — His subsequent Services — His Course in the French Revolution — Anecdotes — Imprisoned in Austria — Close of his Life.....	473
---	-----

BOLIVAR.

Reasons of the Backwardness of South America — Henry Clay's Opinion — Early Life of Bolivar — His Campaigns — Delivers his Country — His last Plan and Death.....	486
---	-----

GARIBALDI.

Not a bogus Patriot — His Family and early Life — A Cabin-Boy — a Price upon his Head — Fourteen Years in South America — In Italy again — His Speech.....	492
--	-----

LORD PALMERSTON.

His Diet — His Habits of Exercise — The House of Commons — His Mode of Speaking — Anecdote — Not superstitious — His Advice to the Scotch Clergymen.....	499
--	-----

LOUIS PHILLIPPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Origin of his Family — Execution of his Father — Louis Phillipe a School-teacher — Voyage to America — His Travels here — Anecdotes.	504
---	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xi

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Compared with Napoleon — His Rise to Power — Emperor — His Assassination — His Chamber — His successor.....	PAGE 511
---	-------------

PRESIDENT MADISON'S MARRIED LIFE.

Mrs. Madison's Family — Left a Widow — Marries Mr. Madison — Their Flight from Washington.	517
---	-----

JOHN A. SUTTER.

An Officer in the French Army — Emigrates to America — His Misfortunes and Wanderings here — Settles in California — Extent of his Possessions — Marshall joins Him — Gold discovered — The Secret divulged — The Rush of Gold Seekers — Sutter and Marshall ruined	522
---	-----

DR. VALENTINE MOTT.

Receives his Death-Shock by hearing of President Lincoln's Assassination — His early Life and professional Education — Studies in Europe — Anecdote of his procuring Bodies for Dissection — His Success as a Surgeon — His great Operations.....	527
---	-----

ANDREW JACKSON'S ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

His wife's Family — Her Early Life — Death of her Father — Married and Divorced — Marries Jackson — Happiness with him — Her Character and Death.....	538
---	-----

MARCUS AURELIUS, THE WISEST OF THE PAGANS.

His Early Life — He becomes Heir to the Throne — Is Emperor — His Thoughts — His Death.....	541
---	-----

ARISTOTLE.

Born in Greece — Death of his Father — He joins Plato as a Friend and Pupil — Invited to superintend the Education of the Son of Philip of Macedon — His Marriages, etc.....	553
--	-----

MAIER ROTHSCHILD.

His Father — Education among his Father's money-bags — Introduction to the Landgrave of Hesse — His rapid rise.....	564
---	-----

PETER COOPER.

His parents — His inventions — The Cooper Institute and its Schools.....	569
--	-----

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE IN THE U. S.

JOHN HARVARD.

His example — Leaves his Library and half his estate to found a College — Other Curious Gifts — Early days of the College.....	581
--	-----

ELIHU YALE.

His gifts to Yale College — Foundation of the College.....	589
--	-----

DR. DWIGHT.

Life at Yale.....	594
-------------------	-----

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

Why Professor B. Silliman did not go to Georgia — Elected Professor of Yale College — His new Retorts.....	596
--	-----

ORIGIN OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

PROFESSOR MORSE.

His return from Europe — He invents the Electric Telegraph on board the ship — Unable to get capital in America — Goes to England and tries there.....	602
--	-----

EZRA CORNELL.

His Boyhood — His first Invention — Associated with Morse in laying Telegraph Lines..	607
---	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER.

His Birth and Education — He defends Marshal Ney — Also Louis Napoleon... ..	PAGE 612
--	-------------

JARED SPARKS.

His early Life — How he got his Education — Goes to Exeter Academy — Thence to Harvard — Preaches at Baltimore — Edits the North American Review — Becomes President of Harvard College.....	619
--	-----

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Enters Parliament — Goes to Vienna to study Austria — Is sent as Ambassador to Russia — Thence to France — Made Prime Minister to the King.....	626
---	-----

PAINLESS SURGERY BY ETHER.

DR. W. T. G. MORTON.

His early Life — His attempts to utilize Ether — His failures and success.....	635
--	-----

DR. HORACE WELLS.

Established as a Dentist at Hartford — He goes to Harvard to explain his Ether plan — His failure.....	638
--	-----

COUNT RUMFORD.

His family Name — Born on a Farm in Massachusetts — Teaches school at Concord — Marries — Forced to leave his Home and fly to England — Becomes Prime Minister of Bavaria — Founds the Royal Institution in London — His death and bequests..	645
---	-----

POCAHONTAS AND HER HUSBAND.

The real History of Pocahontas and John Smith — Her descent and early Life — Her marriage to John Rolfe — They visit England.....	654
---	-----

DAVID CROCKETT.

His early Life — Leaves Home with a cattle drover at twelve — Reaches Baltimore — Works his way back to Tennessee — Marries — Joins the Army under Jackson — Is elected to Congress.....	668
--	-----

HISTORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

ELIAS HOWE.

His early Life on a Farm — Goes to Lowell — Thence to Cambridge and Boston — Invents the Sewing Machine — Goes to London — Leaves there very poor.....	673
--	-----

ISAAC MERRITT SINGER.

His infringement on Howe's Patent.....	693
--	-----

WILLIAM O. GROVER.

A Boston Tailor invents a new Stitch for the Sewing Machine — The Formation of the celebrated Sewing Machine Combination.....	699
---	-----

ORIGIN OF THE COTTON WEAVING MACHINERY.

JAMES HARGREAVES.

Invents the Carding Machine and Spinning Jenny — His house broken into and the machines ruined — Flies to Nottingham — Makes new machines — Is ruined.....	702
--	-----

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Invents the Spinning Frame — Tries to find Perpetual Motion, but fails — Is Knighted by George III.....	707
---	-----

THE PEEL FAMILY.

Robert Peel a Farmer, but turns Cotton Spinner — Then Printer of Calicoes — Finally became grandfather of the great Sir Robert Peel.....	715
--	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xiii

LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

PAGE

His youth — His connection with the Morning Chronicle — Goes to England — Publishes the Sketch Book in 1819 — His death..... 719

FENIMORE COOPER.

His descent — Goes to Yale College — His marriage — Takes to Literature — His suits for Libel..... 723

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Commences to write Poetry at age of 9 — Thanatopsis when 19 — Joins the Evening Post..... 729

TWO OF OUR BOHEMIANS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

As Sub-Editor of the Evening Mirror — Death of his Parents — Is adopted by John Allan, of Richmond — Sent to school in England — Thence to the University of Virginia — Goes to West Point — His expulsion..... 736

"ARTEMUS WARD."

Charles F. Browne — Learns the trade of type setting at Skowhegan — At 16 finds his way to Boston — Goes West and becomes Editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer — His Famous Letter — Turns Lecturer, and dies in London, England..... 743

JOSIAH QUINCY.

A model gentleman of the old school — Born in Boston — His Boyhood and happy marriage — Elected to Congress..... 749

MICHAEL FARADAY.

His apprenticeship — His appointment at the Royal Institution — His marriage — His last days at Hampton Court... 761

THE REAL MERITS OF COLUMBUS.

What led him to think of discovering the unknown lands — His marriage and letter to Italy — Is convinced — Starts to find Japan, and discovers America..... 771

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

Sails as purser on a vessel from the Canary Islands — His second voyage — His knowledge of Columbus — His book called "The Four Voyages" — Why the New World was called America..... 792

WILLIAM GED, THE FIRST STEREOTYPER.

He invents the art of Stereotyping — His attempts and failures — Goes to London — His unfortunate partnerships and death..... 800

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

The forerunner of Jefferson and Madison — His pedigree — Joins Cromwell's Army — Wounded at Marston Moor — Opposes Cromwell in Parliament — Put out by Cromwell — His opposition to Charles II. and the Duke of York — Tried for High Treason — His execution..... 807

THOMAS HOOD.

His Life and trials — His fictitious titles for the Library of the Duke of Devonshire — His jokes made during his spells of sickness..... 820

CHARLES DICKENS.

As a public speaker, with a sketch of some of his Speeches..... 831

ILLUSTRIOUS MEN

AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS;

OR,

PEOPLE'S BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT HOME.

GENERAL WASHINGTON stood six feet three in his slippers, and, in the prime of his life was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well-proportioned and evenly developed, so that he carried his tallness gracefully, and looked strikingly well on horseback. There has never been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man; it was only in later life that his movements became slow and dignified. His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her knitting-needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer-book and almanacs, and keep simple accounts. Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life, and as to her spelling, — the less said of it the better.

Washington himself, before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular then in such matters as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago. When the general wrote for a "rheam of paper," a beaver "hatt," a suit of "cloaths," and a pair of "sattin" shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to

keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the History of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator occasionally on rainy days; but he had little literary taste. He was essentially an out-of-doors man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in his house which could be called a library; he had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed and never read long at a time.

The general and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinion in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:—

“Now, good sleep to you, my dear.”

What an example to husbands!

When Washington was appointed to command the revolutionary armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was, the “uneasiness,” as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.

General Washington was a very rich man; his wife was very rich, and her three children were heirs to great wealth. He had a little principality to govern. Besides the farms about his own residence on the Potomac, with several hundred slaves upon them, he possessed wild lands in most of the best locations then known, as well as shares in several incorporated companies. He

derived an important part of his influence from the greatness of his wealth and the antiquity of his family, — things which were then held in much more respect than they are now. Washington's estate was not worth more than three-quarters of a million dollars; but it gave him far more personal consequence in the country than ten times such a fortune could at present. The rich planter of that day, living as he did on a wide domain of his own, the owner of those who served him, riding about in his coach and six, and with no near neighbors to restrain, censure, or outshine him, was a kind of farmer-prince.

It was fortunate for Washington that he came to this wealth when his character was mature. Being a younger son, he had no expectations of wealth in his youth, and he was brought up in a very hardy, sensible manner, on an enormous farm, not a fourth part of which was cultivated. His father dying when he was eleven years old, he came directly under the influence of his mother, who was one of the women of whom people say, "There is no nonsense about her." She was a plain, illiterate, energetic, strong-willed lady, perfectly capable of conducting the affairs of a farm, and scorning the help of others. When she was advanced in years, her son-in-law offered to manage her business for her.

"You may keep the accounts, Fielding," was her reply, "for your eyesight is better than mine; but I can manage my affairs myself."

On another occasion General Washington asked her to come and live with him at Mount Vernon.

"I thank you, George," said she; "but I prefer being independent."

And so to the last she lived in her own plain farm-house, and superintended the culture of her own acres, not disdaining to labor with her own hands. When La Fayette visited her he found her at work in her garden, with her old sun-bonnet on, and she came in to see him, saying: —

"I would not pay you so poor a compliment, marquis, as to stay to change my dress."

I have often thought that she must have resembled Betsey Trotwood, as drawn by Charles Dickens in *David Copperfield*,

and as *found* in many country homes both in Old England and in New, — honest, strict, energetic women, a little rough in their manners, but capable of eminent generosity when there is occasion for it. Being the son of such a woman, and trained by her in a simple, rational manner, George Washington was prepared to enjoy the lot that fell to him, without being spoiled by it.

With all his wealth he was not exempt from labor. Cultivating a large tract of country, he spent much of his time in riding about to visit the different farms, to consult his overseers and superintend his improvements. It is computed that he spent about one-half of the days of his life on horseback. Like all out-of-door men, he was exceedingly fond of a good horse, — a taste which he had in common with his mother, who was said to be as good a judge of horses as any man in Virginia. Nothing was more common than for him to mount his horse after breakfast and ride all day, only dismounting for a few minutes at a time.

On those great plantations far from any large town, and worked by negroes, the master was often obliged personally to superintend any operation which was out of the ordinary routine. No doubt when General Washington entered in his diary, "Bottled thirty-five dozen of cider," the hand with which he wrote the words still smelt of the liquid. We find in his diary many such entries as these : —

"Spent the greater part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."

"Peter (my smith) and I, after several efforts to make a plough after a new model, partly of my own contriving, were fain to give it over, at least for the present."

"Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of a duck-bill plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough. Put the pole-end horses into the plough in the morning, and put the postilion and hind horse in the afternoon; but the ground being well swarded over, and very heavy ploughing, I repented putting them in at all, for fear it should give them a habit of stopping in the chariot."

"Apprehending the herrings were come, hauled the seine; but

caught only a few of them, though a good many of other sorts of fish."

"Seven o'clock, a messenger came to inform me that my mill was in great danger of being destroyed. I immediately hurried off all hands, with shovels, etc., to its assistance, and got there myself just time enough to give it a reprieve for this time, by wheeling gravel into the place which the water had washed. While I was there a very heavy thunder shower came on, which lasted upwards of an hour. I tried what time the mill required to grind a bushel of corn, and, to my surprise, found it was within five minutes of an hour. Old Anthony attributed this to the low head of water; but whether it was so or not I cannot say. The works are all decayed and out of order, which I rather take to be the cause."

Such a mill we should think hardly worth saving. Even the vigorous Washington could not get a Virginia plantation into very good order. We read elsewhere in his diary that he owned one hundred and one cows, and yet had to buy butter sometimes for the use of his family. Would the reader like to know the reason? General Washington himself tells us. He mentions in his diary that one morning in February, 1760, he went out to where "my carpenters" were hewing, — the said carpenters being black slaves. "I found," he wrote, "that four of them, namely, George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet since yesterday at ten o'clock." Surprised at this meagre result of a day's labor of four men, he sat down to see how they managed. Under the spell of the master's eye they worked faster, but still in a wonderfully bungling and dawdling manner. He records that, after they had prepared a log for cutting into lengths, "they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock in two places," etc. He found that the four men had done exactly one man's work the day before, supposing they could work no faster than they had done while he watched them, and that one intelligent, active laborer could do about as much hewing in two days as they would in a week. Here we have the reason why a man possessing one hundred and one cows had to buy butter. If this was the case with the best

farmer in Virginia, and one of the richest, what must have been the condition of the ordinary plantations?

Much of his time, however, was spent in taking care of these dilatory and uncalculating laborers. If a malignant disease broke out among them, it was the master who alone had the nerve and energy to make the requisite arrangements. The small-pox once ravaged his negro quarters. He enters in his diary : —

"After taking the doctor's directions in regard to my people, I set out for my quarters, and got there about twelve o'clock, time enough to find everything in the utmost confusion, disorder and backwardness, my overseer on his back with a broken leg, and not half a crop, especially of corn ground, prepared."

In these desperate circumstances, with the dead to be buried, the dying to be comforted, the sick to be ministered to, and the well to be tranquillized, the master proceeded to arrange hospitals, separate the sick from the well, provide nurses, and give instruction as to the treatment of the disease.

Such were some of the employments of Washington when he was a Virginia planter. His pleasures were few, but they were such as he keenly enjoyed. We learn from his diary that he hunted, during the season, about twice a week, and it is plain that these were his happy days. There are scores of entries like the following : —

"Went hunting after breakfast, and found a fox at Muddy Hole, and killed her after a chase of better than two hours, and after treeing her twice, the last of which times she fell dead out of the tree, after being there several minutes apparently well."

There were balls occasionally at Alexandria, and we find Washington attending them, and entering into the humors and gayeties of the entertainment with much spirit.

The usual course of a day at Mount Vernon was something like this : The master rose early, shaved and dressed himself, except that his queue was arranged by a servant. His first visit was to the stable. It is recorded of him that he once applied, with his own strong right arm, a stirrup strap to the shoulders of a groom who had allowed a favorite horse to stand all night in the sweat and dust of a day's hunt. I think I know some

lovers of the horse who will be able to forgive this action without the least difficulty. After a light breakfast of corn cake, honey, and tea, the general would tell his guests, if he had any, and he usually had, to amuse themselves in their own way till dinner time, offering them his stables, his hunting and fishing apparatus, his boats and his books to their choice. Then he would mount his horse and ride about his farms, returning at half-past two, in time to dress for dinner at three. He was always dressed with care for this meal, as on all other occasions of ceremony. He liked plain dishes, drank home-brewed ale, and was particularly fond of baked apples, hickory nuts, and other simple products of the country. It was his custom to sit a good while at the table after dinner, eating nuts, sipping wine, and talking over his hunts and his adventures while in service during the French war. His usual toast was, "All our friends." The evening was spent in the family circle around the blazing wood fire, and by ten o'clock he was usually asleep. Such was the ordinary life of this illustrious farmer at home, before his country called him to the field to defend her liberties; and it was just the kind of life that was best fitted to prepare him for the command of an army of American farmers.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.



THE first Congress, under the present Constitution, met in the city of New York, on the 4th of March, 1789. That, at least, was the day appointed for its meeting; but when the hour had arrived, it was found that, out of twenty-six senators, only eight were present, and of a numerous House of Representatives but fourteen members were in their seats. Both houses adjourned from day to day, and it was not until the 6th of April that a quorum of both houses was present.

The first business in order, after the organization, was the counting of the votes for president and vice-president, and thus to ascertain who it was whom the people had elected to set the new government in motion. The constitution then required that the person who had received the highest number of electoral votes should be the president, and the person who received the next highest number should be the vice-president. For the first office there was nothing that resembled competition. Not only was every electoral vote cast for General Washington, but, so far as is known, he was the choice of every individual voter in every State of the Union.

When we look over the list of those who received votes for the vice-presidency, we cannot but be struck with the transitory nature of political fame. Who has ever heard of an American politician by the name of John Milton? Yet John Milton was a man of sufficient prominence in the United States, in 1789, to receive two electoral votes for the presidency. One Edward Telfair received a vote. Who was Telfair? These two persons are so completely forgotten that their names are not even mentioned in the biographical dictionaries. Among the other persons, nearly forgotten, who received votes for this

office, we find Benjamin Lincoln, James Armstrong, Robert H. Harrison, Samuel Huntingdon, and John Rutledge. The candidate elected was John Adams, who received thirty-four votes. John Jay received nine votes, and John Hancock four votes, and the rest were scattered among the unknown names just mentioned.

When the result of the election was proclaimed, a member of the Senate was appointed to go to Mount Vernon and notify General Washington of his election. The long delay which had occurred while a quorum of Congress was assembling was regarded by the general, as he himself remarked, in the light of a "*reprieve*." He wrote to his old companion in arms, General Knox : —

"My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution ; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people and a good name of my own on this voyage ; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men ; for, of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

All the letters of Washington written at this period show the unwillingness with which he left his beloved retirement to resume the control of public affairs. It was more than unwillingness, — it was aversion and dread. He distrusted his own abilities, nor was he satisfied with every part of the new Constitution. Two days, however, after the messenger reached him with the official news of his election, he began his journey to the seat of government.

That journey was a triumphal progress. He had scarcely gone beyond the boundaries of his own estate, when he was met by a company of horsemen from Alexandria, who escorted him to that ancient town, where a public banquet had been pro-

vided for him. Most of the faces surrounding the table on this occasion were those of old friends and neighbors, and Washington was deeply moved by this affectionate tribute. As he proceeded northward, people came out into the highways to see him pass, and there was no town or village upon the route, but appointed its deputation to welcome and escort him. Baltimore, both on his arrival and departure, sent forth a numerous cavalcade, and gave him a salute of artillery. Chester detained him at a public breakfast, and he passed through Philadelphia under triumphal arches and hailed by the cheers of the people. Trenton — where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution — gave him a reception which made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. The mothers of the city here gathered at the bridge over the Delaware, and, as he passed under a triumphal arch erected upon the bridge, thirteen young girls, clad in white dresses, and adorned with garlands, scattered flowers in his path, singing as they did so an ode in his honor.

At Elizabethtown, where a committee of both Houses of Congress, and the Mayor and Corporation of New York were in waiting to receive him, he was conducted on board of a magnificent barge constructed for the purpose. Thirteen New York pilots, in white uniform, manned and rowed this vessel. A fleet of other boats and barges, decorated with streamers and ribbons, followed the stately craft that bore the president-elect; and as the beautiful procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, other boats, gay with flags and streamers, fell into line; until, emerging into the broad harbor, the whole fleet swept up to the city, while bands of music and patriotic songs were heard on every side. Every ship in the bay was dressed as on festive occasions, and saluted the general's barge as it passed.

As the president-elect drew near the landing-place, there was a ringing of bells, a roar of artillery, and a shouting from the assembled multitude, such as had never before been heard in America. The governor of the State received him upon the wharf, and there, too, was General Knox and other soldiers of the Revolution. A carriage stood ready to convey him to the

residence prepared for him, and a carpet had been spread from the carriage door to the boat. As he intimated a preference to walk, a procession was formed, which increased as the procession of boats had done upon the water. Every house by which he passed was decorated with flags and banners, and bore some kind of emblem or sentence containing a compliment to himself. To the ladies who filled the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, and who shed flowers and tears before him, he took off his hat and bowed politely.

This ovation, as we can perceive in Washington's diary, was rather saddening than cheering to him. He wrote in his diary that evening:—

"The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

There was still some delay. The question arose in Congress by what title the president should be addressed. Some proposed "His Excellency;" others, "His Highness;" others, "His Serene Highness." One party wished him to be addressed as "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." It was wisely concluded, however, after many days' debate, that he should have no title except the simple name of his office, "President of the United States."

It was on the 30th of April that the ceremony of the inauguration at length took place. At nine o'clock in the morning religious services were performed in all the churches of the city. At twelve o'clock, the military companies of New York halted before the door of Washington's residence, and, a half an hour after, the procession moved in the following order: First, the troops; next, the committees of both houses of Congress in carriages; next, the president-elect in a grand state-coach; next, his aide-de-camp and his secretary in one of the general's own carriages; and the procession was closed by

the carriages of the foreign ministers and a train of citizens. When the head of the procession had reached the hall, it halted, the troops were drawn up on each side of the pavement, and between them General Washington and his attendants walked to the building and ascended to the senate-chamber, where the vice-president advanced to meet him, and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence for a minute or two, when the vice-president rose and informed General Washington that all things were now ready for him to take the oath which the constitution required; and, so saying, he conducted the president-elect to a balcony, in full view of the people assembled in the street and covering the roofs of the houses. In the centre of this balcony there was a table covered with crimson velvet, in the middle of which, upon a cushion of the same material, lay a richly bound Bible. The eyes of a great multitude were fixed upon the balcony at the moment when Washington came into view, accompanied by the vice-president, the chancellor of the State of New York, and other distinguished official persons. He was dressed in a manner which displayed the majesty of his form to excellent advantage. His full suit of dark-brown cloth was relieved by a steel-hilted sword, by white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles; and his hair was powdered and gathered into a bag behind, in the fashion of that day. The crowd greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Coming forward to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times to the people, with his hand upon his heart, and then retreated, somewhat hastily, to an arm-chair near the table, and sat down.

When all was hushed into silence, Washington again rose, and came forward, and stood in view of all the people, with the vice-president on his right, and Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath, on the left. When the chancellor was about to begin, the secretary of the Senate held up the Bible on its crimson cushion; and while the oath was read, Washington laid his hand upon the open book. When the reading was finished, he said, with great solemnity of manner: —

“I swear; so help me God!”

After which, he bowed and kissed the book. The chancellor, then, waving his hand toward the people, cried out: —

“Long live George Washington, President of the United States!”

The preconcerted signal was then given, and, at once, all the bells in the town rang a triumphant peal; the cannons were fired; and the people gave cheer upon cheer. The president now bowed once more to the multitude, and returned to the senate-chamber, where he resumed his seat in the chair of state. When silence was restored, he rose and began, in a low, deep, and somewhat tremulous voice, to read that noble inaugural address, so full of dignity, wisdom, and pathos. The opening sentences were singularly affecting: —

“Fellow-Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives: —

“Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health, to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be effected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing

this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

He then proceeded to give an outline of his opinion respecting the policy to be adopted by the new government, and concluded by a psalm-like invocation : —

"Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave ; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend."

After the address the president and vice-president, followed by both houses of Congress and a large number of officers, civil and military, walked to St. Paul's Church in Broadway, where a religious service was conducted by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York. It was a universal holiday in the city, and in the evening many houses were illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF SHAKESPEARE.



THE catalogue of works about Shakespeare in the British Museum consists, I am told, of four folio volumes. The mere catalogue! We have, in this city, several collectors of Shakespearian literature, one of whom has got together a whole room full of books, numbering, perhaps, two thousand volumes, all of which relate, in some way, to Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the substance of what we really know of the man and his life can be stated in one of these short articles.

In the first place, how did he spell his name? When he wrote it, he spelt it in various ways; but when he had it *printed* he spelt it Shake-speare, or Shakespeare, and so did his intimate friend, Ben Jonson. In his own day, the name was spelt in thirty-three different ways: Shaxpur, Schakespeyr, Chacksper, Shakaspeare, Schakespeire, etc. At present, the name is almost universally spelt Shakspeare, but certainly it were far more proper to spell it as the poet printed it — Shakespeare. It is very difficult, however, to change an established mode of spelling a familiar name, and probably we shall go on omitting the middle letter to the end of time.

The father of the poet was John Shakespeare, a man in middle life, who could not write his own name, — the son of a farmer named Richard Shakespeare, and probably the descendant of a long line of tillers of the soil. The poet's mother was Mary Arden, the youngest of a family of seven girls, the daughters of a man of ancient family. She inherited from her father a farm of fifty or sixty acres, and a sum of money equal, in our present currency, to about three hundred dollars, which, with her heart and hand, she gave to John Shakespeare about a year after her father's death. It is fair to infer, from John Shake

speare's marrying the daughter of a "gentleman" (his own father's landlord), that he was a young man of more than ordinary spirit and endowments.

At the time of his marriage, John Shakespeare was a glove-maker in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon; but he also had something to do with farming, — perhaps rented a piece of land in the neighborhood, or bought standing crops on speculation, as our village store-keepers often do. He was a prosperous man of considerable substance, which he increased pretty rapidly for those times. He evidently stood well with his townsmen, since he was intrusted by them with several offices of some importance. His first office, which was conferred upon him when he had been married a year, was that of ale-taster. A year after, he was elected one of the fourteen burgesses of the town. In the following year, we find him constable; soon after, a magistrate, and then chamberlain. It is conjectured that he was about thirty years of age when he held this last office, which was one of considerable dignity and responsibility.

To this thriving young man two daughters were born, both of whom died in infancy, leaving him childless. Then was born William, the poet. There is no existing record of his birth, and therefore the date of that event is unknown; but we know that he was christened on the 26th of April, 1564; and as it was customary then to christen children three days after their birth, it is safe to conjecture that he was born April 23d, and that is the day on which his birthday is usually celebrated.

John Shakespeare still rose in the social scale. During the childhood of his son, he was high bailiff, justice of the peace, alderman, and mayor. His wealth increased, too, and the privilege was conferred upon him of bearing a coat of arms. The house in which the poet passed his early years was a pleasant and commodious one for that day, and there is no reason to doubt that he had everything needful for his comfort and enjoyment. In all probability he was a happy member of a happy household. When the boy was ten years old his father was certainly among the very first citizens of a substantial and important country town of fifteen hundred inhabitants.

There was in Stratford an ancient grammar school, where

Latin and Greek were taught; and taught (as I guess) in the ancient dull way; for this school Shakespeare attended from about his seventh to his fourteenth year, and he speaks in his plays, of boys creeping "unwillingly to school," and of their going from school with alacrity. There are thirteen passages in the works of Shakespeare expressive of the tedium and disgust which boys used to endure in the barbarous schools of the olden time; whereas, there is not one which alludes to school as a pleasant place. We are justified in inferring, from these facts, that this boy found it dull work going to Stratford grammar school.

At Stratford there was a charnel-house, containing an immense collection of human bones, with an opening through which they could be seen. The description given, in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the vault wherein Juliet was buried, was suggested by this charnel-house.

Many of the names of Shakespeare's characters were common in Stratford in Shakespeare's time, as the following: Bardolf, Fluellen, Peto, Sly, Herne, Page, Ford.

Of all the discoveries which modern research has made respecting the early life of Shakespeare, the most important is the one now to be mentioned: During his boyhood and youth he saw plays performed by, at least, twelve different companies of actors! How could this be in a remote country town, where there was no theatre? Turn to the play of *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2, and you will see. Hamlet and his friends are talking together in the king's castle, when a trumpet is heard without, which announces the approach of a company of strolling players. Hamlet receives them kindly, orders a play of them, causes them to be well lodged and entertained in the castle as long as they remained. In writing that scene, Shakespeare was recording, in part, his recollections of what used to occur in Stratford when his father was mayor, or alderman. About once a year a company of actors came riding into the town ("then came each actor on his ass"), and made their way to the mayor, of whom they asked the privilege of performing in the place. If permission was accorded, part of the expense of the entertainment was borne by the town treasury, and only a very small

charge was made for admission. The records of Stratford show that from the time William Shakespeare was six years of age to the time he was eighteen, twelve companies performed in the town. They also show that the largest sum ever paid to a company was paid during the mayoralty of John Shakespeare. The sums paid under other mayors ranged from three shillings to seventeen shillings; but when John Shakespeare was mayor the town book-keeper had to make the following magnificent entry : —

“Item, payed to the queene’s pleyers, 9 pounds.”

We may infer from these facts, 1st, that John Shakespeare was particularly fond of the drama; 2d, that William Shakespeare, inheriting this taste, had abundant opportunities of gratifying it, and of becoming acquainted personally with actors.

When the boy was fourteen years of age and was still going to school, his father’s affairs became disordered. The probability is that he had lived too liberally. He had eight children in all, of whom five lived to maturity, and he was a man to be bountiful to his children. Moreover, the many offices which he had filled may have taken too much of his time from private business. And I have sometimes thought that the caution which the poet is known to have practised in lending money may have been owing to his father having lost his property by an excessive trust in others. Whatever may have been the cause or causes of his misfortunes, he became so much involved as to be in constant fear of arrest for debt; and, finally, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was a poor man thenceforth for some years; until, in fact, he began to receive assistance from his thriving son, William.

In consequence of these embarrassments, William Shakespeare at the age of fourteen was taken from school to assist his father in his various operations, such as farming, dealing in wool, in animals, and other products of a grazing country. It is possible, and almost probable, that he assisted his father in killing and selling beef.

Now we come to the great calamity of Shakespeare’s life. One of his father’s friends was Richard Hathaway, a substantial farmer near Stratford, who had a daughter, Anne, eight years

older than Shakespeare. When he was a boy of eighteen, and she a woman of twenty-six, they were married; and five months after, their first child was born. No one who has much knowledge of human nature needs any evidence that such a marriage was a ceaseless misery and shame to him as long as he lived. The many passages of his works in which unfavorable views are given of the female character, reveal the melancholy truth. The ill-starred couple had three children, Susanna, Hamnet, and Judith, all of whom were born before the father was twenty-one, — the two last-named being twins.

Here was a bad situation for a young man to be in upon coming of age: his father ruined; four brothers and sisters younger than himself; a wife and three children upon his hands; his wife's father dead; and no opening for him in his native town, where once his family had held their heads so high.

There were in London then five individuals who had gone as poor young men from Shakespeare's own county to the metropolis, and there risen to some distinction as actors; one of whom, and he the most successful of them all, was from Stratford itself. How natural, then, that in such circumstances the unhappy husband should look toward London and the stage for deliverance at once from domestic broils and pecuniary troubles! The story of his getting into a scrape by stealing deer may be true, or may not; but surely this young man had reasons enough to fly, without reckoning the displeasure of a country squire. Charles Reade says on this point: —

"He was not driven out of Stratford by misconduct, or he could not have returned to the town in 1592. He suffered no personal indignities from Justice Lacy, for all such matters are recorded at Stratford, and there is no trace of it. I notice, too, that when a man leaves a place where he has been degraded, his heart leaves it. Shakespeare's heart can be proved never to have left Stratford for a single day."

Mr. Reade is, perhaps, a little too positive in this passage, as is the custom of that brilliant author. No matter. Shakespeare, when he was about twenty-two years of age, went to London, and obtained an humble place in a company of players. From acting he advanced to tinkering and adapting old plays.

and from that to writing plays of his own, which are now universally recognized as the greatest productions of human genius. His authorship enabled him to buy shares in the theatre, and he was very soon a prosperous man, able, when he went home to see his children, his father, his brothers and sisters, to take with him something substantial for their comfort. He never removed his family to London, but visited them frequently, and invested money in Stratford, when he had any to spare from his business as manager of a theatre.

In ten years after leaving home he bought one of the handsomest houses in Stratford for the residence of his family, and was decidedly the most distinguished literary man of Great Britain. His great plays attracted immense multitudes of spectators and excited unbounded enthusiasm. Many passages could be quoted (I have them now before me) from writers of his own time, in which Shakespeare is ranked with the greatest dramatists of Greece, Rome, and France. Those who think that this poet was not keenly appreciated and bountifully rewarded in his own day are utterly mistaken. Fame and wealth were his to his heart's desire. Among other tributes to his genius was one from a rogue who impudently put the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page of a book to make it sell.

When he had been sixteen years in London, he ceased to act. This was in 1603. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to a physician, Dr. John Hall, of Stratford, and in the same year Edmund Shakespeare, a brother of the poet, and an obscure actor in his theatre, died in London.

Shakespeare lived in the metropolis, as actor, dramatist, and manager, for twenty-four years, and then retired to his native town upon an income equal, in our present currency, to ten thousand dollars per annum. That is to say, his income was about four hundred and ten pounds per annum, which is equal to two thousand pounds in money of the present time, which is equal to more than ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. After settling in Stratford he wrote three plays, of which one was the sublime and pleasing *Tempest*. His parents and his son were dead, and there is good reason to believe that from his twenty-first year he had never been a husband to his wife, and really had no home.

He died suddenly in 1616, aged fifty-two, leaving his wife and two married daughters. Both of his daughters had children, and one of them a grandchild; but before the close of the century the family had become extinct. He had no heir, either to his estate or to his genius. He was, in all probability, the first of his family who ever knew how to write, and he carried the art of writing to a point which no man, in all the future of the human race, will ever be likely to surpass.

Because a man is a very great poet or artist is not a reason for supposing that he is a great man. On the contrary, a person may have the most wonderful talents, and yet be an exceedingly inferior human being, — mean, grasping, sensual, and false. We do not know enough of the man, William Shakespeare, to judge of his character with certainty, though I think the little we do know indicates that he had his share of human infirmity. But when we come to consider him as an artist and poet, we feel that it is presumption even to praise him; and, for my part, I consider that I am more indebted to him than to any other creature that ever trod this earth.

JOHN HOWARD.



NOVEMBER the 1st, 1755, the people of Lisbon were alarmed by that awful rumbling beneath the earth which, as they well knew, usually preceded an earthquake. Before they could escape from their houses, the shock came, which overthrew the greater part of the city, and buried thousands of persons in its ruins. The sea retired, leaving the bottom of the harbor bare, but immediately returned in a fearful wave fifty feet high, overwhelming everything in its course. The inhabitants who could get clear of the ruins rushed in thousands to a magnificent marble wharf, just completed, which seemed to offer a place of safety. This massive structure, densely covered with men, women, and children, suddenly sunk, bearing with it to unknown depths the entire multitude. Not a creature escaped; not a human body rose again to the surface; not a fragment of anything that was on the wharf was ever again seen by human eye; and when, by and by, the water was sounded over the place where it had stood, the depth was found to be six hundred feet. Within the space of six minutes, sixty thousand persons are supposed to have perished; and those who survived were so encompassed about with horror, that they might well have envied those whom the sea had submerged or the falling houses crushed.

Not Lisbon alone, but all Portugal, was shaken by this tremendous convulsion, which was felt, indeed, over a third part of the earth. The same shock which almost destroyed Lisbon shook down chimneys in Massachusetts and jarred the habitations in Iceland. But it was in Portugal that its force was chiefly spent. There, mountains were rent, towns engulfed, farms moved away in a mass, rivers turned from their course,

the whole land desolated, and all the inhabitants paralyzed with terror. When the earthquake had subsided, fires broke out in the prostrated towns, and bands of robbers, in the total suspension of government, ravaged and plundered the helpless people, and committed every kind of abominable excess. During all that winter the sufferings of the people were grievous, and to this day Portugal has not recovered from the stroke.

Such an event, at any time, would have excited universal consternation, and called forth a great deal of remark; but there were some circumstances peculiar to that period which caused it to come with special power upon reflecting minds. The fashionable philosophy then was that of Pope's Essay on Man, which had been translated into French and German, and was continually quoted in society. It was very common to hear such expressions as, "Whatever is is right;" "Partial evil is the general good;" "This is the best of possible worlds;" "Each creature is as happy as is consistent with the happiness of the whole." Sentiments of this kind we now call "Optimism." In the midst of all this shallow talk, came the tidings of an appalling catastrophe, which struck every soul with amazement and terror, as if to show the futility of all human attempts to form a consistent theory respecting the government of the universe. The youthful Goethe and the aged Voltaire have both left records in their works of the effect of the Lisbon earthquake upon the glib praters of Optimism, as well as of the universal and long-continued horror which it excited in the public mind.

It was this catastrophe which was the means of calling into exercise the latent benevolence of John Howard, who is now styled in all lands and tongues, "*the philanthropist.*"

The father of this benevolent being was noted for his penuriousness. He was a member of the firm of Howard and Hamilton, upholsterers and carpet-dealers, who, for fifty years or more, supplied the fashionable people of London with their wares. In this business, Mr. Howard (who was also named John) acquired a very handsome fortune; so that, beside leaving a liberal independence to his only daughter, he bequeathed to his only son a fine landed estate, two country houses, a house

in London, and seven thousand pounds sterling in money. So penurious was he in his old age, that he permitted his houses to get out of repair to such a degree that it cost his son, on coming into possession, a large sum to render them comfortable. His avarice, however, did not prevent him sending his son to the best schools the dissenters then had in England; but as the teachers in those schools were selected, not for their fitness, but for their creed, they were not always very capable of calling forth the energies of the youthful mind. John Howard, therefore, was a decidedly illiterate man. He spelled very incorrectly, and expressed himself, on paper, in the most awkward and ungrammatical manner. He was, probably, a dull boy, as he was rather a dull man. There is no question that, in point of mere intellect, he was not much above the average of English tradesmen.

It was the custom at that day for the sons of tradesmen, no matter how rich their fathers might be, to be regularly apprenticed for seven years to some business. Young Howard was apprenticed to a great firm of wholesale grocers, to whom his father paid seven hundred pounds premium. In consideration of this large sum, the apprentice was treated like a younger son of the head partner. He was allowed to keep a man-servant and two saddle-horses; he rode in the park like a lord; he took his rides into the country; his pockets had plenty of money in them; and, in short, he was such a grocer's apprentice as the modern world knows nothing about, but whose pranks may be read of in some old books. This particular apprentice, however, was a very serious youth. His father had reared him in the strictest principles of the Calvinistic dissenters, and the boy appears to have imbibed those principles heartily, and lived in accordance with them from his childhood up. He was guilty of none of the excesses common to young men of that day, and to which his circumstances appeared to invite him. At an early period he joined a dissenting church, with which he remained connected through life. In matters of mere doctrine he was moderate and very tolerant, while his conduct was regulated in the most rigid conformity with his profession. Under a quiet

exterior he concealed a burning religious enthusiasm, which filled his diary with expressions of rapture and longing.

In 1749, when he was twenty-three years of age, his father died. His apprenticeship not having yet expired, he bought the remainder of his time, and made the tour of Europe. On this tour, so far as is known, he felt no particular interest in the objects which afterwards absorbed his mind whenever he travelled. He bought a large number of pictures, sculptures, and curiosities, with which he decorated his favorite country-seat, and comported himself, in all respects, like an ordinary traveller. He took pains, however, to acquire the languages of the countries which he visited, particularly the French, in which he conversed with much fluency.

After a residence abroad of a year or two, he returned home, and occupied himself with the study of natural philosophy, and read some medical works, little thinking at the time of what use his slight knowledge of medicine would be to him in after years. He was one of those gentlemen who are fond of observing the thermometer, and making very exact records of its variations. In everything he was an exact man, extremely punctual, scrupulously just; and he demanded from his servants the same qualities. The only evidence which he gave, at this period, of unusual benevolence, was his great liberality in rewarding those who served him, his frequent gifts to the church which he attended, and his charitable donations to the poor of his neighborhood. On one occasion he subscribed fifty pounds toward building a parsonage for his minister, and on another he furnished his church with a new pulpit.

His marriage was the first event in his life that was extraordinary; and that was *very* extraordinary. In his twenty-fifth year he had a long and dangerous illness. When he was first seized he was living in lodgings near London, where he fancied he was not treated with the attention his case demanded. He consequently removed to the house of a widow, who was herself a confirmed invalid, and fifty-two years of age. This lady, who possessed a small independence, nursed him during many months with such tender care that he felt toward her an unbounded gratitude, and, upon his recovery, he offered her his hand. To

the remonstrances of the lady upon the great disparity of their ages and fortune, he replied with such persuasive warmth that her scruples were overcome, and the marriage took place. With his usual fine sense of justice, he caused her property to be settled upon her sister.

This singular marriage between a man of twenty-five and a woman of fifty-two was productive, as Howard always averred, of nothing but happiness. After two years and a half of tranquil felicity, the lady died. During the last six months of her life he was able to repay her care of him in his own sickness by attending her in hers. He watched over her, day and night, with all the devotion and tenderness of a husband whose youthful bride is stricken with disease in the honeymoon. "I would give a hundred pounds," he would say, "to procure her one night's sleep." And he often used to declare, after her death, that if he ever married again, it would be just such a woman that he would prefer.

He was now a melancholy widower. A day or two after the funeral of his wife, the news reached England of the destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake, and every subsequent arrival brought new details of the catastrophe, and additional particulars of the sufferings of the people. The benevolence of all lands was keenly touched by a disaster so unprecedented and appalling, and efforts were everywhere made for the relief of the stricken people of Portugal. Howard resolved to go himself and witness the scene, and lend a hand to the relief of the sufferers. It is probable, however, that his motive in going to Portugal was not wholly one of benevolence. He wished to distract his mind, to observe the phenomena of the convulsion, as well as to assuage the miseries of the inhabitants.

It was in the midst of the bloody seven years' war that he took passage in the Lisbon packet, the *Hanover*. He was not destined to reach his port. A few days after leaving England the packet was captured by a French privateer, and he, with all his companions, was a prisoner of war.

He now, like royal Lear in the forest, was called to endure the anguish "which wretches feel," and which he spent laborious years in assuaging. The privateer was forty hours in reaching

the nearest French port ; and during that time the prisoners had not a drop of water nor an atom of food. Arriving at Brest, they were thrust into a filthy dungeon under ground, and there again they were kept miserable hours without nourishment. At length a joint of mutton was thrown down into their dungeon, like meat into a dog-kennel ; and this, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear to pieces with their hands. For six days and nights they were detained in this damp and stinking hole, gnawing bones, and sleeping upon wet straw. Removed then to another town and a better prison, his jailer, on his own responsibility, permitted him to live in the town on parole, and one of the inhabitants was so impressed with a sense of his integrity as to lend him money upon his word alone. Being thus at liberty, he devoted himself to an investigation of the manner in which prisoners of war were treated in France. He ascertained, by corresponding with those confined in other towns, and by personal inspection of the prisons near at hand, that they were treated with horrible barbarity. "Hundreds had perished, and thirty-six were buried in a hole in one day."

After two months' detention, he was allowed to go to England, on this condition : If he could induce the British government to send back a French naval officer in exchange, he was at liberty to remain ; if not, he was to return to France. This exchange was easily effected, and he was a free man. He immediately laid before the government the full and exact information he had collected respecting the treatment of the prisoners, which led to the mitigation of their sufferings, and greatly hastened their exchange. Three ship-loads of prisoners owed their speedier release directly to his exertions.

He always said that it was personal experience and observation of the cruelties inflicted by the French jailers and contractors upon the prisoners of war, that first kindled his compassion for those of his fellow-men who have no one to stand between them and the arbitrary will of unwatched officials.

Howard was forty-six years of age before he entered upon those labors which have made his name another word for philanthropy. To his neighbors, however, and especially to his tenants, he was known, long before, as one of the most

benevolent of men. It could not be said of *him* that he was generous when the eye of the public was upon him, and mean in the seclusion of his own estate. He was, in truth, not only a most liberal and considerate landlord, but it was he who set the fashion, so to speak, to English landlords of taking an interest in the welfare of their poorer neighbors and dependents. Some of his plans have since been extensively adopted, to the great benefit of many thousands of families.

Soon after his escape from France he married a lady much better suited to him, in age, than the venerable widow who had first accepted his hand. This union was in every respect fortunate and happy; for his wife fully concurred with him in his benevolent schemes, and adapted herself to his peculiar humors. Having settled upon his patrimonial estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, he divided his time between the improvement of his gardens and grounds, and the elevation of his tenants. The village, when he first went to live near it, was little more than a collection of huts and hovels, usually composed of one or two rooms, in which large families lived more like pigs than human beings. Few of the adults, and none of the children, could read. There were no schools for the poor, and never had been, in all that region of country. The men wasted their earnings in the ale-house, which was the only flourishing establishment in the place; and the whole of the laboring population was so sunk in ignorance, thriftlessness, and vice, that nothing short of the determined benevolence of a Howard could have raised them from it. Nor was this state of things peculiar to Bedfordshire; the description of Cardington applied to half the agricultural parishes of England a hundred years ago.

Howard began by improving the dwellings of his tenants. One after another, he pulled down the ancient hovels, and built, in their stead, neat and convenient cottages, containing never less than three rooms. To each cottage he attached a small garden in the rear for vegetables, and in front a little patch for flowers, surrounding the whole with a pretty picket fence. As the ground was low and marshy, he had it drained by a system of ditches, which almost banished from the place the agues and the fevers to which the inhabitants had before

been subject. When he had completed one cottage, he let it to the man in the village who bore the best character for sobriety and industry ; and he let it at the same rent which was paid for the wretched huts. Howard, I may here remark, was an excellent man of business. He fixed his new cottages at the old rate of rent, because he found, by careful calculation, that that rate yielded him a proper return for the capital invested. It is greatly to the credit of his good sense and good management, that, after a long life of the most liberal expenditure for the public good, he left his estate in a better condition than he received it from his father. This cottage-building, for example, was an excellent investment, though that was not the motive which impelled him to undertake it.

As often as he had a cottage completed, he looked about for a sober and diligent tenant for it ; so that his cottage-building furnished a most powerful inducement to reform. Besides this, he let his cottages on certain conditions favorable to virtue and good order. One was, that the tenant should go to church once every Sunday ; another, that he should never go to the ale-house ; another, that he should never gamble ; another, that he should let his children go to the school which he had established for them. It was so exceedingly desirable to a poor man to have one of his cottages, with a garden attached, at a rent of about ten dollars a year, that he had no difficulty in inducing the villagers to comply with his conditions. He continued his rebuilding until all the old cottages that belonged to him had given place to new ones ; and then he bought others for the same purpose. One of his neighbors, too, observing what an excellent effect a clean and proper dwelling had upon the morals of a family, followed his example, and built a considerable number of cottages ; so that, in about ten years, the whole village was rebuilt, and, from being one of the meanest, dirtiest, and most unhealthy places in the county, it became the prettiest, pleasantest, and most salubrious village in that part of England.

An anecdote will serve to show how heartily his wife entered into his plans. At the close of a year, when he had made up his accunts, he found that he had a balance on hand ; and, as

he made it a rule to spend all his income, he proposed to his wife that they should employ this sum in visiting London. "What a pretty cottage it would build!" said she; and a cottage was built with it, accordingly.

Besides providing his tenants with decent habitations, he endeavored to teach them how to live in them. Schools were established by him for the children, and he was in the habit of visiting his tenants in their cottages, conversing with them upon their work, their gardens, their children, and pointing out the best modes of culture and the proper mode of rearing children. As he had taken some pains to inform himself respecting diseases and their causes, he was frequently able to give them good advice respecting their complaints, and thus saved them the expense of a doctor. In times of scarcity, he exerted himself to procure employment for those who needed it, getting situations among his friends for deserving girls and young men, keeping many hands busy upon his own grounds, and in weaving linen for his family. It is said that he had linen enough in his house when he died to last fifty years longer. He was reluctant to give money in charity, except to persons who could not work. His way was to provide work, even if the work was not needed. This principle, however, did not prevent his giving presents on proper occasions to deserving objects. All his servants were generously remembered by him at Christmas and on their birthdays; and, when one of their daughters was married, he was fond of presenting the bride with a good cow. The old women of his parish had many a chaldron of coal from him in the winter, and he was a great tosser of pennies to boys whom he met on the road, of whom he had heard good accounts from the school-mistress. As one of his neighbors truly remarked of him, "It was his meat and drink to do good."

Benevolence of this kind was well adapted to England, though it would be out of place in America. Here, we expect and desire every man to take care of himself and his family, because every virtuous man, who has good health, can earn the means of doing so. We should not like to see a rich landlord setting up to be the father of his village, poking his nose into people's houses and affairs, dictating on what terms their chil-

dren should be educated, and letting them their houses on condition of their going to church every Sunday. But in England, where one man in a parish may have ten thousand pounds a year, and nine-tenths of his neighbors only ten shillings a week; where one man has had every possible chance to improve himself, and nearly all the rest have had no chance at all; where one man lives in a spacious and elegant abode, filled with everything which can minister to his comfort and pleasure, and most of his neighbors pass their lives in little, crowded huts, composed of a single room; in those circumstances, no power can raise the people in the scale of civilization but the benevolence of that one man. Howard's conduct to his poor neighbors and fellow-citizens was entirely admirable—ill-suited as it would be in a land where the conditions of men are more equal.

While thus contributing to the enjoyment of others, he did not neglect to enjoy life himself. He was a thorough country gentleman. His grounds and gardens were unfailing sources of pleasure to him. Some of the walks which he laid out, and some of the trees which he planted, are still to be seen at Cardington, as well as a curious garden-house made entirely of roots, in which his much-loved thermometer hung, and where he recorded his observations of the weather. He sent a paper, occasionally, upon the weather and the temperature, to the Royal Society of London, which led to his being elected a member of that institution. Dr. Franklin was a member at the same time; and, as Howard was intimately acquainted with several of Franklin's friends, it is highly probable that the English and the American philanthropists knew one another. It may be, however, that the difference of their religious opinions kept them apart, — Franklin being a deist, and Howard a very decided and most ardent trinitarian. On one point Howard agreed with Dr. Franklin: he was the friend of America during the whole of our revolutionary period. So opposed was he to the tyrannical measures of Lord North, that, later in life, when he could have been a member of parliament by holding his tongue on that subject, he boldly avowed his oppositor, and lost his seat.

For seven years he lived in the country with his wife. Nothing was wanting to his happiness but children, which, for seven years, were denied him. Then a son was born, who filled up the measure of his joy. A few days after the birth of this child, he left his wife in the morning to go to church, she being apparently as well as could be expected. On his return, he found her indisposed, and a few minutes after, as he was handing her a cup of chocolate, she fell back upon her pillow and immediately breathed her last. It was a fearful blow to a man so affectionate and so domestic in his habits as John Howard, and it cast over his mind a shadow which was never quite dissipated while he lived. The boy, whom he had obtained at the price of his happiness, was a large and healthy child; it lived to be the consoler of his solitude, but finally the shame and misery of his old age.

For the relief of his mind, he made another extensive tour upon the Continent, and visited various parts of his own country; residing only occasionally at his home, but always attentive to the welfare of his tenants, whether present or absent. On one of his tours he had a severe fit of the gout, which led him to resolve that, if ever he recovered, he would never again drink wine or spirits. He kept his resolution, though he continued to provide wine for his guests. Soon after, his health being still impaired, he tried the experiment of living without meat; and, as a vegetable diet seemed to benefit him, he never again partook of animal food. All this was highly serviceable to him in his philanthropic travels, when he was often beyond the reach of any supplies except the most simple. He could live, and often did live, for weeks at a time, upon biscuit, raisins, and tea. Tea, in fact, was his only luxury. He always travelled with a supply of the best tea, and a portable apparatus for preparing it. On arriving at a town, he would sit in his carriage and dine upon tea and biscuit, but send his servant to the inn to get a good dinner. He could bid defiance to all inn-keepers, as he was totally independent of them for his comfort, and he could sleep as well in his carriage as in a bed.

Such a man was John Howard, and so passed his life till he

was forty-six years of age; when an event occurred which called his attention again to the condition and treatment of a class of his fellow-beings, whose sufferings were unpitied because they were unknown,—the unprotected prey of savage men, savage laws, and that fell tyrant of England, ancient custom.

In the year 1773 John Howard was appointed high sheriff of the county of Bedfordshire, in which he resided. In England the sheriffs are appointed by the king, and he usually selects one of the leading gentlemen or noblemen of the county, who holds the office one year. The disagreeable duties of the place are performed by under sheriffs. Twice a year the high sheriff, clad in the showy robes of his office, rode out of town in his carriage, and escorted to the town hall, amid the pealing of bells, the judges who came to hold the semi-annual court; and in the evening he gave a ball, which was attended by the judges, the lawyers, and the principal families of the county. He also occasionally entertained at dinner the gentlemen of the neighborhood; and these were all the duties which custom and public opinion demanded of the high sheriff. As he received no salary, and the office involved considerable expense, it was never bestowed except upon a man of wealth.

John Howard was not a man to tread without questioning in the footsteps of a predecessor; nor was he a person likely to think that a duty which the law imposes on one man can be properly performed by another man. As soon, therefore, as he had received his appointment, he took the extraordinary course of looking into the law to ascertain what the duties were which appertain to it. He found that the county jail was under his jurisdiction, and that he was bound to see that the jailers did their duty, and that the prisoners were properly dealt with. Accordingly, instead of sending a deputy to attend to this duty, he went himself to the prison, gave every part and department of it a thorough inspection, and inquired into the condition of each prisoner. He found many things there that distressed him; but there was one abuse which so deeply offended his sense of justice, that he at once set about reforming it.

At that day, a jailer had no salary, but was supported chiefly

by fees extorted from the prisoners on their leaving jail. Custom had established, with the force of law, that every prisoner, whether felon or debtor, whether discharged because the jury had acquitted him, or because no bill of indictment was found against him, or because his term of imprisonment had expired, should pay, before leaving the jail, a fee of fifteen shillings and four pence to the jailer, and another fee of two shillings to the turnkey, — about five dollars in all. If a prisoner could not raise this sum, the jailer was allowed to keep him in prison till he could. The reader may judge of the feelings of a Howard when he discovered that some men had been confined many weeks, some many months, and one man *four years*, solely because they were unable to pay the fees for their delivery. He found that some prisoners who had been proved innocent, and others against whom no bill had been found, still languished in a loathsome dungeon, because there was no one on earth able and willing to lend them the trifling sum of nineteen shillings and four pence, while the county was at the expense of supporting them. Such frightful abuses as this come of great men putting off their duties upon deputies. These fees had been exacted so long, that no one could give any account of the origin of the system, or knew why such an odd sum as fifteen shillings and four pence had been fixed upon; yet John Howard was the first high sheriff to direct attention to its inhumanity and absurdity.

Howard promptly called the attention of the judges to the subject, and they appeared as much shocked at his recital as he had been at the discovery. He proposed, as a remedy, that the fees then due should be paid by the county; that the old system should at once be abolished; and that the jailer should be supported in future by a salary. They were disposed to adopt his plans; "but," said they, with the true British reverence for old customs, "is there any *precedent* for paying a jailer a salary and charging it to a county?" Howard could not answer this question, but said that he would immediately visit some of the adjacent counties, and see what customs prevailed with regard to the discharge of prisoners and the payment of jailers. He did so, and found everywhere the same system, and at every jail

poor prisoners detained for the lack of the nineteen shillings and four pence.

That short excursion in search of a precedent revealed to his benevolent mind such enormous and dreadful defects in the prison system of England, that he, soon after, set out upon a more extensive journey, determined to inform himself thoroughly upon the subject, and let the light of publicity into the hideous dungeons where innocent and guilty, the unfortunate debtor and the atrocious criminal, youthful offenders and men grown old in iniquity, festered and rotted together.

A county prison, he found, usually consisted of three principal rooms. One of them, called the day-room, resembled, in general appearance and furniture, the tap-room of a low, village ale-house, except that it was ill-lighted and worse ventilated, and exceedingly unclean. In this apartment all the inmates of the prison, men and women, debtors and felons, passed the day. As the jailer had the privilege of selling beer and liquors to the prisoners, they were supplied with just as much drink as they could pay for; and, consequently, this day-room often presented a scene of riotous debauchery. Every new comer had to treat the whole company; and all fines, bets, and penalties were discharged by pots of ale and bowls of punch. As no employment was provided for the prisoners, nor any books, most of them spent the day, and every day, in playing cards and in drinking the beer and brandy which were the invariable stakes. The presence of women was frequently the occasion of excesses still more abominable. In this school of depravity, maintained at the expense of the virtuous portion of the community, youthful offenders, whom judicious treatment could easily have rescued, were rendered in a few weeks adepts in all the arts by which crime preys upon virtue. There, murderers recounted tales of butchery, highway robbers vaunted their exploits on the road, house-breakers unfolded their secrets and magnified their gains. There, young women, imprisoned on suspicion of a trifling theft, were thrown among the most abandoned of their own sex, and the most brutal of ours. There, the honest debtor, the respectable father of a virtuous family, bankrupt through

the delinquency of others or by sudden calamity, was compelled to live in the closest contact with the vilest of his species.

At night, the men and women were generally (but not in all prisons) separated. The two night-rooms, one for men and the other for women, were, in almost every prison in England, under ground. Howard went into one of these dungeons that was twenty-four steps below the surface, and another that was thirty-seven; but they were usually ten or twelve feet under ground, with two small windows about two feet square. The floor was littered with what had once been straw, but which was soon ground into powder when the dungeon was dry, and into paste when it was damp. Damp it usually was, and chilly, and foul, and stinking, to a degree that only the heroic benevolence of a Howard could have borne to remain in it voluntarily. On this pulverized and rotten straw, teeming with vermin and surcharged with poisonous odors, the walls and ceiling exuding filth, the prisoners slept, covered, in winter, with a damp and filthy rug. The jail-fever, of course, raged in all such prisons, and often spread into the towns. It was not uncommon for judges, lawyers, and jurymen to catch that malignant disease from the prisoners whom they tried; the bar and the bench of England, in the last century, lost some of their brightest ornaments from this most deadly of fevers. Such was its peculiar virulence that the surgeons of some of the jails were exempted, by the terms of their contract, from attending any prisoner who had it.

There was another shocking abuse which Howard found to be very general. Many of the prisons being ancient, — parts of old castles or the wing of a convent, — they were very insecure; and as the jailer was responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoners, he resorted to the easiest means of securing them that he was acquainted with. Accordingly, Howard found in some prisons all the inmates chained. Sometimes they were only handcuffed, or had their ankles chained together; but in a few of the oldest prisons the poor wretches were chained to a wall in the daytime, and to the floor at night. Few things, in the course of his first tour, so sorely afflicted the benevolent heart of John Howard, still bleeding from the loss of his wife, as to see women dragging about heavy and clanking fetters, or

chained to a thick iron ring in the floor. Another thing painfully offended his sense of delicacy: in many prisons there was but one yard, which was common to the male and female inmates.

The food of the prisoners he found to be generally insufficient. The jailers usually fed them by contract; so that the less the prisoners ate, the more the jailer gained.

In almost every jail that he visited, he found men detained beyond their term because they could not pay the fees of the jailer and turnkey. In one prison there were two sailors, whose offence had been so slight that the magistrate had sentenced them to pay a fine of one shilling each. They had paid the fine, but could not raise the money for the fees, and they remained in one of these pestilential dungeons until Howard visited it, when he paid their fees, and restored them to liberty.

Here and there he found a prison where some attention was paid to cleanliness and decency, where the rooms were not absolutely unfit for the residence of human beings, and where the inmates were not the prey of the jailer. On the other hand, he occasionally discovered one where all the usual abuses were aggravated. One prison consisted of a single room, or passage, twenty-seven feet long and seven feet wide, lighted by one window. In another, where the men and women were not separated, night or day, as many as seven births had taken place in a year.

From 1773 to 1776 Howard's chief employment was to pursue his investigations into the condition of the prisons of Great Britain. In the course of those three years he personally, and most thoroughly, inspected every prison in the three kingdoms that offered any peculiarity. He travelled ten thousand miles at his own expense, and delivered from prison a large number of poor debtors by paying their debts, and many petty criminals by paying their fees. Wherever he went he brought some alleviation to the lot of the prisoners by gifts of money, bread, meat, or tea, and by remonstrating with jailers, surgeons, chaplains, and magistrates. Several prisons underwent a complete renovation and reformation solely in consequence of his conversations with county magistrates and circuit judges.

In the second year of his inquiries, his efforts had become so far known that he was summoned before a committee of the House of Commons to give information as to the results of his investigations. The members of the committee, amazed at such sublime devotion to a calling so painful and repulsive, and charmed with the fitness, exactness, and modesty of his replies, caused him to be summoned to the bar to receive the thanks of the house for his "humanity and zeal." He obeyed the summons. Amid the cheers of members he modestly advanced to the bar, where he stood with bowed head, while the Speaker communicated to him the thanks of his countrymen. There was never a man more truly modest than John Howard, but at this unusual and noble recognition of his labors, his heart was touched, and his purpose strengthened. When, after other years of heroic labors in the same cause, he published the results of his inquiries, he dedicated the volume to the House of Commons, and thanked them in his turn for the encouragement they had afforded him.

It has been the lot of many philanthropists to encounter obloquy and opposition in their efforts to benefit mankind. It was Howard's happier fortune to enjoy, at all times, the approval of his countrymen, and to receive needful aid from persons in authority. He was so devoid of all pretence, and went about his work in such a quiet, earnest manner, and gave such unquestionable proofs of the benevolence of his motives, that the enmity of men whose evil practices he exposed was disarmed, and all others observed his proceedings with admiration. His rank, too, as a gentleman of independent property, greatly facilitated his labors, and when he had publicly received the thanks of the House of Commons, he had a kind of official character, which opened to him the doors of every jail the moment he presented himself. He pursued his investigations in a very business-like manner, carrying with him a rule with which to measure the dungeons, a pair of scales for weighing the allowance of food, and a memorandum book in which to record his facts.

I have before remarked, that almost every man in England whose memory England now cherishes with pride, sided with

America during the revolutionary war; just as nearly every man whom England will honor a century hence, sympathized with the United States during the late contest. Howard had many friends in the circle of distinguished men who surrounded Dr. Franklin in London, and opposed, as they did, the hostile measures of the king. In 1774, the liberal party in Bedfordshire nominated him for parliament, and, after a most severe contest, he was elected by a small majority. The "issue" in this election was, whether the king and Lord North should be sustained in their American policy; and the election of Howard was, therefore, a defeat for the administration. The ministry, however, succeeded in finding a pretext for annulling the election. Some of Howard's votes were declared illegal, — enough to give the seat to a tory. The loss of a seat in parliament was not much regretted by him for his own sake, but he felt acutely the wrong done to the great and patriotic party which had elected him.

"I was a victim of the ministry," he wrote, after learning the result of the struggle. "Most surely I should not have fallen in with all their severe measures relative to the Americans, and my constant declaration that not one emolument of five shillings, were I in parliament, would I ever accept of, marked me out as an object of their aversion. I sensibly feel for an injured people; their affection and esteem I shall ever reflect on with pleasure and gratitude. As to myself, I calmly retire."

The allusion here to the "emolument" of members of parliament requires a word of explanation. At that day, it was so common for the ministry to carry leading measures by bribery, that a member who refused to accept anything from an administration, was set down, as a matter of course, in the ranks of the opposition. I have read letters from members of parliament to a prime minister, humbly *apologizing* for not accepting a proffered bribe, and I have elsewhere (see Parton's Life of Franklin) shown that the steady majority which enabled Lord North to provoke America to resistance, was bought and paid for. That minister had always about one hundred and thirty members of parliament in his pay, who received from five hundred to one thousand pounds per session; and the rest of his

majority was secured by the gift of office, commissions, contracts, and church livings, to the sons and friends of members.

Fortunate was it for the poor prisoners of Europe that John Howard was cheated of his seat in parliament. In the spring of 1775, when he was about to begin the preparation of his prison notes for the press, it occurred to him that an inspection of some of the prisons of France, Germany, and Holland might furnish some facts useful to his purpose. In April, therefore, while some of his countrymen were running away from the battle of Lexington, he crossed to Paris, and stood before the frowning towers of the Bastile, seeking admission to its gloomy dungeons. That ancient fortress was surrounded by a wide ditch, which was crossed by a drawbridge, and this ditch was girdled by a thick and lofty wall. Unprovided with an order or pass, Howard knocked vigorously at the outer gate, which was open, and then walked in, past the guard, and, advancing to the drawbridge, stood there contemplating the gloomy edifice. Very soon, an officer presented himself, who appeared to be astonished beyond measure at his audacity, and ordered him back. He retreated, and passed by the silent guard again to the outer world, — "the only person," as one of his friends remarked, "who, in four centuries, had ever left the Bastile reluctantly."

After attempting in vain to gain admission to other prisons in Paris, he was so fortunate as to discover an ancient royal decree, which directed jailers to admit to prisons under their charge all persons desirous of giving alms to prisoners, and to permit them to give their alms into the prisoners' own hands. Armed with this decree, he obtained access to all the prisons of Paris, excepting only the impenetrable Bastile. He found that, upon the whole, the prison system of France was better than that of England; the prisons were cleaner, the food was better, the rules more just and humane. But, in some of the large prisons of Paris, he discovered under-ground dungeons of the most revolting description, — "totally dark," he observes, "and beyond imagination horrid and dreadful." In one prison, there were eight cells, sixteen steps below the surface of the earth, in size thirteen feet by nine, without window or lamp, and venti-

lated only by a funnel. Into these damp, cold, and noisome cells, not a ray of light ever penetrated, and "in them," says Howard, "poor creatures were confined, day and night, for weeks, for months together." After only a few days' confinement in one of them, a man would come out yellow, emaciated, and almost out of his senses. Howard was never content merely to ascertain the existence of such dungeons; he went down into them himself, remained in them an hour or more, conversed with their wretched inmates, and employed his rule, his scales, and his thermometer, to render his description exact.

Leaving France, he traversed the Low Countries, visiting prisons and hospitals. At Ghent, then under the dominion of Austria, he found, to his equal surprise and delight, a prison free from all the abuses he had elsewhere observed, and abounding in excellent features of which he had never heard. Every inmate had a separate room which was perfectly clean; a decent bed, with mattress, blankets, and sheets; an abundance of water, which he was compelled to use in the purification of his person and his cell. But the crowning merit of this institution was that every prisoner was kept at work. Large work-rooms were filled with silent laborers, who were thus enabled to earn a considerable part of the expense of their maintenance, and, by working over-time, to accumulate a little sum with which to start afresh in the world at the expiration of their term.

It may be truly said that Howard's visit to this prison was the means of changing the prison system of the world. Here he saw a practical demonstration of the truth of his own theory that a prison should be a place of punishment, but not a scene of torture; a means of reforming criminals, not of confirming them in criminal habits. The records of this admirable prison showed that the effects of its discipline were generally salutary, and, in very many cases, resulted in restoring its subjects to virtue. Fortified by such an example, he felt that he could now return to his native land, and not confine himself to an exposure of the demoralizing cruelties of its prisons, but point out a remedy which time and experience had tried.

In all the prisons of the Continent he found one horror which was unknown in England,—a torture chamber. It was a cus-

tom then, in all the countries of Europe, except Prussia, to subject criminals to the torture, in order to compel them to confess their crimes and reveal their accomplices. This chamber was usually under ground, that the cries of the sufferer might not be heard. Clad only in a long flannel gown, the trembling victim was led to this apartment, where were assembled the magistrates, the executioners, a surgeon, and a secretary; and there he was tortured till his agony had wrung from him a confession, real or fictitious. Sometimes it was the thumb-screw, sometimes the boot, sometimes a chair with blunt spikes in the seat, sometimes it was a machine for dislocating the arms, sometimes it was the lash or the shower-bath, that tried the endurance of the accused. These chambers of torture Howard visited, but he purposely forebore to lend a false attraction to his book by describing them. It was not till 1780 that the torture was abolished in France. The man most instrumental in effecting this reform was Voltaire, who for forty years never lost an opportunity of aiming at it a shaft of ridicule or of argument. It was Voltaire, also, whose writings induced Frederick the Great to abolish the torture in Prussia.

Returning home after an extensive tour on the Continent, he determined to visit again the prisons of England, before sitting down to give the public the benefit of his investigations. That done, he made a second continental tour, and then proceeded to the preparation of his book. Aware of the defects of his education, he availed himself of the aid of competent literary men, though he scrutinized most carefully the progress of the work, and read the proofs with extraordinary attention. The motto selected for the book, from the poet Thomson, was very appropriate:—

“ Ah! little think the gay,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air.”

The title of the work was, “The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons; by John Howard, F. R. S.” It was a weighty quarto, of 520 pages, illustrated by four large and

expensive plates. Having defrayed the whole expense of this extensive and very costly work, he presented a copy of it to every public man in England of any note or general influence, and placed the rest of the edition in the bookstores, to be sold at about half the cost of producing them.

Having thus, as he supposed, completed his labors on behalf of prisoners, in which he had spent five years, he retired again to his seat in Bedfordshire, to enjoy a little repose, leaving his work to make its way with the public, and to produce such results as it might.

Howard was about fifty-one years of age when he went home to his favorite seat to enjoy the pleasures of the country, and the society of his boy, then a promising lad of ten.

He was exceedingly fond of his son, though he governed him, as some of his friends thought, a little too much in the patriarchal style, demanding from him the most prompt and exact obedience, and avoiding, on principle, to give him any explanation of the reasons of his requirements. He never struck the boy a blow in his life. The severest punishment he ever inflicted was compelling him to sit still for a certain time without speaking, and such was his ascendancy over the child, that one of his neighbors said that if he should tell the boy to hold his hand in the fire, he would do it. He appears to have carried the patriarchal principle too far. The boy obeyed his father, but did not confide in him; respected his father, but was not very fond of him; was proud of his father, but did not feel at home in his company. Obedience is certainly due from a child to its parents, and ought to be required; but the grand point is to secure the child's confidence and love, so that it will naturally impart to its parents its secrets, and prefer their society to that of any other persons in the world. During Howard's absence on his philanthropic journeys, the boy was left at a boarding-school, near the residence of his aunt, at whose house he spent his holidays. The father, however, frequently visited him, and watched his progress with exemplary attention.

Before Howard had been long at home, he observed with pleasure that his labors were bearing fruit. Besides a general though partial reform in the county prisons, parliament deter-

mined to build a model prison on the plan of the one in Ghent, as described in Howard's book, and he was again summoned before the House of Commons to give further information on the subject. The magazines and newspapers, too, in reviewing his work, held up his unique and self-denying labors to the admiration of his countrymen; which not only rendered his name illustrious, but opened to him new fields of exertion. He was now so identified in the public mind with prison reform, that if any abuse in a jail attracted attention, he was sure to be informed of it, and urged to look into it. Besides all this, his only sister died during this interval of rest, and left him twelve thousand pounds. Now, in Europe, if a man inherits an estate from his father, he considers himself in honor bound to leave that estate to his son in at least as good a condition as he found it. Having received this large addition to his property, Howard was freed from all scruples on this subject; and, while reserving his patrimony intact for his son, set apart the money received from his sister's estate as a fund for continuing his philanthropic labors.

Discovering now that both parliament and the public were intent on reforming the prisons of England, he determined to set out on a more extensive tour of the Continent, to gather new information respecting the working of the excellent prisons in the Low Countries, as well as new proofs of the evil effects of the old system of dungeons and torture. Before leaving England, he was led to visit the hulks anchored in the Thames, wherein were confined large numbers of convicts awaiting transportation. He told members of the government what he saw there. On going on board one of these ships, the captain handed him a piece of excellent biscuit, as a specimen of the food which he gave the prisoners; but Howard had visited too many prisons to believe one syllable of anything told him by the keepers thereof. The thing that he *believed* was, the haggard and sallow countenances of the wretched convicts, as they wearily paced the deck, half naked, unclean, and stinking. When he saw men looking so, when he smelt that peculiar smell of the jail, he knew that something was wrong. He waited, accordingly, till mess-time, and applied his own eyes, nose, and

scales to the dinner as actually served out. He found the biscuit green, mouldy, and maggoty, the meat tainted, the water impure. Taking from his pocket the biscuit given him by the captain, he held it up before the convicts, in the captain's presence, and reproached him with the fraud he was practising upon the men, and the falsehood with which he had endeavored to conceal it. He went below, where he found large numbers of sick men lying on the floor, with not so much as straw under them, to whom were given only the loathsome and poisonous provisions which had caused their sickness. He was not surprised to learn that one-third of the convicts die before leaving the country to *begin* the fulfilment of their sentence; and he told the government that, unless the system were changed, there would be no need of transporting prisoners to Botany Bay, for they would all die in the Thames. It was a horrid aggravation of this infernal cruelty, that the long detention on board those hulks — from four to eight months — did not expunge a day from the term of their sentence; it was so much added to their legal punishment. Howard at once reported what he had seen to the Committee of the House of Commons, and the worst of these outrages were abolished within a week. The health and appearance of the men changed for the better immediately.

In the spring of 1778, while all the liberal world was rejoicing over the alliance just concluded between France and the United States, and reading in the newspapers the details of Dr. Franklin's presentation to Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, John Howard crossed the channel once more on his god-like errand, and arrived safely in Holland. At Amsterdam he met with the only serious accident that befell him on his numerous journeys. A horse, running away with a dray, threw the vehicle against him with such violence, that he was a month in recovering from his injuries, during which he suffered very severely. To give the reader a nearer insight into the mind of this singular man, I will here copy a few sentences from the diary kept by him during this illness: —

"*May* 11, 1778. — Do me good, O God, by this painful

affliction ; may I see the great uncertainty of health, ease, and comfort ; that all my springs are in thee. Oh, the painful and wearisome nights I possess ! May I be more thankful if restored to health, more compassionate to others, more absolutely devoted to God.

"*May 13.* — In pain and anguish all night, my very life a burthen to me. Help, Lord : vain is the help of man. In thee do I put my trust, — let me not be confounded.

"*May 14.* — This night my fever abated, my pains less ; I thank God I had two hours' sleep ; prior to which, for eighteen days and nights, not four hours' sleep. Righteous art thou in all thy ways, and holy in all thy works, — sanctify this affliction, and show me wherefore thou contendest with me ; bring me out of the furnace as silver purified seven times.

"*May 16.* — A more quiet night and less fever, yet much pain until the morning. If God should please to restore me to days of prosperity, may I remember the days of sorrow, to make me habitually serious and humble : may I learn from this affliction more than I have learned before, and have reason to bless God for it."

These brief passages will suffice to make the reader acquainted with Howard's habit of thought and feeling ; for all that part of his diary which relates to himself is precisely in the strain of the extracts given. The whole struggle of his life was to do the work to which he felt himself called, and to extinguish in himself all human foibles and frailties that might hinder him, or render his motives less pure and single.

As soon as he had recovered his health, he was again at work, visiting prisons, descending into dungeons, penetrating torture-chambers, distributing alms to prisoners, discharging the debts of imprisoned debtors, conversing with magistrates, judges, princes, and monarchs upon his darling theme, and endeavoring to enlist their sympathy and co-operation.

At the court of the Emperor of Austria, he was entertained with distinction, both by the enlightened emperor, Joseph, and by his mother, the renowned Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. He dined with the emperor, and conversed with him for

two hours, laying before him all the horrors of the Austrian dungeons, but duly commending so much of the Austrian prison-system as he found praiseworthy. Dining, a few days after, at the house of the English ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, where a large company of Austrian princes and nobles were assembled, the conversation turned upon the absurd iniquity of the torture; when one of the Austrians observed, "that the glory of abolishing the torture in the Austrian dominions belonged to his present Imperial Majesty Joseph II."

"Pardon me," said Howard; "his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish another in its place more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted at the most only a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as black as the Black Hole of Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge."

"Hush!" said the ambassador; "your words will be reported to his majesty."

"What!" cried Howard; "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity."

The company appeared awestruck at his boldness, and admired it; but no one ventured to make any observation whatever, and a dead silence ensued. They were not, perhaps, aware that he had said the same thing to the emperor himself.

After a journey of nine months, during which he travelled four thousand six hundred and thirty-six miles, and visited the prisons of France, Holland, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, he returned once more to his native land, with his notebooks overflowing with facts and suggestions with which to aid his government in their design to construct a model prison, and to reform the county jails already existing. These notes were, in due time, digested and published in the form of an appendix to his previous work.

Having once begun his labors on behalf of the prisoner and the outcast, Howard ended them only with his life. His tour in Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, was quickly followed

by another journey in England, and that was succeeded by a tour of nearly four thousand miles in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Austria; during which he passed from dungeons and hospitals to the palaces of monarchs, conveying to royal ears the cry of the despairing victims of their indifference. We cannot follow him in these extensive journeys. A few incidents, however, that varied the monotony of horror, we may glean from the records he has left us.

In the debtors' prison at Sheffield, Howard found a cutler plying his trade, who was in jail for a debt of thirty cents. The fees of the court which had consigned him to prison amounted to nearly five dollars, and this sum he had been for several weeks trying to earn in prison. In another jail there was a man, with a wife and five children, confined for court fees of about one dollar, and jailer's fee of eighty cents. This man was confined in the same apartment with robbers and murderers, and had little hope of being able to raise the money for his discharge. All such debtors—and they were numerous then in England—Howard released by paying their debts.

A very striking occurrence came under his notice in Spain, which, I am sure, a romance-writer, could employ as the basis of a thrilling tale. In Portugal and Spain, a cruel custom prevailed of keeping accused persons in jail for months, and even years, before bringing them to trial, and of deferring the execution of capital punishment for periods equally long. Such was the fidelity of the people of those countries to their plighted word, that jailers were accustomed to let out such prisoners on their parole. A man who had been sentenced to death seven years before, and had been for a long time out on parole, was suddenly ordered for execution. At that time he was in the country, living with his family and working industriously at his trade. On receiving the summons to come to Lisbon and meet his doom, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and promptly presented himself at the jail. The facts, however, were made known to the government, and his admirable fidelity was rewarded with a pardon. Howard remonstrated vigorously against these cruel delays, both in conversation with the grandees and in his published narrative.

Nowhere in Europe was the torture more frequently applied, or more excruciating, than in Hanover, then under the dominion of the royal family of England. In an interview with the Duke of York, one of the princes of that family, he described the tortures inflicted there, when the prince promised that as soon as he was of age he would abolish the practice. In his book, therefore, Howard alluded to the peculiarly cruel tortures employed in Hanover, and added that the system would not be of long continuance. When the Duke of York had reached his legal majority, Howard sent him a copy of his work with a ribbon inserted to call attention to the passage. The delicate hint was taken, and the torture-chambers were forever closed in that kingdom.

No man, perhaps, has ever had such power over criminals as John Howard. There was a terrible rebellion in one of the London prisons, when two hundred ruffians, driven mad by cruelty, were gathered in the prison-yard, threatening death to any man who should approach them. Howard insisted on going in among them, and did so, in spite of the advice of the jailers and the entreaties of his friends. His very appearance disarmed them, and they listened to his quiet and reasonable remonstrances in respectful silence. He listened patiently in his turn to a recital of their grievances, after which he pointed out the folly of their attempting to resist the authorities, advised them at once to submit, and promised to make their complaints known. They took his advice at length, and went peacefully to their cells.

He was once, however, frightened by a woman. The lady in question, who was shown to his apartment in London, was of such amazingly tall stature, and so masculine in appearance, that he thought her a man in disguise, — a jailer, perhaps, whose cruelties he had exposed, and who had come to assassinate him. He darted to the bell, and, summoning his servant, gave him a sign to remain in the room till the fearful visitor was gone. It soon appeared that the lady had conceived a profound veneration for his character, and had come only to testify to him in person her gratitude and admiration. After detaining him with a long and pompous eulogy she took her leave, saying that now she had seen Mr. Howard she could die in peace.

It was not because he was indifferent to the charms of female society that he remained so long a widower. On the contrary, he was exceedingly fond of the company of ladies, and never returned from his continental tours without bringing home for his female friends presents of rare and delicate handiwork, some of which required great care in packing and handling.

He would have gladly married again, if he could have found a woman like the wife he had lost. Once, in Holland, on a canal boat, he was powerfully struck by the charms of a young lady travelling with an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be her father. When they left the boat, he ordered his servant to follow them and make inquiries. He was exceedingly disconcerted on learning that the young lady was the wife of her elderly companion.

On another occasion, in England, he was so much attracted by the writings of a lady who was then rising to distinction as authoress, that he made a journey to the place of her residence, intending to offer her his hand. In the public room of his inn he questioned a gentleman as to the lady's family and character, when he learned, to his sore mortification, that she was about to be married. Further conversation revealed the amusing fact that his informant had come to the town on the same errand as himself, and was going home disappointed. The enamored swains had no resource but to laugh at one another.

The Pope was one of the monarchs with whom he conversed on his great subject. He was received at the papal palace with unusual distinction, and he was dispensed from the ceremony of kissing the toe of the pontiff. When he was about to retire, after a long conversation on the prisons of Italy, the Pope said to him, laying his hand upon his very Protestant head : —

"I know you Englishmen do not mind these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm."

Some of the short sayings entered by Howard in his diary are noble and true. The following will touch every generous mind : —

"Let this maxim be a leading feature of my life, *Constantly to favor and relieve those that are lowest.*"

This also is exceedingly grand : —

·**Christ** has made poverty and meanness, joined to holiness, to be a **state** of dignity."

The **following** is truer than many suppose : —

"**Courage** and humanity are inseparable friends."

Another of his favorite maxims was this : —

"**Generosity** and self-command are the striking aspects of benevolence."

Howard himself was a very brave man. At Constantinople, when the plague was raging, he visited the infected districts and the plague hospitals without the least trepidation, and remained in them hours at a time, watching the progress of the disease, with a view to ascertain its cause, and learn the best modes of treatment. He was of opinion that his vegetable diet tended to preserve him from contagion.

During his last stay at Vienna, he had a conversation of two hours' duration with the Emperor of Austria, in the course of which he told that high and mighty potentate some disagreeable truths. The emperor having invited him to the palace for the purpose, Howard sent back word that, as he was going to leave Vienna on the following day, he should not be able to wait on his majesty. The emperor then sent him a second message, that he would see him the next morning before his departure, at as early an hour as he chose to name. Howard replied that he would be at the palace at nine precisely, and he kept his appointment to the minute. He was shown into a small room fitted up like a counting-house, with desks, stools, and the usual apparatus of book-keeping, for Joseph II. was very much a man of business. After the usual civilities, the emperor introduced the topic by asking his guest what he thought of his new military hospital, which Howard had visited a few days before.

"I beg first to be informed," said the philanthropist, "whether I may speak my mind freely."

The emperor having assured him that he desired his real opinion, Howard answered the question bluntly enough.

"I must, then," said he, "take the liberty of saying that your majesty's military hospital is loaded with defects. The allowance of bread is too small; the apartments are not kept clean, and are also, in many respects, ill-constructed. One defect

particularly struck me: the care of the sick is committed to men, who are very unfit for that office, especially when it is imposed on them as a punishment, as I understand to be the case here."

"As to the bread," replied the emperor, "the allowance is the same as that of every other soldier, — one pound a day."

"It is not sufficient," said Howard, "for a man who is required to do any kind of work, or who is recovering from sickness; it is barely adequate to the support of life."

"What do you think," asked the emperor, "of the new tower for lunatics?"

"It is by no means such as I could wish; it is too confined, and not properly managed."

Saying which, Howard took his note-book from his pocket, and pointed out the faults of the establishment, as he had noted them down at the time of his visit.

He was proceeding to discourse of the prisons of Austria, — a subject upon which he had expressed strong opinions on a previous visit, some years before. As he hesitated to enter upon this topic, the emperor said: —

"Speak without fear."

"I saw in them," Howard continued, "many things that filled me with astonishment and grief. They all have dungeons. The torture is said to be abolished in your majesty's dominions, but it is only so in appearance, for what is now practised is worse than any torture. Poor wretches are confined twenty feet underground, in places just fitted to receive their bodies, and some of them are kept there for eighteen months. Others are in dungeons, chained so closely to the wall that they can hardly breathe. All of them are deprived of proper consolation and religious support."

"Sir," interrupted the emperor, with some abruptness, "in your country they *hang* for the slightest offences."

"I grant," said Howard, "that the multiplicity of her capital punishments is a disgrace to England; but one fault does not excuse another, nor, in this instance, is the parallel just; for, I declare I would rather be hanged, if it were possible, ten times over, than undergo such a continuance of sufferings as the

unhappy beings endure who have the misfortune to be confined in your majesty's prisons. Many of these men have not been brought to trial, and should they be found innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, it is out of your majesty's power to make them a reparation for the injuries you have done them; for it is now too late to do them justice, weakened and deranged in their health and faculties as they are, by so long a solitary confinement."

He objected also to the convicts being sent out in gangs to clean the streets, and showed himself a good politician, but a bad courtier, by dwelling on the excellent prison regulations of the King of Prussia.

The emperor asked him what he thought of the poor-houses of Austria.

"In them, too," said this uncompromising Briton, "there are many defects. In the first place, the people are obliged to sleep in their clothes,—a practice that never fails to breed distempers in the end. Secondly, little or no attention is paid to cleanliness. Thirdly, the allowance of bread is too small."

"Where," asked the emperor, much disturbed, "did you find any institutions better of this kind?"

"There *was* one better," replied Howard, with marked emphasis.

"And where was that?"

"At Ghent," said Howard, "but not so now — not so now!"

Howard here alluded to an institution, which, when he first saw it, was a model of excellence, but which had deteriorated under the present emperor.

At the mention of Ghent the emperor rose, and was evidently moved by the rebuke. He took his reprover by the hand, thanked him cordially for his advice, and bade him farewell with the warmest expressions of regard.

He told the English ambassador, the next day, that his countryman was a man without ceremony or compliment, but that he liked him all the better for it, and should follow such of his recommendations as he approved.

Soon after his return from his second journey on the Continent of Europe, Howard started on a new tour in England, in

order to ascertain how far the promised reforms in the county jails had been carried out. He found that most of them had been in some degree improved, but that all of them were still very far from being what they should be.

On this journey he saw several extremely curious things. We have all heard much of the conservatism that prevails at the city of Oxford; but I doubt if any one has recorded so remarkable an instance of it as John Howard, in his diary of this tour. In the year 1577, the jail fever raged in the county jail at Oxford, and spread from the prison to the court, and from the court to the town. In the course of forty hours, the lord chief baron (as the presiding judge was called), the high sheriff, the jurymen, and all who were in the court room, to the number of three hundred, died of this malignant disease. The citizens fled in terror from the town, and, ever after, that session of the court was called the "Black Assize."

After the lapse of two hundred and four years, John Howard visited that prison, and found it just as close, as offensive, and as liable to breed the fever, as it had been at the time of the Black Assize. Nothing had been changed. There were the same low ceilings, the same small windows, the same uncleanness, as in 1577. "I should not greatly wonder," wrote Howard, "to hear of another Black Assize at Oxford." This is an illustration of that conservative spirit which has recently rejected Mr. Gladstone, and which Matthew Arnold thinks so "romantic."

It is pleasant to connect the name of Howard with the American Revolution. At this time there were many hundreds of American prisoners of war in the jails along the southern coast of England. Howard visited them all, inquired, with his usual thoroughness, into their condition, and made many of them partakers of his bounty. During the first two years of the war the British government had pretended to regard these prisoners as traitors and felons; but when Dr. Franklin's little fleet of cruisers, and Paul Jones' audacious gallantry, had filled the prisons of France with British sailors, the ministry saw the subject in another light, and treated them as prisoners of war. Dr. Franklin allowed each of them eighteen pence a week, and

~~caused~~ them to be frequently visited by English friends of America. Howard found them, therefore, in 1780, tolerably comfortable, though suffering from having nothing to do. One horrid abuse, however, called from him indignant remonstrance. It seems that the jailer paid ten shillings reward to any one who brought in an escaped prisoner, and as he paid this out of his own pocket, he took care to get it back from the prisoner. The prisoner having no money except his eighteen pence a week, the jailer locked him up in a dark dungeon, and kept him on half rations, till the sum of ten shillings was made up, which required (according to the jailer's computation) forty days. Howard notified the government of this cruelty, and argued that a prisoner of war, unlike a criminal, had a right to escape if he could, and ought not to be punished for it at all. In another place of confinement for prisoners of war, he whisked out his pocket scales at an unexpected moment, and found that the jailer was giving out loaves of bread two ounces under weight. This led him to apply his nose to the meat, which was tainted. These facts he made known to the American agent, who had the meat exchanged, and the deficiency in the bread made good. In another prison he found one hundred and thirteen French and American prisoners without shoes, stockings, or shirts, and many sick men lying upon rotten straw, which led him to recommend to the government to appoint an inspector, whose duty it should be to report quarterly the condition and wants of prisoners of war, and see that jailers and contractors did their duty.

The custom of locking up men and women together still prevailed in many prisons. In one, he found two soldiers and a young girl, all of whom were sentenced to a year's imprisonment, confined in the same room in the daytime. In another, eleven young girls were confined, day and night, with a large number of raving lunatics, men and women. On visiting another, he was pleased to see that, since his last visit, the sewer had been boarded up, so that *now* the rats could not prey upon the criminals, as they had formerly done, — in one instance, devouring half the face of an officer confined for debt. At the bridewell, in Liverpool, he found a singular custom prevailing. Every woman, on her admission to the jail, was

brought into the bath-room clad only in a flannel chemise, and placed in a chair with her back to the bath-tub. This chair turned on a hinge, and when the signal was given, it was turned over, and the woman with it, who went backwards into the water over head and ears. This operation was repeated three times, when the woman was considered initiated. Howard inquired why the men were not subjected to this ducking; but he could only learn that such was not the custom at Liverpool.

The ducking-chair reminded him of a prison which he had once visited in Holland, where every prisoner was severely whipped, both on entering and on leaving the prison. Howard seems to have inclined to an approval of this custom, for he was the farthest possible from being a philanthropist of the rose-water description. He thought prisons should be places that criminals would dislike exceedingly; but he was of opinion that the State has no right to inflict penalties injurious to health and character; but that the punishments which it inflicts should be salutary to both. He was not a man to whine about a young rascal's getting a good whipping, if a good whipping would do him any good.

On his return from this tour, he was appointed one of three commissioners to superintend the construction of a prison upon the plans unfolded by him in his work. He hesitated long to accept this appointment, because there was a salary attached to it. He seems to have been of Dr. Franklin's opinion, and may have heard Franklin express it, that public service, involving trust and responsibility, should be rendered gratuitously, or with no other reward than the honor of holding a public office. His scruples were overcome, however, and he entered upon the discharge of his duties as commissioner. He soon discovered that one of his colleagues was a gentleman who expected to have his own way in every particular; an obstinate, impracticable man, not to be convinced or persuaded. After months of effort, the commissioners could not so much as agree as to where the prison should be built; and Howard, finding that he must consent to a location of which he disapproved, or keep the enterprise at a stand still, resigned his office.

There were fields for the exercise of his benevolence still un-

explored. In May, 1781, he set off upon his third tour of the Continent of Europe, intending now to penetrate the dungeons of the north of Europe, particularly those of Russia and Poland, countries then little known to the rest of the world. Passing through Holland and part of Germany, he was gratified to see, in the cleanliness of many prisons, and in the improved appearance of prisoners, the results of his previous visits. In Denmark, the whole system of punishment bore the marks of antiquity. The whipping-post stood in every town, the terror of evil-doers. Criminals were still executed by beheading, and, not unfrequently, by breaking on the wheel. Petty thefts were punished by inserting the head of the thief in the head of a barrel, so that the barrel covered him like a cloak, and in this costume he was marched about the streets, attended by a guard. No penalty, he says, was so much dreaded by petty criminals as this. Grand larceny was punished by whipping, and by making the criminal a slave for life. The prisons of Denmark were close, crowded, and offensive, to such a degree that, after remaining in one of them only a short time, he was seized with a violent headache. In two small rooms, ten feet high, he counted one hundred and forty-three men, who never changed their clothes at night, and who had new clothes every two years. Half naked, emaciated, sick, and without employment, inhaling air that was poisonous, many of them chained, these poor wretches endured a hideous monotony of anguish that moved him to equal indignation and pity. Underneath this scene of horror, ten steps down, he discovered seven small dungeons, each having one minute window, through which came a few feeble rays of light, and a little air; and in these dungeons were eleven pallid, miserable men, whose appearance, says Howard, was "shocking to humanity." He remonstrated so vehemently against this infernal cruelty, that, before he left the town, he had the satisfaction of seeing the prison much cleaner and less offensive than he found it.

In Sweden, the same ignorance of the necessity of ventilation, and the same appalling indifference to human suffering, shocked him everywhere. Here, too, the English custom prevailed of permitting jailers to sell liquors to the prisoners, and again he

saw felons drinking and carousing together by day, and inhaling the pestiferous air of under-ground dungeons at night.

An amusing instance of his habit of believing nothing but what he saw, occurred in Sweden. He was told that the young king, Gustavus III., had abolished torture throughout his dominions, and had, in particular, ordered the torture-chamber in Stockholm to be bricked up. This would have satisfied most men; but Howard, on visiting that prison, insisted on being taken to the cellar, and shown the very wall that was said to have been built. He was not very much astonished to find that the king's order had not been obeyed. There was the torture-chamber still open, with all its apparatus.

A similar anecdote is related of his journey in Russia. He was told at Petersburg that the empress had abolished capital punishment. Instead of entering this information in his diary, as many travellers would have done, he called a coach and drove to the house of the executioner. That functionary, alarmed at seeing an unknown gentleman enter his door, appeared very much embarrassed, — a state of mind which Howard purposely increased by assuming an air of authority. He assured the man, however, that he had nothing to fear, provided he told the exact truth, which he promised to do.

"Can you," asked Howard, "inflict the knout in such a manner as to cause death in a short time?"

"Yes; I can," replied the executioner.

"In how short a time?"

"In a day or two."

"Have you ever so inflicted it?"

"I have."

"Have you lately?"

"Yes; the last man who was punished with my hands by the knout died of the punishment."

"How do you render it thus mortal?"

"By one or more strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh."

"Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?"

"I do."

He concluded from this conversation, not that capital punish-

ment had been abolished in Russia, but that the mode of inflicting it had been changed from sudden and painless to slow and agonizing. A few days after, he saw a man and a woman publicly knouted. Twenty-five strokes of the thick leathern thong upon the woman's naked back, and sixty upon that of the man, nearly sufficed to kill both. The woman was borne away limp and insensible, but recovered; the man was no more seen, and was supposed to have died.

The prisons of Russia, and its system of recruiting, filled his memorandum book with horrors, and he returned home after travelling four thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles, to make known to the rulers of nations what cruelties were committed, in their name, upon that portion of their subjects whom they are peculiarly bound to protect, — the poor, the criminal, the lunatic, and the conscript.

The close of Howard's life, otherwise serene and happy, was embittered by one most poignant sorrow. His only son, a handsome, spirited, and intelligent youth, fell into vicious habits, and became, at twenty-five, a total wreck in body and mind, and ended his days in a mad-house.

Every virtuous parent has an interest in knowing why so good a man should have so wretchedly failed in rearing his child to virtue. It was not that he neglected his parental duties, nor that he was wanting in the tenderest affection for his boy. He usually planned his journeys so as to be at home during his son's vacations, and, when this could not be, the lad resided with his aunt, who loved him much, and who presided over an orderly and virtuous home. In the selection of his schools, too, Howard spared no pains to find such as were conducted with a special view to the moral improvement of the pupils. He would not send his son to Eton, though such had been his intention, because he was told by one of the masters of that school, that no particular attention was bestowed there upon the moral education of the boys. This was, perhaps, an error in judgment on the part of the father. Young Howard was the heir to two large estates, and, at Eton, this would have been no distinction; because at that school he would have met a hundred boys richer than himself, and higher in rank;

whereas, at the third-rate private schools which he attended, his great expectations, as well as the celebrity of his father, marked him out from his companions as an object to be favored by teachers, courted by pupils, and flattered by visitors.

There was an unusual disparity of age between father and son. When the youth was eighteen, Howard was fifty-six. This disparity alone would have made it more difficult for the father to associate with the son on those easy and affectionate terms which alone win a child's confidence.

Besides this, as I have before intimated, he was a father of the old school. He was one of those who demand from wife, child, and servant, a prompt, unquestioning obedience to unexplained commands. He required a submission of his child's will to his own will, to such a degree as to render his presence a painful restraint upon the child's most trifling actions. While the world gazed in rapture at Howard's sublime career of benevolence, to this active, pleasure-loving youth, he was merely a very particular, precise, opinionative "old man," or "governor," who checked him constantly in the enjoyment of pleasures that were freely permitted to his school-fellows. On principle, too, Howard avoided all those caresses and expressions of fondness, which nature prompts, fearing lest his son should presume upon his love, and the less regard his authority.

He began the education of his son almost as soon as the child was old enough to manifest a preference. He laid it down as an inflexible rule that the infant should have nothing that it cried for, — an excellent principle when it is not carried too far, but one which is much better enforced by a mother than a father. A mother does not usually lay down *any* inflexible rule for the government of a very young child, but varies her treatment with the occasion. She learns to respect the crying of her infant, and possesses that intimate knowledge of her offspring which enables her to discriminate between the cry of petulance and ill-temper, and the cry which nature prompts as the expression of pain and desire. Few men have the quick sympathy with infancy which maternal love inspires. The mother is endowed with instincts implanted within her by the

unerring wisdom of God, while a father is left to the guidance of that imperfect and variable light which he proudly styles his reason.

When Howard heard his child crying in the nursery, he would go to the apartment, and, taking the child gently into his lap, hold it there until it had ceased, and then hand it back to the nurse. A mother might sometimes do this, but she would be very far from making it an invariable rule. A good mother soon learns that a child under two years of age seldom cries except when it ought to cry, and she would generally soothe and caress it rather than make its crying an occasion of moral discipline.

Howard was exceedingly particular with regard to the diet of the boy, and careful to inure him to hardship. This, too, was an excellent thing, but he did not carry it out wisely. He purposely forbore all explanation of his rules and denials. He never thought it right to say to the child: "My son, these pears will make you sick, if you eat many of them, or eat them at improper times." He merely said: "Jack, never touch a pear unless I give it to you." If the boy yielded to the temptation afforded by a garden full of fruit, he would place him in a seat, and command him not to stir or speak until he should give him permission. Such was his ascendancy over the child, that once when he had given him such an order and had forgotten all about it, he found the child, four hours after, in the precise spot where he had placed him, fast asleep.

Now, nothing is easier than to subdue the will of a boy, even to this degree. But how does this system work when, by and by, the child is a child no longer? The habit of obedience remains, but the father's eye cannot be always upon the lad; and, while he practises a very strict external obedience, his mind begins to revolt, and he is a "good boy" only so long as the father is present to enforce his commands. The grand art of education is to so inform the child's understanding, and so mould his disposition, that he will *prefer* to do right. It is true, that a father must sometimes issue positive orders and compel exact obedience; but the best parents do this seldom,

and endeavor chiefly to render the virtue of their children an inward, self-sustaining force.

Few men have been more truly good than John Howard, and he knew how to "let his light shine" to all the nations of the earth. But he had not the art of rendering virtue attractive to his only son. Living, as he did, under a constant and awful sense of the unseen realities of another world, he undervalued the charms of this, and felt that man's only business here is to prepare for hereafter. He dwelt upon those truths too exclusively. For *him*, — a man who had outlived the illusions of youth, whose only joy was to do good by self-denying and perilous toil, a lonely old widower, too, — those austere conceptions of duty were satisfying and comforting. How repulsive must they have been to a young man, abounding in spirits, eager for enjoyment, and possessing superabundant means of gratifying every desire! What a pity his father could not have sympathized with his youth, and ennobled his pleasures by sharing in them!

I have frequently observed how similar habits and scruples tend to divide young people from their elders, making in each family two distinct classes, one of which forswears all pleasure, and the other cares for nothing but pleasure, each bitterly censuring the other. A sight more melancholy than this, a state of things more demoralizing than this, I have never beheld; because we see here the noblest forces of human nature — the authority of conscience and the impulses of youth — warring upon and spoiling one another; parents injuring their children from their very anxiety to keep them from harm.

The immediate cause of the ruin of young Howard was the servant who accompanied his father on his philanthropic journeys. This servant, by his assiduous attention to his master, had won his complete confidence, and he was the constant playmate of his son during his vacations. The two young fellows were equally averse to Howard's precise and rigid ways, and combined their ingenuity in evading the rules of his house. The servant early initiated the lad into the low vices of London, and accompanied him on many a midnight prow. The youth took to vicious pleasures with fatal readiness, and he was ruined

past remedy before his father suspected that he had gone astray. Diseases contracted in the lowest dens of infamy were treated with remedies so powerful as to impair his constitution, and plant within him the seeds of insanity. His college career was one of wild riot and debauchery. He would bring home from Cambridge, in his father's absence, a party of roysterers, and keep up a continual debauch upon the contents of a well-stored cellar, frightening from the house his father's old servants, and alarming all the neighborhood. When he came of age, and had the control of a large income, he was recklessly extravagant, and astonished the village with his phaetons and his tandems. His naturally irritable temper was aggravated by his excesses, and soon his frequent paroxysms of fury announced the approach of madness.

Howard was in the south of Europe when first his friends ventured to inform him of his son's condition. "I have a melancholy letter," he wrote, "relative to my unhappy young man. It is indeed a bitter affliction—a son, an only son!" He hurried home. The first five hundred miles he never stopped, day nor night, except to change horses. He reached his house to find his son a raving madman, and to learn that his physicians had little hope of his restoration. One of the symptoms of his madness was a most violent antipathy to his father, which banished Howard from his home, until the increasing violence of the malady compelled the removal of the patient to an asylum, where he died at the age of thirty-five.

Howard saw his error too late. In conversation with the minister of his church and others, he regretted deeply that he had not been more his lost son's companion and friend, and sympathized more with his youthful impulses. It was small comfort now to think that he had acted for the best. A parent who sees his only child ruined cannot console himself with such a poor excuse, because the reflection continually comes back to torment him, "*I ought to have known better.*"

When Howard was no more, there were not wanting persons to raise the charge that the man who had spent the best years of his life in philanthropic labors, had been wanting in his duty to his own offspring, and had driven him mad by his harshness

and severity. The publication of this calumny had the effect of calling forth the facts which have been briefly given above. All his friends and servants testified that he had been a most affectionate, careful, and conscientious father, who had only erred in carrying out good principles with the rigidity of a father, instead of employing the pliant, sympathetic method of a mother. "My hands," wrote Dr. Aikin, who was Howard's literary assistant, "tremble with indignation and horror while I copy the accusation; and scarcely can I restrain myself within temperate bounds whilst I refute a slander black as hell, against a man whose unparalleled benevolence rendered him the pride and ornament of human nature."

Upon his return from his tour in the south of Europe, Howard, according to his custom, published an account of his observations, dwelling particularly upon the plague hospitals and the system of quarantine. At the close of this work the following passage occurred:—

"To my country I commit the result of my past labors. It is my intention again to quit it for the purpose of revisiting Turkey, Russia, and some other countries, and extending my tour to the East. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

The particular object of this new journey was to investigate the causes of the plague, — that most terrible of diseases, which, every few years, desolated the Eastern world, and occasionally ravaged the south of Europe. It was Howard's determination to track the monster to his lair. He was resolved to go to the

places where the plague originated, and endeavor to ascertain the circumstances in which it began its destructive course, and the means by which it was communicated from city to city, and from country to country. He wished, also, to study the various modes of treating it, and, especially, to try whether certain medicines of English manufacture, in which he had great confidence, could not be introduced into the East with advantage.

He had a strong presentiment that from this journey he should never return, and therefore thought it wrong to expose his servant to its manifold perils. The man, however, so earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, that his scruples were at last overcome. All his preparations were made with a view to the probability of his never again seeing his native land. He made his will with great deliberation, bequeathing a great number of small legacies to his dependents and friends, overlooking no one who had the slightest claim to his favor. To twenty poor widows he left two guineas each. He left five pounds each to ten of his poor cottagers who should not have been in an ale-house for the twelve months preceding his death. The same sum was to be given to ten other poor families who had been most regular in their attendance at church during the same period. He left fifty pounds to the poor of the parish where he had married his "last invaluable wife." To two of his farm tenants, who had formerly been in his service, he left twenty pounds; and to two others, who were widows, ten guineas each. The clergymen whose churches he had attended, the literary men who had assisted him in the composition of his works, his circle of private friends, — all were remembered. For the release of poor debtors from confinement he left fifty pounds, and fifty more to be distributed among other inmates of jails. To the society formed through him for the relief of prisoners generally, he bequeathed five hundred pounds. The bulk of his estate, according to the English custom, he left (in trust) to his son, the next of kin to inherit in case his son died a lunatic.

These legacies may seem trifling to some readers. But in England, as in all old countries, a very small unexpected addition to a poor man's income may be a very great boon. A

small legacy, too, has this advantage: if it does not do great good, it cannot do much harm. It were, perhaps, to be desired, that rich men, in making their wills, would distribute their fortune more widely than they usually do, and confer a certain blessing upon many, rather than a doubtful good upon a few.

Before leaving England, Howard inquired in person into the circumstances of all his tenants, and made such changes in their leases as seemed desirable for them. His old servants were all put into a way of securing a provision for their old age. A guardian was appointed for his son, and means were provided for the continuance of the schools which he had established upon his estates, which, indeed, *were* continued for many years after his death. He paid every debt, to the uttermost farthing. All that foresight and liberality could do to secure the permanent well-being of all with whom he was connected, was done by this incomparable man, whose only aspiration was to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number. He paid farewell visits to his friends, and when they endeavored to dissuade him from his design, he would say: —

"If I live to return from this journey, I promise you I will spend the evening of my life at home among my neighbors. But if it pleases God to take me hence, his will be done. Cairo is as near heaven as Cardington."

Howard was strangely averse to being the object of public applause, and this aversion increased as he grew older. When he had been last abroad, news reached him that a number of his admirers were preparing to erect a monument in his honor. It is no exaggeration to say that he was *horror-stricken* at the intelligence. He wrote immediately to England to say that if the design were carried out he should be ashamed to return to his country. Nothing, he added, that his worst enemy could devise could be such a "punishment" to him as the erection of the proposed monument, and he wondered his friends should not have known him better than to sanction such a project. He declared that he claimed no credit for anything he had done, but that in his exertions on behalf of prisoners, he had been merely "riding his hobby-horse." In consequence of his urgent entreaties, the scheme was given up, or rather, postponed

till after his death, when the monument was erected in St. Paul's Church in London.

On the eve of his departure from England, he was determined that no biography of him should be written after his death. He destroyed every paper and letter in his possession which he thought might be used as material for such a work, and he extorted a solemn promise from his clergyman that when he preached his funeral sermon, he would enter into no biographical details respecting him. In pursuance of the same design he wrote his own epitaph, and even had it cut upon a tombstone, leaving blanks for the insertion of the place and date of his death. It contained merely his name, the time and place of his decease, and these words: "Christ is my hope."

July the fourth, 1789, being then sixty-two years of age, Howard left his native land, which he was destined never to look upon again.

On his way to Russia, he passed through parts of Holland, Hanover, and Germany, revisiting their prisons, and was often consoled by observing that his previous visits had produced alleviations in the condition of their inmates. In Russia he continued his benevolent labors on behalf of the conscripts and sick soldiers, and disclosed all the horrors of the Russian military system as then conducted. He reached at length the town of Cherson, in Russian Tartary, where there was a vast military hospital, which, from its manifold defects, bred as much disease as it cured.

This town was full of gay company, attracted to the place by the grand fêtes, masquerade balls, and theatrical entertainments with which the officers were celebrating some recent triumphs of the Russian arms. The hospital fever attacked many of the visitors, and among others a young lady, who was carried to her home, twenty-four miles distant, dangerously sick with it.

Howard, meanwhile, regardless of the festive scenes around him, and equally regardless of the infection that pervaded the air, spent laborious days in visiting the sick, both within and without the hospital, administering his favorite English medicines. His medical skill being in high repute, the family of the young lady besought him to visit her, as all the remedies

usually employed had failed to relieve her, and her condition was extremely critical. He replied that he made no pretensions to medical knowledge, and was accustomed to visit only those who were too poor to employ a physician. Yielding, however, to their entreaties, he went to see her, gave her some medicine and advice, which were immediately beneficial and seemed almost to draw her back from an open grave. On leaving the grateful family, he told them to send for him again if she continued to improve; but that if she grew worse it would be of no use. Soon after his return to Cherson, he received a letter saying that his patient was better, and begging him to visit her again and complete his good work. On looking at the date of this letter, he was alarmed to discover that it had been eight days in coming.

Nevertheless, he was determined to go. The rain was falling in torrents, — a cold, December rain, — and the wind was blowing a gale. As he could not, without much delay, procure a vehicle, he mounted an old dray horse and rode the twenty-four miles through the tempest. He arrived to find his patient dying. He tried, however, some powerful medicines upon her, with a view to excite perspiration; and, in order to ascertain whether they were producing the wished-for effect, he lifted the bedclothes and felt of her arm. As he did so, the effluvia from her body was so offensive that he could scarcely endure it. She died soon after, and he returned to Cherson.

Three days later he was seized with the same fever. The exhaustion of his long and painful ride, and the shock to his feelings at finding his patient in the agonies of death, had rendered his system liable to the contagion, which had struck him, as he believed, at the moment of his lifting the bedclothes.

From the first, he thought the attack would be fatal, though the progress of the disease was not rapid, nor were his sufferings severe. To one of the few Englishmen at Cherson, Admiral Priestman, he early expressed the opinion that he could not recover.

"Priestman," said he to this friend one day, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on these things; but I entertain very different sentiments.

Death has no terrors for me ; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure ; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live ; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can a man such as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea ? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and, therefore, I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers."

He then turned to the subject of his funeral.

"There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Damphigny ; this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there ; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral ; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid ; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

He further enjoined that he should not be buried according to the ritual of the Greek Church, nor any priest of that church have aught to do with his remains.

On one of the last days of his life he was greatly solaced by a letter from England, which informed him that his son's condition appeared to be improving. Handing the letter to the admiral, he exclaimed :—

"Is not this comfort for a dying father ?"

His last request was, not to be buried by the Greek rite ; and his friend promised to read over his remains the burial service of the Church of England.

He lingered twenty days after his seizure, the fever fits becoming constantly more severe. On the morning of January 20th, 1790, he breathed his last. His dying injunctions were obeyed, and his remains still repose in that distant land.

Howard was a man of somewhat short stature, and rather insignificant in appearance, though of alert and active habit. In

animated conversation his eye brightened, his face lighted up, and his words carried conviction to the heart. His voice was soft and winning, and there was that indescribable expression of sweetness and benevolence in his face which we observe in the countenances of men and women who have for many years entertained benign emotions and pure thoughts. His abilities were not splendid, nor his knowledge great. His glory is this : that although exempted, by the possession of an ample fortune, from the necessity of earning his livelihood, he did not choose to pass his life in ease and self-indulgence, but found work to do, and did it with the energy and perseverance with which an able man of business pursues his vocation. In so doing, he lived happily, wrought great good to the lowest of his species, and left to the highest the memory of a sublime career, — which is the most precious part of the rich and vast inheritance which the present has received from the past.

ZERAH COLBURN.

ON a summer afternoon of the year 1810, in a frontier settlement of Vermont, a farmer was working at a carpenter's bench, and his little boy, six years of age, was playing with the shavings at his feet. The boy suddenly began to say to himself: —

"Five times seven are thirty-five. Six times seven are forty-two. Three times twelve are thirty-six."

The father was startled; for though the boy had been a few weeks at the district school, he neither knew his letters nor his figures. He began to question him in the multiplication table, and found that he knew it perfectly. Finally, half in joke, he asked him: —

"How much is 13 times 97?"

The boy instantly gave the correct answer, 1,261.

"I could not have been more surprised," the father used to say, "if a man had sprung out of the earth, and stood erect before me."

He continued the examination, and discovered that the boy, who had had no instruction in arithmetic whatever, and could not tell a 4 from a 9, possessed the power of multiplying, in his head, four figures by four figures, with unerring correctness, in about ten seconds.

The name of this astonished farmer was Abia Colburn, and that of his son was Zerah. There was nothing remarkable about the father or his family, except they all had one more finger and one more toe than the regular number. The boy also had five fingers and six toes. Abia Colburn was a dull, and even a stupid man; a poor, plodding farmer, without much skill in his business, without enterprise or knowledge.

It soon occurred to him, however, that this marvel of a boy

could be made more productive to him than a mortgaged farm; and, accordingly, he took him to a neighboring town, where a court was in session, and thence to Montpelier, where the legislature was assembled. There, in the presence of judges, lawyers, and legislators, the boy performed such astounding feats in mental arithmetic, that the report of his exploits was spread over the world. During this first year of his exhibition he solved such questions as the following, in periods of time varying from three seconds to one minute: —

"How many seconds are there in 2,000 years?" Answer: 63,072,000,000.

"How many strokes will a clock strike in 2,000 years?" Answer: 113,880,000.

"What is the product of 12,225, multiplied by 1,223?" Answer: 14,951,175.

"What is the square of 1,449?" Answer: 2,099,601.

"In seven acres of corn, with 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears to each hill, and 150 kernels to each ear, how many kernels are there?" Answer: 9,139,200.

Practice gave him greater facility. The next year he performed such problems as these: —

"How many hours are there in 1,811 years?" Answer (in twenty seconds): 15,864,360.

"How many seconds in 11 years?" Answer (in four seconds): 346,896,000.

"What sum, multiplied by itself, will produce 998,001?" Answer (in three seconds): 999.

"How many hours in 38 years 2 months and 7 days?" Answer (in six seconds): 334,488.

Besides performing these calculations, the boy showed equal quickness in detecting arithmetical tricks and puzzles, such as the following: —

"Which is the most, twice twenty-five or twice five and twenty ($2 \times 5 + 20$)?" Answer (in a moment): Twice twenty-five.

"Which is the most, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?" Answer: Six dozen dozen.

"How many black beans will make five white ones?" "Five," said the boy, "if you skin them."

The astonishment everywhere excited by this prodigy, our aged readers may still recollect. Some people thought him a conjurer. A woman came to him one day, saying that twenty years ago she had had some spoons stolen, and asked him where they were. One good lady said that, in her opinion, God had endowed the child with a miraculous gift in order that he might explain the mysterious numbers of the prophecies. Some people manifested a certain degree of terror in his presence, as though he were possessed of the devil. What added to the marvel was, that the boy was totally unable to explain the processes by which he effected his calculations.

"God put it into my head," he said, one day, to an inquisitive lady, "but I cannot put it into yours."

Some gentlemen of Boston offered to undertake the education of the boy, that this wonderful talent might be cultivated. But the foolish father, thinking he could gain more by exhibiting his son, refused the offer. The public, disapproving this selfish conduct, were less inclined than before to attend the exhibitions; and therefore, after an unprofitable tour in the South, Abia Colburn took his son to England.

In London, where he was exhibited for two or three years, his performances were almost incredibly difficult. Princes, nobles, philosophers, teachers, and the public were equally astounded. He gave, in less than half a minute, the number of seconds that had elapsed since the Christian era. He extracted the square root of numbers consisting of six figures, and the cube root of numbers consisting of nine figures, in less time than the result could be put down on paper. He was asked one day the factors of 171,395. There are seven pairs of factors by which that number can be produced, and only seven; the boy named them all as rapidly as they could be recorded. He was required to name the factors of 36,083. "There are none," was his instantaneous reply; and he was right. Again, the number, 4,294,967,297, was proposed to him to find the factors. Now, certain French mathematicians had asserted that this was a prime number; but the German, Euler, had discovered that its factors are 641 and 6,700,417. This wonderful boy, then aged eight years, by the mere operation of his mind, named the factors in

about twenty seconds. He was once requested to multiply 999,999 by itself. At first he said he could not do it. But, in looking at the number again, he perceived that multiplying 37,037, by 37,037, and the product twice by 27, was just the same as multiplying 999,999 by 999,999. How he discovered this is a mystery, but he soon gave the correct answer: 999,998,000,001. Then he said he could multiply that by 49, which he immediately did, and the product by 25, producing at length the enormous result of 60,024,879,950,060,025. He could raise numbers consisting of one figure to the sixteenth power in less than a minute.

Though these exploits excited universal wonder in England, the exhibition of the boy, owing to the great expenses attending it, were not very profitable and gradually became less so. At length the benevolent Earl of Bristol engaged to undertake the education of the child at Westminster school, agreeing to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for eight years. But Zerah showed no remarkable aptitude for study, not even in arithmetic and geometry. Meanwhile the father lived in poverty. Thinking still to make a profit from the boy, he took him away from school and carried him to France, where he was again exhibited, but without success. Some gentlemen of Paris procured from Napoleon his admission to a military school; but the meddling father again interfered and returned with him to London. The patience of their English friends being then exhausted, they sunk into extreme poverty. Colburn then urged his son to go upon the stage as an actor, and he had still influence enough to procure for the youth instruction from no less a person than Charles Kemble. For a year or two Zerah led the life of a strolling actor, playing in tragedy and comedy, writing plays which no manager would accept, and living always in great poverty. Then he opened a small school, and gained a little money by performing calculations for an astronomer. At length, being relieved of the incubus of his worthless father, who died, the liberality of the Earl of Bristol enabled him to return to America, where he found his mother still living upon her farm. He was then twenty-one years of age. After spending a short time in teaching, he became a Methodist preacher,

and remained in that vocation till his death. He died in Vermont in 1839, aged 34 years. Neither as a preacher nor as a man did he display even average ability. He was, in fact, a very dull preacher, and a very ordinary person in every respect.

As he grew older his calculating power diminished; but this was merely from want of practice. Doubtless, he could have retained his ability if he had continued to use it.

He was able, during the later years of his youth, to explain the processes by which he performed his calculations, some of which were so simple that they have since been employed in the New England schools. We have seen a class of boys, not more than twelve years of age, multiply six figures by six figures, without slate and pencil, by the method of Zerah Colburn. His mode of extracting the square root, also, can be acquired by boys quick at figures. But this does not lessen our astonishment that a boy of seven years, wholly untaught, should have discovered methods in calculation that had escaped the vigilance of mathematicians, from the days of Euclid to our own time.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

PERHAPS the reader would like to know a little of the brave and noble Frenchman who gave his name to our Lake Champlain. The Indian name of that lake was Saranac; but, since the year 1609, when it was first beheld by white men, it has borne the name of its discoverer.

Samuel de Champlain was born in France, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, in 1567, over three hundred years ago. Though of noble family, he was poor; and, entering the royal navy, he rose to the rank of captain. During one of the wars of Henry IV., he left the sea and fought gallantly for the king on land; and when the war was over, the king, who loved a man of merit, granted him a small pension in order to retain him near his person. But being far too much of a man to be willing to waste his life in dangle about a court, fond of adventure, eager to increase his knowledge, and desirous to do something for the glory of France and the spread of the Catholic religion, he obtained permission of the king to make a voyage to the New World. He was then thirty-three years of age. America had been discovered one hundred and eight years; but in all that part of the continent now occupied by the United States and Canada there was no white settlement, except in Florida. John Smith had not yet seen Virginia; Hendrick Hudson had not sailed up the river that bears his name; the Puritans had not landed upon Plymouth Rock; and, though the St. Lawrence had been discovered, no white man yet lived upon its shores.

Obtaining command of one of the ships of a Spanish fleet, he sailed to the West Indies, and remained two years and a half in Spanish America, making sketches and surveys, and keeping a

diary, which is preserved to this day in France. Besides visiting the principal West India ports, he made his way to the city of Mexico, and, on his return, visited Panama, where he conceived the project of cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Two hundred and sixty-three years have passed since Champlain suggested the Darien Canal, and it is only within these few years that there has been a prospect of the work being attempted. I am informed that before many years have rolled away, plans will be submitted to the public for the execution of Captain de Champlain's scheme.

Returning to the French court to relate his adventures to the king, he found De Chastes, a veteran soldier, full of a project to plant the cross and the flag of his country upon the shores of the majestic St. Lawrence, discovered by Cartier seventy years before. Champlain joined the enterprise. In 1603, in two small vessels, one of twelve tons and the other of fifteen (mere sail-boats), the adventurers sailed; designing only to make a preliminary survey of the country. The little craft, having crossed the Atlantic in safety, entered the broad St. Lawrence, sailed past the lofty promontory on which Quebec now stands, and reached the island which now contains the city of Montreal, then an uninhabited wilderness. There they anchored, and Champlain, with a small party of Indians, continued the ascent of the river in one of the ship's boats. Soon he came to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which he vainly attempted to ascend; and so returned to the ships. The Indians drew for him rude maps of the lakes, lands, and rivers beyond the rapids, which inflamed his curiosity; but, as the object of the expedition was accomplished, he and his comrades descended the river and returned to France.

Next year, 1604, early in the spring, with two larger ships, filled with a motley crew of gentlemen, merchants, Huguenot ministers, Catholic priests, thieves, and ruffians, Champlain sailed again for Canada, expecting now to make a permanent settlement. Avoiding the St. Lawrence, the adventurers selected for the sight of their establishment an island at the mouth of a river emptying into Passamaquoddy Bay. The ships returned to France, leaving on this rocky island seventy-

nine men, who experienced the horrors of a Canadian winter. Drifting ice sometimes cut them off from the main land, whence they drew their supplies of wood and water. Their wine froze solid in its barrels, and was served out to the men by the pound. Thirty-five of the seventy-nine men died of scurvy before the spring, and many more, bloated and covered with sores, were reduced to the last extremity. Amid the gloom and terror of the time, Champlain preserved his courage and serenity, and did all that was possible to save his companions from despair. In the spring, a vessel from France brought them good cheer and restoration; when Champlain, in a vessel of fifteen tons, sailed southward along the New England coast in quest of a more genial clime, and a less inhospitable shore. They went as far as Cape Cod; but, finding no place that satisfied them, and their provisions failing, they returned to the settlement, and Champlain volunteered to brave another winter on that bleak and icy coast. That winter, however, proved remarkably mild, and Champlain made such excellent provision for the season, that only four men died of the scurvy. Intrigues at the French court broke up the colony the next year, and Captain de Champlain returned again to his native land.

Three years passed, — Champlain always pining for the wilderness, the broad rivers, the strange men, and the transparent air of the Western World. He was ambitious, too, of being an instrument in bringing the Indians to a knowledge of Christianity, for he was one of those who think (to use his own language) that the salvation of one soul is of more importance than the conquest of an empire. A new company was formed under his auspices, and, in 1608, he set sail again for America, intending to plant a permanent colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He founded the city of Quebec. The first winter there was terrible; but when, at length, the tardy spring had opened the river, the undaunted Champlain, leaving most of his companions to traffic in furs, gathered a party of Indians, and went forth upon a journey of exploration.

In a small sloop, accompanied by a fleet of canoes, he once more ascended the St. Lawrence, again passed by the lofty mountain behind what is now Montreal; and was again brought

to a stand by the rapids. He sent back his sloop to Quebec with most of his white followers; and the Indians carried their light canoes around the rapids to the tranquil Sorel, where he embarked with them for further exploration. Two white men alone of all his party had volunteered to accompany him. His Indians were sixty in number, and the whole company filled twenty-four canoes. They advanced cautiously, for they were nearing the domain of the terrible Iroquois, the hereditary foes of the Indians under the command of Champlain. A few of the canoes kept far ahead of the main body, and the woods on each side of the river were scoured by warriors and hunters. At night the canoes were drawn up along the bank, and the whole party slept.

The river widened as they went on, until, on a brilliant day in June, 1609, they entered the lake which bears to this day the name of Champlain. They advanced up the lake as far as Crown Point, where their progress was stopped by a powerful war-party of Iroquois, outnumbering them four to one. Champlain landed his men. There were three Frenchmen, armed with muskets, and sixty Indians with boys and arrows, against more than two hundred Iroquois. The Iroquois advanced gallantly to the fight, and in good order, while Champlain's Indians stood trembling at the disparity of numbers. At the proper moment, they opened their ranks, and Champlain, bearing his arquebuse, and glittering in steel armor, stood revealed to the bewildered foe. He took deliberate aim and fired. One chief fell dead, and another wounded. Instantly his Indians raised a terrific yell and sent a shower of arrows into the faltering Iroquois. The enemy returned the fire for a moment, but when two more shots from the arquebuses had been fired, a panic seized them, and they fled, leaving behind them dead, wounded, camp, weapons, everything.

Champlain's Indians were not inclined to advance further; they returned to their homes, and he, with his two Frenchmen, made their way back to Quebec. Thus it was that Lake Champlain, two hundred and fifty-six years ago, was discovered and baptized in blood.

No one will ever be able to compute the sum of suffering

and toil which it cost to conquer the Western Continent from wild men and wild nature. It is now three hundred and seventy-six years since Columbus first landed upon one of its outlying islands, and still the work is much less than half done. What lives have been lost! What lives have been *spent*! What anguish has been endured! What labors have been performed!

For twenty-six years longer Champlain continued to preside over the interests of the colony he had planted. Sometimes we see him at the French court, pleading for it before the king or his ministers; and sometimes deep in the heart of the wilderness, fighting for it with savage foes. While other men were only concerned to gather a rich store of furs, he thought of nothing but the lasting welfare of the settlement, the glory of France, and the salvation of the Indians. He was a brave, pure, and chivalric gentleman. Many years after his death, the Indians used to relate, with wonder and admiration, that when they entertained him in their villages, and offered all they had for his use, he was irreproachable toward their women. One must be acquainted both with the French of that day and with the customs of the Indians, to appreciate all the significance of such a fact.

Champlain died at Quebec, on Christmas day, 1635, aged sixty-eight years. His last thoughts were for his colony, which was still feeble, and never more needed his care than when he was about to leave it forever. The little company of settlers, soldiers, and priests sadly followed his remains to their church, where one of them pronounced a funeral oration, and where they afterwards built a monument to his memory.

DEATH OF COMMODORE DECATUR.

I SUPPOSE we all use more freedom in speaking *of* one another than we do in speaking *to* one another. Consequently, almost any person can destroy a friendship or embitter an enmity by reporting *to* one man what another man has said *of* him. To do this is justly esteemed one of the meanest of all actions, as it is assuredly one of the most mischievous. The duel in which Commodore Decatur fell was directly caused by this bad, dastardly practice.

Stephen Decatur, born in Maryland, in 1779, was the FARRAGUT of his time. His father before him was a gallant officer in the infant navy of the United States, captured several British ships in the revolutionary war, and was retained in the service after the peace. In the year 1800, he was the Commodore of the American fleet of thirteen vessels cruising about the West Indies; but when Mr. Jefferson reduced the navy, in 1801, Commodore Decatur was retired, and he became a merchant in Philadelphia, where he died in 1808. The old commodore, however, lived long enough to see his son a captain in the navy, and the darling of his countrymen.

Entering the service as midshipman in 1798, when he was nineteen, he was a lieutenant at twenty, and at twenty-three he had reached the rank of first lieutenant of a brig, the captain of which was that very James Barron who afterwards killed him. Two years later, when our brilliant little war with Algiers was at its height, Decatur was in command of the brig Enterprise, one of the vessels of the fleet in the Mediterranean, and it was while commanding the Enterprise that he performed the exploit which made him a favorite hero of the American people.

The reader remembers, of course, that the Algerines had had the luck to catch a fine American frigate, the *Philadelphia*, aground and helpless, with her guns overboard; and that they captured her and took her into the harbor of Tripoli, where they were fitting her out for a cruise. Bainbridge, her captain, while a prisoner at Tripoli, contrived to send word to Commodore Preble that the *Philadelphia* was carelessly guarded and could easily be surprised and burnt. The Commodore consulted Lieutenant Decatur upon the project, and Decatur, the bravest of the brave, supported it with all the enthusiasm of his age and character. Commodore Preble came into the scheme, and named young Decatur commander of the expedition. Lieutenant Decatur called for volunteers, and every man and boy on board his brig expressed a willingness to join. Sixty-two of the best men were picked from the eager crew, who, with twelve officers, were transferred to a small Algerian vessel belonging to Tripoli, captured a few days before, and now rechristened the *Intrepid*.

It was a still, fine evening in February, 1803, at ten o'clock, when the *Intrepid* glided slowly and noiselessly into the harbor, Decatur at the helm, a Greek pilot at his side, and the crew lying along the deck. So complete was the surprise, and so well concerted the attack, that in just ten minutes from the time the *Intrepid* touched the frigate the Americans had possession of her. Decatur was the second man to reach her deck, Charles Morris, midshipman, having jumped two seconds before him. Everything having been provided beforehand for burning the ship, the fire burst forth with such unexpected rapidity that the *Intrepid* narrowly escaped catching. The work having been accomplished, a light breeze from shore sprang up in the nick of time and wafted the little vessel gently out of the harbor, lighted on her way by the flames, and saluted by the harmless thunder of Algerian guns.

This gallant exploit made Decatur a captain. Without dwelling on his subsequent career, I can truly say that it was all of a piece with this brilliant opening.

Far different was it with James Barron. Barron, a native of Virginia, and, like Decatur, the son of a revolutionary comm-

dore, entered the navy in the same year as Decatur, and outstripped him in the race for promotion. A year after he entered the service, being then thirty-one years of age, he was a captain, and he continued to rise in the esteem of his countrymen until the year 1807, when a sad misfortune befell him, which cast a shadow over all his subsequent life.

June 22d, 1807, the United States being at peace with all the world, the American frigate *Chesapeake*, thirty-eight guns, under command of Commodore Barron, left her anchorage in Hampton Roads, and stood out to sea, bound for the Mediterranean. About the same hour the British frigate *Leopard*, fifty guns, which had been lying for some time at the same anchorage, also put to sea, and being in better trim than the *Chesapeake*, and much better manned, got ahead of her some miles. But at three in the afternoon she wore round, bore down upon the *Chesapeake*, and sent a boat to her, with a despatch demanding to search the American ship for four deserters from the English navy. Commodore Barron replied that he knew of no such deserters, and that his orders did not allow his crew to be mustered by any officers but their own. No sooner had the boat returned with this reply, than the British ship fired a broadside full into the American at short range. The *Chesapeake*, her decks littered with stores and animals, her crew undisciplined, her warlike apparatus all unready for use, could not fire a shot in her defence; and consequently, when, by the continuous fire of the *Leopard*, three of the American crew had been killed and eighteen wounded, one of whom was the commodore himself, and when there were twenty-one shot in the hull of the *Chesapeake*, Barron struck his colors. The English captain made the search, took away the four alleged deserters, and sailed off, leaving the crippled *Chesapeake* to get back to Hampton Roads as best she could.

Commodore Barron was tried by a court-martial for going to sea unprepared to defend his ship, and the public clamored for his punishment. His defence was that his captain had informed him in writing that the ship was ready to sail, and that, the United States and Great Britain being at peace, the attack was not to have been anticipated. The court pronounced the defence

insufficient, and sentenced him to three years' suspension without pay. When the war broke out in 1812, he was not appointed to a ship.

Among those who opposed the reinstatement of Barron were the majority of the naval captains, and no one opposed it so openly and decidedly as Decatur. He thought that Barron had been to blame in the affair of the Chesapeake. He also thought that, as there were so few ships in the navy, they ought to be commanded by men who had distinguished themselves during the war. It is evident, too, that he had lent a too credulous ear to the calumnies in circulation respecting Barron's conduct since the Chesapeake disaster. In short, he had a very bad opinion of Commodore Barron as an officer, and this bad opinion he was in the habit of expressing with the careless frankness of a sailor. Mean intermeddlers communicated the fact, with the usual exaggerations, to Barron, who was sore and sensitive from his long endurance of what he felt to be injustice. In June, 1819, he addressed a note to Decatur to this effect: —

"SIR, — I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so you will no doubt avow it, and I shall expect to hear from you."

Commodore Decatur's reply was evidently intended to be offensive. The italics are his own: —

"SIR, — I have received your communication of the 12th instant. Before you could have been entitled to the information you have asked of me, you should have given up the name of your informer. That frankness which ought to characterize our profession required it. I shall not, however, refuse to answer you on that account, but shall be as candid in my communication to you as your letter or the case will warrant.

"Whatever I may have *thought or said, in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct*, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been

guilty of so much egotism as to say that 'I could insult you' (or any other man) 'with impunity.' "

Commodore Barron, in his reply, said : —

"Your declaration, if I understand it correctly, relieves my mind from the apprehension that you had so degraded my character as I had been induced to allege."

Here the correspondence ought to have closed. Decatur, however, as though determined upon a quarrel, wrote again, and more stinging than before : —

"As you have expressed yourself doubtfully as to your correct understanding of my letter of the aforesaid date, I have now to state, and I request you to understand distinctly, that I meant no more than to disclaim the *specific* and *particular* expression to which your inquiry was directed ; to wit, that I had said that I could insult you with impunity. As to the motives of the 'several gentlemen of Norfolk,' your informants, or the rumors, 'which cannot be traced to their origin,' on which their information was founded, or who they are, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as are also your motives in making such an inquiry upon such information."

Commodore Barron justly interpreted this letter as a defiance, and he immediately challenged Decatur. A very long correspondence followed, in which it is evident that Barron did *not* desire a hostile meeting, and that Decatur was irreconcilably opposed to a friendly termination of the dispute. Decatur's letters were most exasperating. He concluded the last of his long letters in these words : —

"Your offering your life to me would be quite affecting, and might (as you evidently intend) excite sympathy, if it were not ridiculous. It will not be lost sight of that your jeopardizing your life depends upon yourself, and not upon me ; and is done with the view of fighting your own character up. I have now

to inform you that I shall pay no further attention to any communication you may make to me, other than a direct call to the field."

To this the still reluctant Barron replied : —

"Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as that call. The whole tenor of your conduct to me justifies this course of proceeding on my part. As for your charges and remarks, I regard them not, — particularly your sympathy. You know not such a feeling. I cannot be suspected of making the attempt to excite it."

Decatur answered : —

"SIR, — I have received your communication of the 16th, and am at a loss to know what your intention is. If you intend it as a challenge, I accept it, and refer you to my friend Commodore Bainbridge, who is fully authorized by me to make any arrangement he pleases, as regards weapons, mode, or distance."

This correspondence, which began in June, 1819, did not terminate till February, 1820, and the fatal meeting was delayed seven weeks longer by the sickness of Commodore Barron. At length, on the 22d of March, 1820, the two officers met at Bladensburgh to decide their long controversy by the pistol.

A considerable number of naval officers, besides the seconds, were on or near the field. One of the antagonists being near-sighted, they were placed at the distance of eight paces. When they were in position, Barron said to Decatur : —

"I hope on meeting in another world we shall be better friends than in this."

"I have never been your enemy, sir," was Decatur's reply.

The word being given, they fired so exactly together that it sounded like the report of one pistol. Barron fell, badly

wounded. Decatur was about to fall, but was caught, and staggered forward a few steps, and sank down close to Barron; and, as they lay on the ground, both expecting to die, they conversed together as follows — as near as could be collected :

"Let us," said Barron, "make friends before we meet in heaven. Everything has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"I have never been your enemy," Decatur replied, "and I freely forgive you my death, though I cannot forgive those who stimulated you to seek my life."

"Would to God," said Barron, "that you had said as much yesterday !"

According to one witness, Decatur added : —

"God bless you, Barron."

To which Barron replied, "God bless you, Decatur."

The wounded men were then removed to their lodgings. Before the dawn of the next day Decatur breathed his last; but Barron, after suffering severely for several months, recovered his health. He was eventually restored to the full honors of his profession, and lived to the year 1851, when he died, aged eighty-three, the senior officer of the navy.

BLAISE PASCAL.



PASCAL, in his life of thirty-nine years, did three remarkable things: 1. He produced a book, "The Thoughts of Pascal," which, after existing two hundred years, is as highly, though not as generally, esteemed as it was when it was first published; 2. He invented the arithmetical calculating machine, since improved by Babbage; 3. He originated the omnibus system, which has become a feature of all cities. Few persons are aware, that when they ride in an omnibus, they are enjoying the result of one of the "Thoughts of Pascal." It is as though Ralph Waldo Emerson should invent a patent nut-cracker; or as though Mr. Hoe should write a treatise upon the Evidences of Christianity. But when Heaven endows a man with an acute, ingenious mind, there is no telling what may not come from it.

Pascal, the only son of an able and distinguished lawyer, was born in Clermont, in France, in 1623. He had two sisters, who were women of singular beauty and intelligence, and the whole family — father, mother, son, and daughters — were persons of eminent gifts of mind, heart, and person. Nevertheless, so deeply sunk in superstition was the France of that day, that even this family, among the most able and enlightened of their time, did not escape it, but were a prey to the most preposterous beliefs.

When the boy was a year old he was observed to resent, in the most violent manner, any caresses which his parents exchanged. Either of them might kiss *him* in welcome, but if they kissed one another, he cried, kicked, and made a terrible ado. He had also the peculiarity (not very rare among children) of making a great outcry whenever a basin of water was

brought near him. "Every one," writes an inmate and relative of the family, "said the child was bewitched by an old woman who was in the habit of receiving alms from the house." For some time the father disregarded this explanation of the mystery, but, at length, he called the woman into his office, and charged her with the crime of bewitching the child, — a crime then punished with death upon the gallows, or at the stake. She denied the accusation; but, when the father, assuming a severe countenance, threatened to inform against her unless she confessed, the terrified woman, as might have been expected, fell upon her knees, and said that if her life was spared she would tell all. She then avowed, that in revenge for his having refused to advocate her cause in a lawsuit, she had laid his child under an infernal spell, and the devil, to whom she had sold herself, had engaged to kill it.

"What!" exclaimed the terror-stricken parent, "must my son die, then?"

"No," said she, "there is a remedy. The sorcery can be transferred to another creature."

"Alas!" cried the father, "I would rather my son should die, than that another should die for him."

"But the spell can be transferred to a beast," said she.

"I will give you a horse for the purpose," rejoined the father.

"No," replied the woman, "that will be too expensive; a cat will do."

So he gave her a cat. Taking the cat in her arms she went downstairs, and met on the way two priests who were coming to console the family in their affliction. One of them said to her: —

"So you are going to commit another sorcery with that cat."

Hearing these words, she threw the cat out of a window, and although the window was only six feet above the ground, the cat fell dead.

Here was another awful portent, which threw the family into new consternation. The father provided her with another cat, with which she went her way. What she did with the unfortunate animal does not appear, but she returned in the evening,

and said that at sunrise the next morning, she must have a child seven years old, who must gather nine leaves of three kinds of herbs, which must be steeped and laid upon the child's stomach; all of which was done by seven the next morning, and the father, relieved in mind, went to court and plead his causes as usual. Returning home to dinner at noon, he found the whole house in tears gathered round the child, who lay in his cradle as if dead. Overwhelmed with grief and rage, he turned to leave the room, and meeting the "witch" upon the threshold, he gave her such a tremendous box upon the ear as to knock her downstairs. When she got up she stammered out, —

"I see you are angry, sir, because you think your son is dead; but I forgot to tell you in the morning that he will appear dead until midnight. Leave him in his cradle till that hour, and he will come to life again."

The child lay without pulse or any sign of life, watched with agonizing solicitude by his parents, until twenty minutes to one, when he began to yawn, and was soon taking nourishment in the usual way. In a few days he recovered his health, and one morning when his father returned from mass he was delighted to see the boy actually playing with the harmless fluid which he had formerly abhorred. Soon after, too, he would permit his parents to caress one another without showing any marks of displeasure.

All of this, reader, is related with the utmost fulness of detail, and with unquestionable sincerity; not by an ignorant person or ignorant persons, but by a highly educated lady of one of the most accomplished and learned families in France. Who will say the world has not advanced during the last two centuries?

This credulous and learned father, being released from the cares of business when the boy was eight years old, removed to Paris, and resolved to devote himself entirely to educating his son, who already exhibited all the usual signs of a superior understanding. His chief care was to keep the boy backward in his studies. His maxim was, that a pupil should be always beyond his work, not the work beyond the pupil. The immature mind, he thought, should never be required to struggle

with a lesson, and should be set only such tasks as it can perform with moderate exertion and constant joy. He, therefore, let him begin Latin only in his twelfth year, and intended to confine him to that language until he had mastered it. Especially was he solicitous to prevent his becoming interested in mathematics, his own favorite study, and one in which he excelled most men of his country. A kind of club of geometers met at the Pascal home every week, and there was continued conversation upon problems of geometry at the table in the evening. To thwart the awakened curiosity of his son, the father abstained from such conversation, locked up all the mathematical books, and endeavored in every way to keep the boy from so much as knowing what geometry was.

These precautions were unavailing. The inkling of knowledge, which the lad could not but gather in such a house, so inflamed his desire for more, that he employed his leisure in contriving a system of geometry for himself, aided only by a piece of charcoal and some boards. His father, coming into his room one day, found him so deeply absorbed in this pursuit that the boy heard nothing of his approach, but continued poring over his triangles and circles until he was startled into consciousness by hearing his father ask:—

“What are you doing, my son?”

Father and son were equally moved, — the son to be detected in devouring forbidden fruit, the father to discover that this youth of thirteen had effected a demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. Without knowing even the names of the figures, he had advanced so far. He called a circle a “round,” and a line a “bar,” but he understood the rudimental principles of the science. The father was so overcome with wonder and admiration that he rushed to the house of one of his mathematical friends, and, bursting into his room, stood unable to utter a word, while tears rolled down his cheeks. His friend, supposing some great calamity had happened, entreated him not to conceal the cause of his grief.

“It is not,” said M. Pascal, “from grief, but from joy, that I shed tears.”

He then related what he had discovered. His friend urged

him to interpose no further obstacles to his son's learning mathematics, and the youth was at once provided with a Euclid and the requisite instruments. We are assured by one of Pascal's sisters that he demonstrated every proposition in Euclid without once asking assistance, and without once finding a difficulty. He was soon admitted to the evening meeting of the Geometers' club, where he distinguished himself both by solving and by originating interesting problems. He was but nineteen when, tired of performing endless multiplications, he invented the calculating machine, by which he could obtain the product of large factors by turning a handle.

Father and son still toiled together in the search for knowledge, — the son being most interested in science, and pursuing his studies with such ardor and continuity as to permanently impair his health. He inherited all his father's credulity and timidity. In matters relating to religion he considered it wrong to inquire, and maintained it to be the duty of every one simply to *believe*, without asking questions.

Until his thirtieth year, though always regular in his life and amiable in his manners, he was not more religious than the son of such parents would naturally be. At that period, however, an event occurred which led him to abandon his scientific pursuits and devote the rest of his existence to religious studies and exercises. As he was riding one day in Paris, in a carriage drawn by four horses, the leading horses took fright, ran away, and, dashing upon a bridge, which was without railings, sprang into the water. Fortunately the traces broke, the carriage stopped on the very edge of the bridge, and no one was injured. Pascal, however, whose mind and body were worn and weakened by excessive study, was so completely terrified that for many months he fancied he saw an abyss yawning at his side, into which he was about to be precipitated. To break the illusion, he would place a chair at that side of him; but it was long before he could lose the sense of imminent peril from this imaginary precipice. He was appalled, too, by the belief that if he had then lost his life his soul would have been eternally lost.

No more geometry; no more experiments in natural philosophy; no more studies in ancient literature; no more general

society. Secluding himself from the world, he gave himself wholly up to the study of the Bible, and to the most austere mortification of his natural tastes and desires. He removed from his room all superfluous or luxurious articles, refused the assistance of servants, brought his own dinner from the kitchen, fasted frequently, partook only of the plainest fare, passed hours every day in prayer, and gave all the money he could spare to the poor. Around his waist, next his skin, he wore a girdle of iron, with points directed inward, and when he caught himself taking pleasure in anything not spiritual, or when any trifling or pleasant thought arose in his mind, he would press the points into his flesh with his elbow, to recall himself to what he called his "duty." His two great rules were to indulge in nothing he could do without, and to enjoy no worldly pleasure. He considered it a sin to take pleasure in his food, and purposely avoided the viands in which he had formerly delighted. He took great pains not to taste what he ate. When his sister remonstrated against his giving away so much money to the poor, and told him he would have nothing left for his old age, he made a very apt reply : —

"I have always remarked," said he, "that however poor a man may be, he always leaves something behind him when he dies."

It was his excessive alms-giving that led him to establish in Paris, in 1662, a system of public vehicles similar to that of our modern omnibuses. His estate was not large, and he often found himself unable to relieve the destitution that wrung his compassionate heart. He conceived, therefore, the plan of having lines of "*voitures*," running at regular intervals to and from fixed points, and carrying passengers at the uniform rate of five cents. The project being authorized by the king, Louis XIV., was carried into successful operation under the personal supervision of Pascal, who let the various lines for certain sums per annum, and gave all the proceeds to the poor. Such was the illustrious origin of omnibuses, which, after serving a useful purpose for two centuries, are now about to be superseded by horse-cars.

The few religious persons who frequented the society of Pascal were struck with the subtlety and ingenuity with which

he defended Christianity, or rather the Church, against the arguments of its foes. They besought him to write, for the edification of posterity, the substance of the thoughts which had so much comforted and established their own minds. He consented to do this; and he was ever after in the habit of jotting down, hastily and briefly, any ideas which occurred to him that might be useful in the work proposed. These memoranda were written on any fragment of paper that happened to be within reach at the moment; and, when a number of them had accumulated, he would tie them up in a bundle unassorted.

But such a life as he lived is fatally contrary to the laws of nature. He gradually sunk under the rigor of his abstinences and the severity of his self-torture. A languor fell upon him, in his thirty-fifth year, which forbade all continuous labor, and it increased for four years, during which he "edified" all his friends by the patience with which he bore his protracted suicide. He never so much as arranged the materials for his work, but left them in the bundles in which he had tied them to get them out of the way. He died aged thirty-nine. The last words he uttered seemed to show that, after nearly ten years of such painful efforts to "prepare for death," he had not that perfect peace and confidence at the hour of his departure which might have been expected.

"Abandon me not, O God!" he cried, as he sunk into unconsciousness.

After his death, his friends selected from the mass of his papers the fragments which, under the title of the "Thoughts of Pascal," have been admired in every land, and translated into every cultivated language. The original papers exist to this day, just as Pascal left them, and the Paris edition of last year is strictly conformed to them. The earlier editions swarmed with errors and alterations.

Some small books, like some small men, have a numerous and important offspring. The "Thoughts of Pascal" may be considered the parent of a whole department of modern literature—the literature relating to what are generally styled the "Evidences of Christianity." The mind of Pascal was at once fervid and acute. He was in deadly earnest. But then he was as in-

genious in suggesting difficulties as he was in removing them, and he imagined so many arguments against his own belief, that an eminent writer thinks that his work has, upon the whole, caused more unbelief than it has cured. Many of his opinions, too, that were uncontroverted in his own day, the world has outgrown, and the modern mind is lost in wonder that so great a man could have entertained them. The intelligent reader, I am sure, will be interested in knowing something of the serious thoughts of a superior French mind of two centuries ago.

Pascal was fully persuaded that miracles were still performed in this world. One of his nieces was afflicted, for three years and a half, with a fistula in the tear-gland of one of her eyes, which the most eminent surgeons of Paris pronounced incurable. The mother of the child, acting upon the advice of Pascal, took her to a church where was preserved what was called "the holy thorn," that is, one of the thorns of Christ's crown of thorns. The fistula was then so bad that matter ran from it, not only through the eye, but from the nose and mouth. "Nevertheless," she says, "the child was cured, in a moment, by the touch of the holy thorn." Pascal himself was a thorough believer in this miracle, and it was chiefly through his exertions that the church solemnly certified to its authenticity, which he records as a triumph for the faith.

"My brother," writes the joyful mother, "was sensibly touched by this grace, which he regarded as done to himself, since it was wrought upon a person who, besides her relationship, was also his spiritual daughter in baptism; and his consolation was extreme to see that God manifested himself so clearly at a time when the faith appeared as if extinguished in the hearts of most. So great was his joy that he was penetrated with it; and this to such a degree, that, his mind being full of it, God inspired him with an infinity of admirable thoughts upon miracles, which, throwing a new light upon religion, redoubled the love and respect which he had always had for it."

Pascal was of opinion that pleasure, in all its forms, was hurtful and wicked, and upon this opinion he uniformly acted. Therefore, he utterly disapproved of marriage. In writing to his sister upon this subject, he said: —

"Married people, however rich and wise they may be in the world's regard, are downright pagans before God." "An advantageous marriage is as desirable in a worldly point of view as it is vile and prejudicial in the sight of God."

Holding this opinion, he not only abstained from marriage himself, but induced one of his sisters to enter a convent, and urged his married sister vehemently not to entertain any offers of marriage made for her children during their minority. The utmost that he would concede was, that marriage might in some cases be allowed as the least of many evils.

Friendship, also, he considered perilous to the soul, foolish and unchristian. Upon one of his papers was found written this passage :—

"It is unjust that a person should attach himself to me, even though he does it with pleasure and voluntarily. I should deceive those in whom I should kindle a friendly feeling for myself; for I am not the true object of any one's regard, nor have I that within me which could satisfy them. Am I not soon to die? Then the object of their attachment will be no more. As I should be a guilty man if I caused any one to believe a falsehood, even though I insinuated the lie gently, and both of us derived pleasure from the deception, so I am not the less guilty if I cause any one to love me; and if I attract people to myself, I ought to caution them against the deceit, however agreeable it may be, for they ought to pass their lives and devote all their energies to pleasing and seeking God."

This was hard doctrine to his affectionate sister and her children. But the man was better than his doctrine, and he both loved and attracted love in spite of it.

Poverty and sickness he regarded as among the chief of blessings. He almost went as far as the modern French philosopher, Proudhon, who said, "Property is robbery." "No Christian," he used to say, "has a right to use any more of his property than is strictly necessary for his maintenance and the maintenance of those dependent upon him;" all the rest, he thought, *belonged* to the poor and needy, and could not be withheld from them without injustice. He acted upon this principle

most scrupulously. With regard to sickness, he considered it a signal favor of Heaven.

"Pity me not," said he, when some one expressed sympathy for his sufferings, "pity me not, for sickness is the natural state of Christians; because, when a man is sick, he is just as he ought to be always, — suffering pain, enduring the privation of all the good and all the pleasures of sense, exempt from the evil passions which work within him all his life, without ambition, free from avarice, and in the continual expectation of death. Is it not precisely so, that Christians ought to pass their lives? And is it not a great happiness, when a man cannot avoid living exactly as he ought to live, and has nothing to do in the matter except submit to his lot humbly and without repining? This is the reason why I ask nothing of God except this grace."

He had his desire fully gratified, for the last four years of his life were only a lingering death. One symptom of his disease was an inability to drink. He could take liquid only a drop at a time, so that one of the nauseous doses of medicine which people took in those days — large goblets of black and filthy abomination — was to him an hour's torture, which he endured with more than patience. He relished his misery and enjoyed the long disgust as a precious mortification. During the last weeks of his life he appeared to suffer much from the kindness of his friends and the abundance by which he was surrounded. He asked to have some poor sick man brought into his room and treated with the same care as himself.

"I wish," said he, "to have the consolation of knowing that there is at least one poor sick person as well treated as I am, so ashamed am I to see around me such an abundance of good things. When I reflect that, while I have every alleviation, there are an infinite number of poor who are more sick than I, and yet are in want of things the most necessary, the thought gives me such pain that I can scarcely support it."

This was a touching and noble thought, and one that must frequently occur to persons of good feeling, who enjoy every comfort in the midst of a wretched and destitute people.

When we turn from the conversation of this refined devotee to the work by which he is chiefly known, the "Thoughts of

Pascal," we observe the same mixture of fine moral feeling and perverted sense. In the early chapters he employs all his acuteness in showing the weakness, the ignorance the incapacity of man, and thus prepares the way for his main object, which is to show man's need of the guidance of an infallible church. A few of the striking detached "Thoughts," in the first part of the volume, are the following : —

"Do you wish people to believe something good of you? Say nothing about it yourself."

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, all the politics of the world had taken another turn."

"If all men knew what others said of them, there would not be four friends in the world."

"Because people are disinterested, we ought not to conclude with certainty that they do not lie, for there are people who lie for the sake of lying."

"When everything moves equally, nothing seems to move, as in a ship. So when all is going toward destruction, nothing seems to be out of order. The man who stops sees the rest hurrying to ruin, as from a fixed point."

"A little thing consoles us, because a little thing afflicts us."

"I do not admire the excess of a virtue — such as valor, for example — unless I see in the same person the excess of the opposite virtue, — as in Epaminondas, who had extreme valor and extreme benignity."

"How pleasant, that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side of a river, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, though I have none with him!"

"I wish with all my heart to see an Italian book, of which I know only the title, which alone is of more value than many books: 'Opinion rules the World.'"

"Vanity is so fixed in the heart of man, that a soldier, a laborer, a cook, a porter, vaunts himself and wishes to have his admirers; and philosophers themselves not less. And those who write against glory desire the glory of having written well, and those who read such a discourse desire the glory of having read it; and I who write this have, perhaps, the same desire, and, perhaps, those who will read it."

"Those who despise men most, and compare them with the beasts, still wish to be admired and believed, and thus contradict themselves."

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest in nature; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, suffices. But though the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slew him, because he would know that he was dying; while of the advantage which the universe had over him the universe would know nothing."

"Nature is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

"The good there is in a book was hard for the author to acquire, but the bad can be corrected in a moment."

"Rivers are roads that march, and carry us where we wish to go."

"The greatness of man consists in this, that he knows himself to be miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. To know ourselves miserable, then, is to be miserable; but it is also great to know ourselves miserable. Our very misery proves our greatness; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king dethroned."

"Here is a proof that man hates the truth, which fills me with horror: The Catholic religion does not oblige us to reveal our sins to all the world; it permits us to conceal them from all men, except one only, to whom it commands us to discover the bottom of the heart just as it is. There is just one man in the world whom we are required to undeceive, and that one man is bound to keep the secret inviolable, so that this knowledge is in his mind as though it were not. Can we imagine anything more charitable and tender? And yet, such is the corruption of the human heart, that it finds something hard in this law; and this is one of the principal reasons for the revolt against the church in all Europe. How unjust and unreasonable is the heart of man, to think it an outrage to be required to do to one man what it would be only right to do to all! For, is it just that we should deceive our fellow-men?"

These few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the ingenuity and point of the "Thoughts." When the author has completed the survey of the weakness and helplessness of us poor mortals, then he develops, with the same acuteness, the arguments which convinced him of the divine origin and binding authority of the Christian religion, as expounded by, and contained in, the church in which he was born. This part of his work has been drawn from as freely by Protestant as by Catholic writers, since the greater part of it is devoted to establishing the faith common to both; and Pascal treats this part of his subject so exhaustively, that I doubt if there can be discovered in any modern author a single argument for the divine origin of Christianity the germ of which cannot be found in Pascal.

FATHER MATHEW.

THE grand celebration in New York of the seventy-sixth birthday of Theobald Mathew, recalls to memory the extraordinary career of that benefactor of his race, and shows that the work begun in his lifetime goes on now that he is dead. There is a Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society in most, if not all, the Catholic parishes of New York. On the 10th of October, the members of these societies, wearing green scarfs and decorations, with banners flying and bands of music playing, marched through the principal streets of the city, and passed in review before the mayor and before the Archbishop of New York.

It is good to see the stalwart sons of toil banding together for the purpose of supporting one another in a virtuous and most difficult resolution. In a city of seven thousand drinking places, the enemy lies in wait for them at every step, — the working-man's deadliest enemy. Surely it is well for them to combine against a foe that despoils of character and energy, self-respect and the chance of prospering, and entails upon wife and children a miserable inheritance of poverty and shame.

In the year 1838 there was, in the city of Cork, a small Temperance Society chiefly composed of Quakers. Cork and its suburbs contained a population of more than a hundred thousand, among whom, it could be almost said, drunkenness was the rule and sobriety the exception. This famous city, though it had some fine streets and a few handsome edifices, was chiefly composed of long, narrow lanes, lined with wretched huts and shanties, in which poverty sought a momentary respite from its sorrows in strong drink. The little band of Quakers, after struggling awhile with this gigantic evil, with scarcely any re-

sults, were ready to give up in despair, when one of them proposed that they should consult Father Mathew, and endeavor to enlist him as an active co-operator in the cause.

Father Mathew was then only known as an exemplary, benevolent, and remarkably influential parish priest, nearly fifty years of age, and a resident of Cork ever since his ordination in 1814. His father, who was the illegitimate son of a nobleman, died when Theobald was a child, and the boy was reared by an aunt to the age of twenty, when he entered the College of Maynooth, a seminary for the education of Catholic priests. Soon after his settlement at Cork he inherited property, which a dispensation from Rome allowed him to retain. With part of it he began the erection of a magnificent church, which, I believe, was not finished in his lifetime; and with another portion he bought and laid out a cemetery, where the poor were provided with graves from a fund formed by selling graves to the rich. In the discharge of his priestly duties, he was noted for an indefatigable assiduity, especially in visiting and solacing the poor, and in promoting schemes for their benefit. Being a magistrate as well as a clergyman, he was frequently employed as an arbitrator in disputes, and many poor men relied on him for legal advice. He was one of those benevolent and trustworthy persons whom every one likes to have as executor of his will and guardian of orphan children. There was something in his manner, too, that was exceedingly winning, and he had a plain, direct, and very persuasive way of preaching, that made him much sought for when a collection was to be taken up. Probably there was no man in Ireland who could get more money into the plates for a benevolent object than Father Mathew.

It was because of his paramount influence among the poor of Cork, and his singular power of winning over masses of men, that the Quakers sought his aid. He listened to their statements, and, after some hesitation, consented to lend a helping hand. Instead, however, of co-operating with them, he thought it best to proceed on his own account, and to set up a new and independent Temperance Society.

He began by holding two temperance meetings a week, in

the Horse-Bazaar of Cork; one on Friday evening, when poor whiskey-drinkers feel the consequences of their drinking in empty pockets and stomachs; the other on Saturday evening, when the possession of a week's wages is tempting every drinker to the whiskey-shop. At the first meeting a society was formed, of which he was chosen president, and he administered the pledge to thirty-five persons. The next evening, a much larger number attended, and two or three hundred joined. He usually delivered a short, plain, anecdotal address, after which he read the pledge, and those who wished to join the society came forward and signed their names, or made their mark, in a book. But as the numbers increased, the signing took too much time, and he only required the candidates to repeat the pledge after him. They usually fell upon their knees before he pronounced it, and when they had uttered the words, he made over them the sign of the cross, which imparted to the promise something of the character of an oath.

Father Mathew's wonder-working pledge was as follows:—

"I promise, with the divine assistance, as long as I continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

When these words had been slowly uttered, Father Mathew, with uplifted hand, pronounced a brief prayer:—

"May God bless you, and give you strength and grace to keep your promise."

To which he sometimes added, as he made the sign of the cross:—

"In this sign alone you may hope to persevere and conquer."

For the space of eighteen months he continued to hold his meetings at the Horse-Bazaar every Friday and Saturday evening, and with ever increasing success. Those who had taken the pledge preached temperance to their friends and relations, and brought them in to the meetings; and in this way the circle of the reforming influence widened from week to week, until there arose a mania to take the pledge. During that year and a half, Father Mathew administered the pledge

to more people than the entire population of Cork, for soon the inhabitants of the adjacent country began to flock in on the meeting days. The change in the aspect of the place, and in the manners and behavior of the people, was wonderful. From being one of the most dissolute and disorderly places in Europe, Cork became the abode of peaceful industry. Hundreds of drinking places were closed. It so happened that Father Mathew had two brothers and a brother-in-law who were distillers of whiskey. Their business began to fall off; and at length, as the work went on, they were compelled to shut up their distilleries.

Until the year 1840 this remarkable movement was confined to the neighborhood of Cork, and it was a mere accident that gave it wider course. Having been invited to Limerick, a large town about fifty miles from Cork, to preach a charity sermon, he arrived there on Saturday, not expecting to have anything to do with teetotalism until his return. But a considerable number of persons residing in Limerick had made a pilgrimage to the Horse-Bazaar at Cork, and taken the pledge there; and thus every one in the town had heard of Father Mathew's marvellous doings. No sooner was it known that he was in the town, than people began to assemble round the house in which he was, until the crowd was so immense that the regiment stationed in the place had to be summoned to aid in keeping the people from crushing one another. At one moment an iron railing gave way, and precipitated a mass of persons into the river Shannon; from which, however, they were all rescued by the troops. All that day Father Mathew kept administering the pledge to thousands at a time, while new thousands came hurrying in from the country.

These unexpected scenes at Limerick decided Father Mathew's future career. He became the Apostle of Temperance. In some of the densely peopled counties of Ireland he administered the pledge to fifty thousand persons a day for some days together. Three millions of the people of Ireland, it is computed, vowed themselves to total abstinence in his presence; and in America his success was not less astonishing.

But the most wonderful thing of all was, that the pledge thus

hastily taken was generally kept. The Irish people came to regard Father Mathew with almost superstitious veneration; and, therefore, attached peculiar sanctity to a pledge made to *him*. Blind men came to him, asking him to restore their sight; and sick women were often seen to touch him, as if expecting to be healed by "virtue" proceeding from his person. He told the lame and the blind, who came to him for miraculous restoration, that he had not the power to work miracles; but, if they persisted in believing that his touch would cure, he would good-naturedly lay his hand upon them. On one occasion, some men, who had come from a distance to take the pledge, on their return homeward chanced to drink water from a vessel in which a small quantity of whiskey had been accidentally left. They were horror-stricken. Nothing would satisfy them but to return to Father Mathew, explain the circumstance to him, and again take the pledge.

Nothing takes place in this world without sufficient cause. Father Mathew really was an eminently kind-hearted, good man. To give the reader a taste of his quality, and an insight into the secret of his power, I will copy a few sentences from a sermon he once delivered in aid of an orphan asylum in Ireland:—

"If," said he, "I were to pause to enumerate but the hundredth part of the many generous deeds of mercy performed even by the poorest of the poor, of which I myself have been witness, I would occupy the whole of the time which this discourse should last. Permit me, however, to state one simple case of facts: A poor woman found in the streets a male infant, which she brought to me, and asked imploringly what she was to do with it. Influenced, unhappily, by cold caution, I advised her to give it to the church-wardens. It was then evening. On the ensuing morning, early, I found this poor woman at my doors. She was a poor water-carrier. She cried bitterly, and said, 'I have not slept one wink all night for parting with that child which God had put in my way, and, if you will give me leave, I will take him back again.' I was filled with confusion at the pious tenderness of this poor

creature, and I went with her to the parish nurse for the infant, which she brought to her home with joy, exclaiming, in the very words of the prophet, 'Poor child, though thy mother has forgotten thee, I will not forget thee.' Eight years have elapsed since she brought to her humble home that exposed infant, and she is now blind from the constant exposure to wet and cold; and ten times a day may be seen that poor water-carrier passing with her weary load, led by this little foundling boy. O merciful Jesus, I would gladly sacrifice the wealth and power of this wide world, to secure to myself the glorious welcome that awaits this poor blind water-carrier on the great accounting day! Oh, what, compared to charity like this, the ermined robe, the ivory sceptre, the golden throne, the jewelled diadem!"

Father Mathew died in December, 1856, aged sixty-six years. The great expenses in which he was involved by his labors on behalf of temperance caused him much pecuniary embarrassment in his later years. Queen Victoria granted him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and he derived considerable sums from the sale of medals and diplomas; but he gave away as many as he sold, and, I believe, that at the time of his death he was insolvent.

Often, in going through streets where every other house contains a grog-shop, I have been ready to exclaim: "Oh for another Father Mathew!"

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF AARON BURR.

IN 1812, Aaron Burr returned from Europe, fifty-six years of age, a ruined man. Although acquitted in his trial for treason, his countrymen believed him guilty, and his old friends generally shunned his company. For four years he had wandered about Europe, and now returned home deeply in debt and destitute of resources, to endeavor to earn his livelihood by his old profession of the law.

The first news which met him on his arrival was that his only daughter had lost her only child, a boy of whom Burr was extravagantly fond. He urged his afflicted daughter, who then resided in South Carolina, to visit him in New York; and for this purpose she embarked on board of a small schooner, which was wrecked a few days after, and all on board perished. Ere long her husband died, and Burr was alone on the earth. To use his own language, he was "severed from the human race."

These heavy blows, following one another so quickly, touched the hearts of some, who had known him formerly, with compassion, and this feeling would have prompted them to offer him consolation, but for the belief that his heart was not contrite, and that his life was no purer than it had been during his fortunate days. Respectable citizens, therefore, still held aloof from the man whom once they had courted, and whose company they had once considered an honor.

There was at that time in New York a society of religious ladies, of different churches, who were in the habit of meeting weekly for conversation and religious exercises. These ladies remembered that Aaron Burr was the grandson of one distinguished clergyman, and the son of another, and that his mother had been a woman eminent for her goodness. Often, in their

meetings, Colonel Burr, his errors and his sorrows, and the virtues of his ancestors, were the subject of conversation; and it occurred to them that, perhaps, if he were kindly approached and wisely admonished, he might repent of the past, reform his conduct, and restore himself to the respect of his fellow-citizens. As he was never seen in a church, the ladies were puzzled to devise a scheme for getting access to his ear.

They concluded, at length, to request one of the clergy to call upon him, and remind him of his virtuous ancestry, and urge him to follow their example. The person whom they selected for the errand was the Rev. Dr. J. M. Mathews, of the Dutch Reformed Church, afterwards Chancellor of the New York University, and still living among us. Dr. Mathews strenuously objected to undertake so delicate and embarrassing a mission; but the ladies continuing to persuade him, he at length reluctantly undertook it.

Colonel Burr then lived and practised law in Nassau Street, within a few steps from the spot where he had established himself as a young practitioner thirty years before. Dr. Mathews called in the evening, and was informed that Colonel Burr was at tea. He sent in his name, however, and Burr immediately came into the hall, asked him into his parlor, and behaved to him with that exquisite courtesy for which he was so famous. He invited the doctor to take a cup of tea, which, he said, was to him "tired nature's sweet restorer," and added that tea was everything to him, and that he often sipped it through the whole evening. He resumed his tea, and continued to taste it occasionally during most of the conversation which followed. As Dr. Mathews did not immediately explain the object of his coming, they conversed for a while upon various topics; and the doctor testifies, in his "Recollections," that nothing can be imagined more delightful than Burr's conversation, nor more fascinating than his manners.

The clergyman ventured, after some delay, to approach the object of his visit by saying, that Colonel Burr's return to New York was a proof that the foreign lands, upon which he had been conversing, had not weaned him from his own country, and that he might be glad to know that he still had friends in Amer-

ica who took a deep interest in his welfare. Burr looked surprised, and fixed his eyes upon his visitor as though eager for an explanation of his remark. The doctor then stated his mission, and informed him at whose request it was undertaken. Burr listened most attentively, and when his visitor ceased speaking, he exclaimed : —

“Do I understand you rightly? Do you say that these Christian ladies — and with the husbands of some among them I have formerly been acquainted — have thought of Aaron Burr with kindness, and have made me a subject of their prayers for Divine mercy on my behalf? It is what I little expected, and, as a gentleman, I thank them for their kind remembrance of me. Be so good as to assure them of it. But, sir, I fear it is all in vain; I fear they are asking Heaven for what Heaven has not in store for me.”

Dr. Mathews assured him that the ladies hoped for better things, and asked permission to speak plainly to him.

“Certainly, certainly, — most certainly,” he answered; “why should you not? You can have but one motive in holding this interview. Let me hear what you would say. You have met me with a look of kindness; you speak to me in tones of kindness. I do not so often meet with this from gentlemen in New York as to cast it behind me. Speak plainly to me, and I will speak plainly to you.”

The doctor then asked him this question : —

“Do you believe in the truth and inspiration of the Bible?”

“I suppose,” he replied, “I am generally considered an infidel. But I am not an infidel in the proper sense of the word. I will not so disparage my own power to judge of evidence as to deny that the Bible is true. The only real infidel is the man who does not think, and because he is afraid to think. We will proceed on the supposition that the Bible is to be believed!”

Dr. Mathews then proceeded to accomplish the object of his coming. He spoke of Burr’s religious ancestors, and dwelt upon his mother’s hopes for him at his birth, when she prayed that her son might be as good a man as his father. At considerable length he reviewed his past history, and the efforts that had been made in his childhood and youth to train him up in the

way he should go. At the mention of his mother, Colonel Burr appeared to be deeply moved, and he listened to all the remarks of his visitor with every appearance of interest. The doctor paused at length, and waited for him to speak.

"Perhaps," said Burr, "you would like to proceed. You know we are to speak without restraint; I take it all well, for I know it is well meant.

The doctor answered that there was another subject to which he wished to allude, and yet scarcely knew how to introduce it.

"I wish to hear you," said Col. Burr.

The clergyman then cut deeply into the heart of the bereaved and solitary man, by speaking to him of his lost daughter, whose voice, he said, ought to speak to him from the deep, warning him to repent.

While Dr. Mathews was upon this subject the heart-broken father moaned and wept to such a degree that his visitor paused, and there was a long silence. Then Burr spoke as follows:—

"You are doing nothing more than your duty, and I am the more pleased with you for doing it so fully. This is a new scene for me. You have opened fountains that have long been dry, and that, perhaps, I may have thought were dried up forever. It is true, it is true, judgments have followed me for years,—judgments in every form, in the heaviest form, till I am left alone of all that loved me, as father or near relative. There is a desolation here," laying his hand on his heart, "that none but the Searcher of Hearts can understand."

Even these pathetic words did not induce the clergyman to spare him. He asked him if there was not something in the desolation of his own household which called to mind another household which his own hand had desolated.

Burr's eyes flashed fire, but the expression passed away in a moment, and he asked, with a tone and look of sorrow:—

"What would you have me do? How and where would you have me turn?"

The clergyman then urged him again to repentance; advised him to return, like the prodigal son, to attend church, and devote his future life to good works.

Col. Burr interrupted his visitor, and said:—

"You don't seem to know how I am viewed by the religious public, or by those who resort to your churches. Where is there a man among all such whom I would be willing to meet, and who would welcome me into his pew? Of your own congregation, would —, or —, or —, give me a seat? These are our merchant princes, — men who give tone to Wall Street, and fix the standard of mercantile morals in our city. Would they make Aaron Burr a welcome visitor to your church? Rather, indeed, I may ask, would you yourself do so? How would you feel walking up the aisle with me, and opening your pew door for my entrance?"

Dr. Mathews replied that such an event would give him great pleasure.

"Then," said Burr, "you would indulge your feelings of kindness at the expense of your usefulness as the minister of your congregation. Do you believe that such gentlemen as I have named would be pleased, or rather that they would not be highly displeased, at seeing you do anything of the kind?"

As he said these words, he rose from his chair, and paced up and down the room, his heart evidently swelling with indignation and pride. Then, losing his self-control, he said, passionately : —

"There are men who join in this system of proscription who ought to be well aware that I know enough of them and their condition to hurl them into poverty, if I would only undertake the task. I could strip them of the very houses in which they and their families live, and turn them into the street. The title to much of the property now held by the rich men of our city would not bear to be sifted. I know all about it, and I may be induced some day to show what I am able to do in the matter."

The doctor observed that he was not competent to judge of such affairs, which were far removed from the object of his visit.

Burr instantly sat down again, and, with the most exquisite politeness, apologized for his warmth, adding, that his mind was so chafed at times by the circumstances in which he found himself, that he was not always as self-possessed as he could wish.

"Once," said he, "I had the credit of such self-possession that nothing could disturb or overthrow it. I have less of it now. Age and sorrow combined wear away the strength of the strongest."

The minister then most earnestly renewed his exhortation, and implored him to repent, and begin a new life. Burr heard him patiently, and said, in reply:—

"This is all true, and how strongly it reminds me of my early days! It seems as if I heard good Dr. Bellamy again speaking to me. But I fear such appeals will have as little effect upon the old man as they had on the wayward youth. If there is any such good yet in store for me as you, sir, seem to desire, it must reach me at last in virtue of my birth from religious parentage, which, you justly observed, it has been my lot to have as a birthright."

By this time it was late in the evening, and the clergyman rose to take leave. Burr looked Dr. Mathews steadily in the face, and spoke as follows:—

"I am far from being wearied of this conversation. On the contrary, I shall preserve a grateful recollection of it. I sincerely thank you for this visit, and, if it does *me* no good, I am anxious it should do *you* no harm. I hope that you will not mistake my motive in what I am about to say. I know who some of the men are to whom you sustain intimate relations. They entertain the most unfavorable opinion of me in every respect, and would not fail to mark it against any one who should treat me with any open avowal of good-will or civility. It would be to your detriment if such men should see you accost me in the public street with the expression of regard that your kindness might prompt. When we meet in any of our great thoroughfares, it is best that we should not see each other. Do you understand me?"

Dr. Mathews replied that he appreciated his motive, though he could not see the necessity of such a course, but that he would regulate his conduct by the wish Col. Burr had expressed.

"Excuse me," said the old lawyer, "I am the best judge."

He accompanied the clergyman to the door, and, at parting,

gave him his hand, which was as cold as a dead man's, and the doctor left him, feeling that his visit had been in vain.

In Aaron Burr there was no repentance. To the end of his life he cherished the delusion that the obloquy under which he rested was utterly unjust, and he often laughed at the public for being so imposed upon by his "enemies" as to believe that Aaron Burr was anything but a gentleman and a man of honor. The threat which, in his excitement, he let fall, respecting the estates of some of the rich men of the city, he delayed not long to execute, and he gained large sums by bringing suits of ejectment against men who had never doubted the sufficiency of their titles. Many of these suits were decided in his favor, and he took a share of the recovered property as his fee.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

MANY readers are familiar with the monument in front of Trinity Church in New York, which covers the remains of Captain Lawrence, whose dying injunction, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" is part of the inheritance of every American citizen. It is an elegant monument of brown stone, bearing several appropriate inscriptions. Every patriotic visitor to Old Trinity lingers around it, and pays homage to the memory of a man who gave his life to his country, and remained firm in his devotion to her while suffering the anguish of a mortal wound.

Such monuments as these are a priceless possession. Who could estimate the value to posterity of a simple, durable monument in every village cemetery, to the memory of the soldiers who went from its vicinity and died in the war just closed? Such memorials need not be splendid nor costly. The roughest piece of granite consecrated to such a purpose would eclipse the most elaborate work of sculpture, and assist to keep alive the patriotic fire in generations unborn.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence was opened, not long since, to receive the remains of his widow, who survived him fifty-two years, and died at Newport, on the fifteenth of September, in the seventy-eighth year of her age. The little company of friends that gathered about the hallowed spot on that occasion, were scarcely observed by the throng of passers-by, and the event was not noticed in the papers of the next morning. Fifty-six years had elapsed since Julia Montaudevert, a lovely girl of nineteen, the daughter of a New York merchant, gave her hand at the altar of Trinity to Lieutenant Lawrence, then twenty-seven, and reputed the handsomest officer in the American navy, as he certainly was one of the bravest of any

navy. She lived opposite the Bowling Green, near by, then the most elegant, quiet, and fashionable quarter of New York. She was a wife but four years, during much of which her husband was absent on duty. She became the mother of two daughters, one of whom was born after his death. She only recovered from her second confinement in time to follow his remains to the grave. Since that time she has resided chiefly at Newport, an object of interest and veneration to the frequenters of that place. At last, after more than half a century of widowhood, she returns to the home of her childhood, to the church in which she plighted her faith, and lies down by the side of her husband never more to be separated from him.

A few old inhabitants of the city remember the couple, as they appeared during the honeymoon, — she, a beautiful, blushing bride, — he, clad in the stiff but showy uniform of that day, radiant with manly beauty, and invested with the charm of recent glory won in battle.

James Lawrence, born in 1781, at Burlington, in New Jersey, where his father was a lawyer in good practice, was one of those boys who *will* go to sea, in spite of all opposition. Consequently his father, who had wished to bring him up to his own profession, yielded to the lad's decided preference, and obtained for him, in his seventeenth year, a midshipman's commission in the infant navy of the United States. Recognized at once as a valuable officer, he was acting lieutenant at nineteen, commissioned a lieutenant at twenty-one, and first lieutenant of a schooner at twenty-three.

His first distinction was won in the war with Tripoli, in 1804. A serious disaster had befallen the navy in the loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, which ran on a reef in the Mediterranean; and being attacked by the Tripoli fleet while she lay helpless on the rocks, Captain Brainbridge was compelled to surrender. Himself, his officers, and a crew of nearly three hundred men were carried away prisoners to Tripoli, where they were tolerably treated and held for ransom. The ship was got afloat, and taken to the same port, where she was anchored under the guns of the town, while her captors were repairing her for a cruise against American commerce. So important was it to deprive

the barbarians of so potent an engine of mischief, that the gallant Decatur conceived the project of running into the harbor with a small vessel, surprising the frigate and setting her on fire. How neatly this was done, most readers know. The surprise was so complete, that Decatur had possession of the ship in just ten minutes after he had given the order to board. Combustibles were all ready, and were placed in various parts of the vessel. At the signal they were set on fire, and the ship, dry as tinder from many months' exposure to a tropical sun, blazed up with such rapidity that the ketch in which the Americans had boarded her, narrowly escaped being involved in the same conflagration.

Flames leaped from the frigate's port-holes and wreathed round the masts, lighting up the bay with a brilliancy that was perilous in the extreme to the victors. Cutting with their swords the hawser that bound them to the burning ship, the Americans—eighty in number—gave three cheers and bent to their oars.

The cannon-balls of the enemy flew over their heads and dashed into the water near them; but the vigorous use of sixteen sweeps soon carried them out of range, without the loss of a man.

In this affair Lieutenant Lawrence commanded one division of the attacking party, and behaved with admirable coolness and gallantry. Decatur pronounced a fine eulogium upon him when he said:—

“There is no more dodge about Lawrence than there is about the mainmast.”

Congress voted thanks and money to the men engaged in this spirited affair. Lawrence's share of the money was eighty dollars, which he preferred not to accept.

The breaking out of the war of 1812 found Lawrence in command of the sloop-of-war, *Hornet*, eighteen guns. It was in this vessel that he won his famous victory, off the coast of Brazil, over the English sloop, *Peacock*, eighteen guns, Captain Peeke. Sighting this vessel early in the afternoon of February 14th, 1813, Commander Lawrence, who was a remarkably skilful seaman, handled the *Hornet* so as to get the advantage of the

enemy in position. At half pistol shot the vessels exchanged broadsides, and continued a furious fire, at intervals, for fifteen minutes, the American ship constantly out-manceuvring her adversary. The British vessel was gallantly fought, and her commander used every exertion to regain the advantage of position. Lawrence, however, was too quick for him; and the gunnery of the *Hornet* was strikingly superior to that of the Briton. In just fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun, the *Peacock* not only struck her colors, but displayed a signal of distress. In fact, she was sinking; and though the Americans made prodigious efforts to keep her afloat, she went to the bottom in an hour, carrying down with her nine of her own crew and three of the *Hornet's*.

In this encounter the English vessel lost her captain and four men killed, and had thirty-three men wounded, while the *Hornet* had but one man killed and two wounded; and was so little damaged that in three hours after the contest closed she was ready for another engagement.

These sea victories of ours in the war of 1812 were a complete puzzle to the people of England. I read, the other day, a letter of the poet Southey, written in May, 1813, in which he says: —

“Tom” (his brother, a naval officer) “is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans; and, for my own part, I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard, a day or two ago, from a Liverpoolian, lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets. This may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth (the poet) and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery. . . . Peeke was certainly not a tyrant; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth; his ship was in perfect order; and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems the men behaved well; but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces, — her sides fairly stove in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvement in

the manufacture of powder, or in the manner of loading. . . . It is in vain to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the extent of the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed ! ”

I explain the mystery thus : The naval glories of England were chiefly won in combat with the fleets of Spain and France, — nations not at home upon the sea. America is the only antagonist that England ever encountered upon the ocean which has a natural turn for seamanship equal to her own. Besides this equality in natural gift, we had the advantage of a quicker brain, and an inveterate habit of improving upon old methods. Our navy, too, was not officered from the younger sons of aristocrats, with whom it was a *rule*, as Captain Marryatt says, to send to sea “the fool of the family.”

His hold being crowded with prisoners, Lawrence made all sail for the United States, where the acclamations of the nation welcomed him. The government promoted him, at the age of thirty-one, to the rank of captain, the highest grade then existing in our navy, and Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal. After enjoying a few weeks on shore the society of his wife and child, he was assigned to the command of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying in Boston harbor, preparing for a cruise against the enemy's whaling fleet off the coast of Greenland.

The British frigate Shannon was blockading Boston harbor. On the morning of June 1st, 1813, this ship came into the bay, as if challenging the Chesapeake to an engagement. Captain Lawrence, with a crew dissatisfied from the non-payment of their prize money, his first lieutenant sick on shore, his officers few, young, and inexperienced, had determined to avoid, if possible, an encounter with the Shannon ; but this bold defiance was too much for his resolution, and he put to sea. Thirty miles from shore, late in the afternoon, the well-known battle occurred, — one of the shortest, fiercest, and most destructive engagements that ever took place between single ships. After eight minutes of furious cannonading at very close quarters, in which the American ship gave more damage than she received, an anchor of the Shannon caught the rigging of the Chesapeake,

which exposed her to a raking fire, that swept her decks. Both captains instantly ordered boarders to be called; but the bugle man of the Chesapeake, a negro, had hid himself, and when he was found, he was so paralyzed by terror that he could not sound a note.

This delay at the critical moment was fatal. Captain Lawrence, already wounded in the leg, received a mortal wound through the body, and was carried below; and when the English crew cautiously came on board, there was not a commissioned officer unhurt to make head against them. Every officer in the ship, except two midshipmen, mere boys, was either killed or wounded. In fifteen minutes from the moment of the first broadside, the Chesapeake was in the hands of the enemy. Both ships, as Cooper remarks, were "charnel-houses." On board the Chesapeake were forty-eight killed and ninety-eight wounded; on board the Shannon, twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded.

With regard to the words uttered by Captain Lawrence after he had received his mortal wound, different accounts have been given. The popular version is, "Don't give up the ship." Cooper says the words were, "Don't striko the flag of my ship." I have been positively assured by a venerable surgeon of the navy, who was in the cockpit when the hero was brought below, that he heard Captain Lawrence say, "*Fight the ship till she sinks.*" Nothing is more probable than that he used all these expressions, and that "Don't give up the ship" obtained currency merely because it was the shortest and handiest.

Lawrence lingered four days after the battle, receiving from the British officers the tenderest care, who also bestowed upon his remains the respect due to so brave a man. From Halifax, to which both ships sailed, his body was brought to New York, where it was followed to the grave by vast numbers of officers and civillians. The nation mourned his loss, and will forever honor his memory.

WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEAN?

JEFFERSON DAVIS thinks he was. He is reported to have said, lately, that Dr. Franklin was "the incarnation of the New England character, — hard, calculating, angular, unable to conceive any higher object than the accumulation of money." There are many other people who, though they honor the memory of Franklin, have received the impression that, in money matters, he was very close and saving. To correct this error, I will now briefly relate his pecuniary history, from his boyhood to his death, showing how he got his money, how much of it he got, and what he did with it.

I will begin with the first pecuniary transaction in which he is known to have been concerned, and this shall be given in his own words: —

"When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I *voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one.*"

That was certainly not the act of a stingy, calculating boy.

His next purchase, of which we have any knowledge, was made when he was about eleven years old; and this time, I must confess, he made a much better bargain. The first book he could ever call his own was a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he read, and re-read, until he had got from it all that so young a person could understand. But being exceedingly fond of reading, he exchanged his *Pilgrim's Progress* for a set of little books, then much sold by peddlers, called "*Burton's Historical Collections*," in forty paper-covered volumes, containing

nistory, travels, tales, wonders and curiosities; just the thing for a boy. As we do not know the market value of his Pilgrim's Progress, we cannot tell whether the poor peddler did well by him, or the contrary. But, it strikes me, that that is not the kind of barter in which a mean, grasping boy usually engages.

His father being a poor soap-and-candle maker, with a dozen children or more to support or assist, and Benjamin being a printer's apprentice, he was more and more puzzled to gratify his love of knowledge. But, one day, he hit upon an expedient that brought in a little cash. By reading a vegetarian book, this hard, calculating Yankee lad had been led to think that people could live better without meat than with it, and that killing innocent animals for food was cruel and wicked. So he abstained from meat altogether for about two years. As this led to some inconvenience at his boarding-house, he made this cunning proposition to his master:—

"Give me one half the money you pay for my board, and I will board myself."

The master consenting, the apprentice lived entirely upon such things as hominy, bread, rice and potatoes, and found that he could actually live upon half of the half. What did the calculating wretch do with the money! Put it into his money-box? No; he laid it all out in the improvement of his mind.

When, at the age of seventeen, he landed at Philadelphia, a runaway apprentice, he had one silver dollar, and one shilling in copper coin. It was a fine Sunday morning, as probably the reader remembers, and he knew not a soul in the place. He asked the boatmen upon whose boat he had come down the Delaware, how much he had to pay. They answered, Nothing, because he had helped them row. Franklin, however, insisted upon their taking his shilling's worth of coppers, and forced the money upon them. An hour after, having bought three rolls for his breakfast, he ate one, and gave the other two to a poor woman and her child, who had been his fellow-passengers. These were small things, you may say; but, remember, he was a poor, ragged, dirty runaway, in a strange town, four hundred

miles from a friend, with three pence gone out of the only dollar he had in the world.

Next year, when he went home to see his parents, with his pocket full of money, a new suit of clothes and a watch, one of his oldest Boston friends was so much pleased with Franklin's account of Philadelphia, that he determined to go back with him. On the journey Franklin discovered that his friend had become a slave to drink. He was sorely plagued and disgraced by him, and, at last, the young drunkard had spent all his money, and had no way of getting on except by Franklin's aid. This hard, calculating, mercenary youth — did he seize the chance of shaking off a most troublesome and injurious traveling companion? Strange to relate, he stuck to his old friend, shared his purse with him till it was empty, and then began on some money which he had been entrusted with for another, and so got him to Philadelphia, where he still assisted him. It was seven years before Franklin was able to pay all the debt incurred by him to aid this old friend; for abandoning whom few would have blamed him.

A year after, he was in a still worse difficulty from a similar cause. He went to London to buy types and a press with which to establish himself in business at Philadelphia, — the Governor of Pennsylvania having promised to furnish the money. One of the passengers on the ship was a young friend of Franklin's, named James Ralph, with whom he had often studied, and of whom he was exceedingly fond. Ralph gave out that he, too, was proceeding to London to make arrangements for going into business for himself at Philadelphia. The young friends arrived — Franklin nineteen, and Ralph a married man with two children. On reaching London, Franklin learned, to his amazement and dismay, that the Governor had deceived him, that no money was to be expected from him, and that he must go to work and earn his living at his trade. No sooner had he learned this than James Ralph gave him another piece of stunning intelligence: namely, that he had run away from his family, and meant to settle in London as a poet and author!

Franklin had ten pounds in his pocket and knew a trade. Ralph had no money and knew no trade. They were both

strangers in a strange city. Now, in such circumstances, what would a mean, calculating young man have done? Reader, you know very well, without my telling you. What Franklin *did* was this: he shared his purse with his friend until his ten pounds were all gone; and, having at once got work at his trade, he kept on dividing his wages with Ralph until he had advanced him thirty-six pounds, — half a year's income, — not a penny of which was ever repaid. And this he did, — the cold-blooded wretch! — because he could not help loving his brilliant, unprincipled comrade, though disapproving his conduct and sadly needing his money.

Having returned to Philadelphia, he set up in business as a printer and editor, and, after a very severe effort, he got his business well established, and, at last, had the most profitable establishment of the kind in all America. During the most active part of his business life, he always found some time for the promotion of public objects; he founded a most useful and public-spirited club, a public library which still exists, and assisted in every worthy scheme. He was most generous to his poorer relations, hospitable to his fellow-citizens, and particularly interested in the welfare of his journeymen, many of whom he set up in business.

The most decisive proof, however, which he ever gave, that he did not overvalue money, was his retirement from a most profitable business for the purpose of having leisure to pursue his philosophical studies. He had been in business twenty years, and he was still in the prime of life — forty-six years of age. He was making money faster than any other printer on this continent. But, being exceedingly desirous of spending the rest of his days in study and experiment, and having saved a moderate competency, he sold his establishment to his foreman on very easy terms, and withdrew. His estate, when he retired, was worth about a hundred thousand of our present greenback dollars. If he had been a lover of money, I am confident that he could and would have accumulated one of the largest fortunes in America. He had nothing to do but continue in business, and take care of his investments, to roll up a prodigious estate. But not having the slightest taste for need-

less accumulation, he joyfully laid aside the cares of business, and spent the whole of the remainder of his life in the service of his country ; for he gave up his heart's desire of devoting his leisure to philosophy when his country needed him.

Being in London when Captain Cook returned from his first voyage to the Pacific, he entered warmly into a beautiful scheme for sending a ship for the purpose of stocking the islands there with pigs, vegetables, and other useful animals and products. A hard, selfish man would have laughed such a project to scorn.

In 1776, when he was appointed ambassador of the revolted colonies to the French king, the ocean swarmed with British cruisers, General Washington had lost New York, and the prospects of the Revolution were gloomy in the extreme. Dr. Franklin was an old man of seventy, and might justly have asked to be excused from a service so perilous and fatiguing. But he did not. He went. And, just before he sailed, he got together all the money he could raise—about three thousand pounds—and invested it in the loan recently announced by Congress. This he did at a moment when few men had a hearty faith in the success of the Revolution. This he did when he was going to a foreign country that might not receive him, from which he might be expelled, and he have no country to return to. There never was a more gallant and generous act done by an old man.

In France he was as much the main stay of the cause of his country, as General Washington was at home. And who were the people, by whose restless vanity and all-clutching meanness his efforts were almost frustrated in Paris? Arthur Lee and William Lee, of Virginia, and Ralph Izard, of South Carolina!

Returning home after the war, he was elected President of Pennsylvania for three successive years, at a salary of two thousand pounds a year. But by this time he had become convinced that offices of honor, such as the governorship of a State, ought not to have any salary attached to them. He thought they should be filled by persons of independent income, willing to serve their fellow-citizens from benevolence, or for the honor of it. So thinking, he, at first, determined not to receive any salary ; but this being objected to, he devoted the

whole of the salary for three years — six thousand pounds — to the furtherance of public objects. Part of it he gave to a college, and part was set aside for the improvement of the Schuylkill River.

Never was an eminent man more thoughtful of the lowly people who were the companions of his poverty. Dr. Franklin, from the midst of the splendors of the French court, and when he was the most famous and admired person in Europe, forgot not his poor old sister, Jane, who was, in part, dependent upon his bounty. He gave her a house in Boston, and sent her, every September, the money to lay in her winter's fuel and provisions. He wrote her the kindest, wittiest, pleasantest letters. "Believe me, dear brother," she writes, "your writing to me gives me so much pleasure, that the great, the very great, presents you have sent me give me but a secondary joy."

How exceedingly absurd to call such a man "hard" and miserly, because he recommended people not to waste their money! Let me tell you, reader, that if a man means to be liberal and generous, he *must* be economical. No people are so mean as the extravagant; because, spending all they have upon themselves, they have nothing left for others. Benjamin Franklin was the most consistently generous man of whom I have any knowledge.

THE POET VIRGIL.

IN a Broadway bookstore, this morning, I heard a school-boy ask for a Virgil. The clerk vanished into the distant recesses, and returned with seven editions of the poet, from which the young gentleman was requested to choose the one he desired. In the same store there were also two different translations of the works of Virgil into English. I suppose that here, on this continent of America, which was not discovered until Virgil had been dead fifteen hundred years, there could be found half a million copies of his poems. It is eighteen hundred and eighty-five years since he died; but no day passes during the travelling season that does not bring to his grave, near Naples, some pilgrim from a distant land. Such is the magic of genius, or, rather, such is the lasting charm of a piece of literary work that is thoroughly well done.

Virgil was born seventy years before the birth of Christ, at a village near Mantua, on the banks of the Mincio, in that Northern province of Italy, which the Italians wrested, not long ago, from the dominion of hated Austria. Who should possess the birthplace of Virgil was one of the questions which the late war in Europe happily and justly decided. His father was a man of very humble rank, as the fathers of great poets have usually been. The received tradition is that, early in life, his father entered the service of a peddler, who, to reward his fidelity, gave him his daughter in marriage, and settled him upon a small farm near Mantua. Of this union, and upon this farm, the poet was born. He was of a delicate constitution, and of a reflective, retiring cast of character, which induced his father to give him advantages of education not usually bestowed by Roman farmers upon their sons. It

is probable that his father had prospered in his vocation, and that he was a man such as we should expect the father of a great poet to be, — a father who would live for his children, and find his happiness in theirs.

When the lad had learned all the schools of his own neighborhood could teach him, he set out, as the custom then was, to find better instructors in other cities. He made his way to Naples, two hundred and fifty miles from his home, where, at that time, many famous teachers practised their profession. The Romans were educated chiefly by means of the Greek language and Greek literature; for, indeed, there was no other literature known to them, and none in existence, except that of the Hebrews, until they themselves had produced some great authors. Virgil learned grammar by studying Greek; he learned mathematics from Greek treatises; he learned his philosophy from the Greek Plato and Epicurus, and he cultivated his poetical talent by a profound and loving study of the great poet of antiquity, the Greek Homer. It was as much a matter of course for a Roman youth of the higher classes to learn Greek, as it is among us for boys to learn French, and there were probably as many Greek tutors in Rome in Virgil's day, as there are French teachers now in London or New York. It was a Greek who assisted the youthful Virgil to acquire that intimate knowledge of this language and its master-pieces, which his poems prove that he possessed.

After some years spent in most assiduous and successful study at Naples, Virgil returned to his father's house near Mantua, visiting Rome on his way. At home he continued to study. It is extremely probable that he began early to try his hand at poetry, though none of his first essays have come down to us. It seems to me impossible that any man could have attained the purity and melody of Virgil's Eclogues, who had not written a multitude of verses before.

Inheriting, at length, his father's estate, which, though small, was sufficient for a student's modest wants, he was in a position to devote most of his time to literature. But soon his little property was snatched from him. Augustus, to stimulate the zeal of his soldiers in the civil war which made him Emperor

of Rome, promised to divide among them a large tract of land in the north of Italy. When this promise came to be fulfilled, Virgil's farm fell to the share of an officer of rank, who drove the young poet from his patrimony, just as a French colonel might drive the poet Tennyson from his cottage in the Isle of Wight, if ever Louis Napoleon should make a successful invasion of England.

It so happened, fortunately for mankind, that one of Virgil's fellow-students, with whom he had been particularly intimate at Naples, was then in the public service, and performing some duty in the neighborhood. Virgil fled to him for advice, and under his patronage went to Rome, and laid his case before Augustus. The emperor ordered the restoration of his farm, and the happy poet returned to take possession of it. He discovered, however, that an imperial order of that nature was not held in much respect by a victorious centurion at so great a distance from Rome. The officer in possession drove the poet away once more, and pursued him with such violence that he only saved his life by swimming a river. It cost him much pains, and required the interposition of powerful friends, before he could again enter into peaceful possession of his estate, without which, in all probability, he had never enjoyed that command of his time, and that tranquillity of mind which are necessary to the production of immortal works.

Restored to his home and to his leisure, he spent the next three years in the composition of his *Eclogues*, — a series of poems in imitation of the Greek pastorals, but which were far from being a mere imitation. Virgil's real delight in the tranquil pleasures of the country, and his antipathy to the scenes of violence and carnage of which he had been the witness, gave to many passages an essential originality, while the harmony of the verse was something wholly his own. The many allusions to recent events — events as stirring to the Roman heart as those of our recent war are to us — gave life and freshness to the poems. They had an immediate and most brilliant success; they were recited in the theatre at Rome, they were quoted in every intellectual society. I have ever thought that these and other poems of Virgil may have been

among the causes of the long peace which Rome enjoyed under Augustus.

In the thirty-third year of his age, crowned with the glory of this new fame, Virgil went to Rome, the capital of civilization. There the Emperor Augustus and his minister, Mæcenas, gave him cordial welcome, and bestowed such liberal gifts upon him that he was able to live thenceforth much at his ease, and to spend all the residue of his days in literary employments. The public honored him not less. On one occasion, when he was present at the theatre, some of his verses chanced to be recited, and the whole audience rose and cheered him, just as they were accustomed to salute the emperor upon his entrance. He made one noble use of his credit with Mæcenas, in recommending to him another poet, Horace. Horace says, in one of his satires, addressed to Mæcenas: "It was not chance that brought us together. That best of men Virgil, long since, and, after him, Varius, told you who I was." Horace, therefore, in a certain sense, owed his fortune to Virgil; for Mæcenas presented the satirist with a house, and induced Augustus to assign him a piece of land, upon the income of which he lived sufficiently well.

The contemplative Virgil, unlike his merry friend, Horace, did not enjoy the bustle and excitement of a great city. After a short residence at Rome he returned to Naples, which was then to Italy what Oxford now is to England, and there he composed his poems in praise of country employments and pleasures, which are entitled the *Georgics*. In one of these *Georgics* (the third) there is a long passage descriptive of a cattle plague which had raged in the northern part of Italy, and driven off almost all the farmers. The poet says:—

" We see the naked Alps and thin remains
Of scattered cots and yet unpeopled plains,
Once filled with grazing flocks, the shepherd's happy reigns.
Here, from the vicious air and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise.
During the autumnal heats the infection grew,
Tame cattle and the beasts of nature slew —
Poisoning the standing lakes and pools impure;

Nor was the foodful grass in field secure.
 Strange death! for when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
 When the contracted limbs were cramped, e'en then
 A waterish humor swelled and oozed again,
 Converting into bane the kindly juice
 Ordained by nature for a better use,
 The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
 Trimmed with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
 Sunk of himself without the god's command,
 Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand."

This calls to mind the cattle plague which prevailed in England a year or two ago. Virgil, however, proceeds to say that the plague of which he speaks attacked dogs, horses, pigs, and even wild beasts. His description of a horse dying of this mysterious malady is exceedingly vigorous. I copy again from Dryden's translation:—

"The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
 The palm renounces and abhors the flood.
 He paws the ground; and on his hanging ears
 A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears;
 Parched is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
 Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
 But, in time's process, when his pains increase,
 He rolls his mournful eyes; he deeply groans,
 With patient sobbing and with manly moans.
 He heaves for breath, which, from his lungs supplied,
 And fetched from far, distends his laboring side.
 To his rough palate his dry tongue succeeds,
 And very gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
 A drench of wine has with success been used,
 And through a horn the generous juice infused;
 Which, timely taken, ope'd his closing jaws,
 But if too late, the patient's death did cause;
 For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought,
 And added fury to the strength it brought.
 Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
 In his own flesh, and feels approaching death."

The poet proceeds to relate with equal power the dying agonies of an ox, seized with the same disease. He says, too, that the mighty fish of the sea drifted dead upon the shore, and that venomous snakes died in their holes.

Seven years the poet is said to have expended in the composition of the Georgics, and they could all be printed in about seven columns of an ordinary newspaper. Tradition reports that he was in the habit of composing a few lines in the morning, and spending the rest of the day in polishing them. Campbell used to say that if a poet made one good line a week, he did very well; but Moore thought that if a poet did his duty he could get a line done every day. Virgil seems to have accomplished about four lines a week, but then they have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will last eighteen hundred years more.

These poems having raised the reputation of the poet to the highest point, he next undertook to relate in verse the fabled founding of Rome by Æneas, which is the work by which Virgil is chiefly known. It is a noble poem,—the product of an exquisite genius and a sublime patience. There is in many of the lines such a happy blending of picturesque meaning and melodious words, that they remain fixed in the mind forever.

Before he had put the last touches to this great work, and while he was travelling in Greece for the purpose of seeing the localities described in it, he was seized with mortal illness, of which he died before he reached home. His journey threw so much new light upon his subject that, in his distress at not being able to use it in perfecting his poem, he left orders for its destruction. Happily, these orders were not obeyed, and the poem was preserved to animate and instruct a hundred generations of men. Virgil died in his fifty-first year.

His works, surviving the loss of almost everything pleasant and good in the dark ages, were among the causes of that revival of literature and science to which we owe the progress which the world has made since. I know not what would have become of the human mind in those dreary centuries of superstition but for the antidote, always secretly working, of Virgil's romantic grandeur and pleasing pictures of happy life, and Horace's chatty and amusing worldliness.

JAMES WATT.

How much more marvellous is truth than fiction ! The story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp is as extravagant a tale as the fancy of man has contrived ; but it is a tame and probable narrative compared with some of the facts of science and invention.

Early in the spring of 1765, one hundred and three years ago, on a certain Sunday afternoon, a poor, sickly mechanic was taking a walk in one of the public grounds of Glasgow. He was a mathematical instrument-maker, who kent a very small shop within the grounds of the Glasgow University, and derived a great part of his little income from repairing the philosophical apparatus of that famous institution. His brother mechanics were not very friendly toward him, because he had set up in business without having served a regular apprenticeship. In fact, but for the special favor of the professors of the University, who let to him his little shop in its grounds, he could not have carried on his trade in Glasgow at all. Being thus a kind of interloper, his business was so limited that he could only draw from it, for his own maintenance, fourteen shillings a week, which is, in our currency, about three dollars and a half.

He was in a brown study as he walked in Glasgow Green that Sunday afternoon. Ingenious mechanics will understand his case when we tell them that he had on hand at his shop a puzzling *job*, and he was thinking how to overcome the difficulties which it presented. All at once, at a point in the road which the people of Glasgow still point out to travellers, the solution of the puzzle occurred to his mind. It flashed on him like lightning, and he walked home relieved and happy.

All this seems very simple and ordinary. The job was of no great consequence in a pecuniary point of view. It was merely the repairing of a working model of the steam-engine belonging to the University; for doing which our mechanic received five pounds eleven shillings sterling. But in the very simplicity of the thing lies the marvel; as in the case of Aladdin, who only had to rub his lamp a little, and lo! a palace rose from the earth like an exhalation. The idea that occurred to that poor Scotch mechanic on Glasgow Green one hundred years ago is to-day, in Great Britain and Ireland alone, doing the work of four hundred millions of men! That is to say, it enables the fifteen millions of adults residing in England, Ireland, and Scotland to do more work, to produce more commodities, than the entire adult population of the globe could do without it. Is there anything in the Arabian Nights more marvellous than that? The name of this modern Aladdin was James Watt. The lamp he rubbed was his own canny Scotch noddle. Ten thousand palaces have sprung from the ground in consequence, and more will spring, until every honest man on earth will inhabit one! That magic thought has clothed the feet of Scotch lassies with stockings, which before were bare, and enabled the poor of many lands to go comfortably dressed who before were clad in rags.

It is said to require three generations to make a gentleman. We sometimes find that it has taken three generations to produce a genius. The grandfather of James Watt was a teacher of navigation, well skilled in mathematics, and a very ingenious, worthy man. The father of the great inventor was a shipwright, noted for his skill and enterprise. His illustrious son, James, was a feeble, sickly child, and, therefore, much indulged, and not pressed to learn. But, from boyhood, he showed an aptitude for mechanics and natural philosophy which we always observe in the early life of inventors. His father's shops and ship-yards afforded the best school for such a youth, who soon had his own little chest of tools, his own work-bench and his own store of materials. It is recorded of him that, while still a child, he was fond of observing the action of steam from his mother's tea-kettle, wondering at the invisible force that lifted

its lid. As he approached manhood, his father fell into misfortune, which obliged the youth to think of earning his own livelihood. He made his way to London, where he worked a year in the shop of a mathematical-instrument-maker, and then, returning to Scotland, he established himself in business under the protection of the Glasgow University. The learned professors of that institution expected to find in him a competent workman only. They discovered, to their great surprise, that he was an accomplished and profound natural philosopher; willing, indeed, to learn from them, but able, also, to teach them. Such was his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, that he learned the German language in order to be able to read one book upon mechanics; and, a few years after, he learned the Italian for a similar object. He could turn his hand to anything. Without previously knowing anything about music or musical instruments, he made a very good church organ, and several guitars, violins and violoncellos, some of which are still preserved in Scotland as curiosities.

The model of a steam-engine which was brought to his shop to repair, was a copy of the engines then used in pumping water out of mines, which had been invented about a century before. Steam-engines were then employed for no other purpose. They were cumbrous, clumsy machines, and were run at such an enormous expense for fuel, that they could not be applied to the ordinary purposes of manufacturing. A century before the Christian era the mighty power of steam had been observed, and some attempts had been made to turn it to account. But a great invention, as we have before remarked, is the growth of ages. Many ingenious men had labored to perfect this one, the greatest of all, and they had brought it on so far, that a single improvement alone was wanting to make it available. It was just so with Sir Isaac Newton's sublime discovery of the attraction of gravitation. Previous philosophers had made discoveries that only needed combining to produce the final truth, which, in a happy hour, flashed upon the mind of Newton.

Day after day James Watt sat in his shop pondering his engine. He could not make it work to his satisfaction. It would make a few revolutions and then stop. If he blew the fire to a

more intense heat, the obstinate little thing would stop altogether. He talked it over to professors and students; but no one suggested any solution of the difficulty. At length he thought he had detected the real nature of the defect of the steam-engine as then made. It was this: *five-eighths of the whole amount of steam was wasted*, — at least five-eighths. He afterwards found that the waste was nearer seven-eighths than five. This was a great step; but he was still very far from being able to apply a remedy.

In the old steam-engine the steam rushed into the cylinder, did its work in driving the piston, and then had to condense *in* the cylinder, and run off in the form of water. The cylinder, being exposed to the air, was always cooling; so that the new steam began to condense *before* it had done its work; and hence the waste. On this principle there could be no rapidity. The steam-engine was as slow as it was strong, and too expensive for profitable use.

"How can I keep that cylinder always hot, — as hot as steam itself?" was the question which James Watt was revolving in his long Scotch head that Sunday afternoon. "If I *do* keep it hot, how can the steam condense at all? And if the steam does not condense, how can the piston get back again?"

EUREKA! He had it! The thought occurred to him that the steam, after doing its duty, might rush into *another* vessel, kept cool by jets of water, and thus be instantly condensed; while the cylinder, surrounded by some non-conducting substance, could be kept at a uniform heat, equal to that of steam. The "condenser" was invented! The steam-engine, as we now see it, is covered all over with the minor improvements of James Watt; but his great invention—that which makes the steam-engine universally available—was that of condensing the steam in a vessel apart from the cylinder.

He was certain of the practicability of his idea from the moment of its birth. A few days after, one of his young friends, entering his room suddenly, found him sitting before the fire absorbed in thought, with a small tin vessel in his hand. His friend at once began to converse upon the great topic of the steam-engine, which, for some time, had been their only subject.

"You need not," said the inventor, "*fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall be all boiling hot; ay, and hot water injected if I please."

He was in the highest spirits for many days. He found, indeed, by repeated experiments, that he had put the finishing touch to the steam-engine.

But what could a poor mechanic do with so magnificent a conception? The entire capital of James Watt, in 1765, was not sufficient to build one steam-engine of ten horse-power, still less to make the experiments necessary to complete his invention. Watt, moreover, was curiously unfitted for the strife of business. Bold as he was in wrestling with the laws of nature, he was timid in dealing with men, self-distrustful, liable to fits of depression, easily abashed and discouraged. Nevertheless, he continued his experiments until he had run in debt a thousand pounds, and could go no further. Then he formed a partnership with Dr. John Roebuck, a large manufacturer near Glasgow, who paid the debt of a thousand pounds, and advanced more money. But this enterprising man had the misfortune to lose his property. For ten years the steam-engine made little progress; for James Watt, who had ventured to marry, was obliged to devote himself to surveying, canal-making, and general engineering, in order to maintain his family.

But, in 1775, he found a partner worthy of him. This was that great man, Matthew Boulton, who, from being a journeyman button-maker at Birmingham, had become one of the lords of industry, the master of a vast manufactory of metal-ware, which employed hundreds of the most skilful workmen in England. Matthew Boulton, besides having a genius for business, was a man of great knowledge and great generosity of mind. He was a gentleman, a philosopher, a natural king of men. He paid the debts of James Watt, bought the rights of Dr. Roebuck, supplied all the capital requisite for the manufacture of steam-engines, on condition of receiving two-thirds of the profits of the enterprise, — if ever there should be any profits.

Even with the aid of Boulton's great capital, and greater talent, it was long before the business yielded much profit. Ex-

pensive law-suits to test the originality of Watt's improvements, troubled and retarded it. Ten or twelve years rolled away before the business was well established and reasonably profitable. But, after that, the progress of the enterprise was wonderful. When Boswell visited the establishment, a few years later, he found seven hundred men at work. "I sell here," remarked Mr. Boulton, "what all the world desires to have — POWER." Boswell says: "I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seems to be the father of his tribe."

James Watt lived to the age of eighty-three, dying in 1829. His last years were his happiest. Relieved of the anxieties of business, possessing an ample fortune, surrounded with affectionate children and friends, he passed his days in study and conversation, the delight of his circle. Sir Walter Scott held him in profound veneration. He used often to say that no achievements of the pen could ever equal in dignity and importance the labors of such men as Watt and Wellington. We cannot agree with the great novelist in this opinion. James Watt did not. He held the genius of poets, artists, and authors in the highest esteem, and declared that it was the teachings of the great Professor Black that made him what he was. There is no need of arguing the old question, "Which is the most worthy of honor, the man who writes things fit to be read, or the man who does things fit to be written?" for the great doer and the great writer are the two men in the world who honor one another most.

t. We may add, in conclusion, that the little model of the old steam-engine, which Watt repaired in 1765, is still preserved in Glasgow, as well as the bill for five pounds eleven shillings, which he presented for payment.

POOR JOHN FITCH.

THE summer of 1787 was a very interesting one to the people of Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States. The great Convention was in session, endeavoring to form the constitution under which we now live. General Washington, who presided over its deliberations, was often seen going to the hall or returning from it, saluted as he passed by every good citizen; and old Dr. Franklin, with his white locks and his enfeebled frame, leaning perhaps upon that black walking-stick which may now be seen in the Patent Office at Washington, used, every morning, to walk round from his house in Market street to the place of meeting. The great men of the infant nation were there. The Convention sat with closed doors; no report of its proceedings appeared in the newspapers; but the hopes, the destiny of the republic hung upon the deliberations of the thirty-nine men of which it was composed.

On Wednesday afternoon, August 22, when the Convention broke up for the day, the members, instead of dispersing to their several homes, strolled in a body up Chestnut street to the Schuylkill river. A great number of citizens were going in the same direction. The banks of that picturesque and tranquil stream were lined with spectators.

The eyes of the multitude were directed to a strange-looking craft that lay at anchor near the shore. At the first glance, it looked like a long, stout row-boat, with a large tea-kettle boiling and steaming in the middle of it. The oars, instead of lying in their usual place, were arranged in an upright row on each side of the boat, and were kept in that position by a framework of wood. The vessel had neither sails, masts, nor deck; being simply an open boat, forty-five feet long and twelve feet wide,

which poor John Fitch and his few poor friends had bought for the purpose of showing an unbelieving world that a vessel could be propelled by steam against wind and tide.

It was *poor* John Fitch, we repeat, who had devised and constructed this odd-looking craft. In all the records of invention, there is no story more sad and affecting than his. Poor he was in many senses; poor in purse, poor in appearance, poor in spirit. He was born poor, lived poor, and died poor. No one who knows his melancholy history can ever call him by any other name than poor John Fitch. He was rich only in genius, in faith, in love for his country, in desires to do her service, — a kind of wealth that posterity honors, but which could not buy John Fitch a new coat, when his old one was so old that he blushed as the passing stranger glanced at him. If ever there was a true inventor, this man was one. He was one of those eager souls who would, literally, coin their own flesh to carry their point. He only uttered the obvious truth when he said, one day, in a crisis of his invention, that if he could get a hundred pounds by cutting off one of his legs, he would gladly give it to the knife.

From his infancy, misfortune marked him for her own. He was born in Connecticut, in 1743. His father was a close, hard-working, hard-hearted farmer, who would not permit a child of his to pick an apple, or laugh, or speak loud on Sunday, but who begrudged them the means of instruction, and kept poor John so hard at work from his tenth year as to stunt his growth. An incident occurred when he was still a very small boy, which, he used to say, was of a piece with all his career. One of his sisters, in the absence of their father, set on fire some bundles of flax which were in the kitchen. In her alarm she ran to the barn, leaving her little brother to escape as best he could. He, young as he was, fought the fire like a hero, seizing the burning bundles and stamping out the fire with wonderful resolution; while his clothes and his hair were all ablaze. When he had quelled the flames, and while his apron and his hair were still smoking, and his hands tingling with the pain, an elder brother came in, and, supposing John to be the author of the mischief, fell upon him with great fury and beat him.

When their father returned, John related what had occurred. The churlish father neither reproved the elder brother nor thanked the younger for saving his house from destruction. "This," he once said, "seemed to forbode the future rewards I was to receive for my labor through life, which have generally corresponded exactly with that."

Until his tenth year he went to a dame's school occasionally, where he learned to read and write; but from that time forward he was kept hard at work, though he was so small and weak that he could only thrash out two bushels of wheat in a day. His love of knowledge was most remarkable. Finding an old arithmetic in his father's house, he studied it in the evenings till he had mastered it. He heard one day, when he was eleven years old, of a wonderful book called Salmon's Geography, which, he was told, would give him information about the whole world. But, alas! the price was ten shillings. After vainly entreating his father to buy it for him, he hit upon a plan for raising that enormous sum himself. There were some lands upon his father's farm, too high to be reached by the plough, which were not cultivated. His father consenting to let him plant potatoes there and to have the produce himself, provided he worked the land only on holidays, or after his regular work was done, he devoted his training days, his fourth of July, his evenings, as long as he could see, to the culture of his little patch. Several bushels of potatoes rewarded his labor, which, as it happened, brought him just ten shillings. A merchant of the neighborhood, who was going to New York, agreed to buy the book. He did so; but now a new misfortune arose. The price of the book was twelve shillings instead of ten. The joy of the boy at possessing the book was overcast by the consciousness of debt which he knew not how to discharge; and, to add to his distress, his mean and unfeeling father required him to pay him for the seed of his potatoes. Nevertheless, he studied his book with passion. He soon knew it almost by heart. At the same time, he learned surveying with so much success that he was soon able to earn enough to pay his little debts.

When he was seventeen, his father gave him twenty shillings and his blessing, and he sallied forth to seek his fortune.

First he tried the sea, but found it a hard service. Then he went apprentice to a clock-maker, a man even meaner than his father, who almost starved him, and who denied him every opportunity to learn his trade. At twenty-one he left this hard master, and set up himself as clock-cleaner and brass-smith. His whole capital was twenty shillings, borrowed from a young fellow who was courting his sister; but to this his father, with uncommon liberality, added his consent to the young man's living one month at his house board free.

He prospered. In two years he had saved fifty pounds. Then he incurred the greatest calamity known to human nature. He married a vixen. The woman, who was much older than himself, made his life one horrid broil. He was one of the mildest, kindest, most patient of men; but, after enduring some months of this degrading anguish, after frequently warning his wife that if she did not restrain her temper he would leave her, he at last abandoned his home, his property, his wife, his infant son, and his unborn daughter. It was a terrible hour to him. His wife, who had always laughed at his threats, followed him a mile, crying and humbly begging him to try her once more. "But," he says, "my judgment informed me that it was my duty to go, notwithstanding the struggles of nature I had to contend with."

Henceforth he was a wanderer. Trudging along the road, he offered himself as a farm-laborer; but was refused on account of his slender and weakly frame. He tried to enlist as a soldier; but could not for the same reason. He roamed the country, cleaning clocks from house to house. At length, after many wanderings, he reached Trenton, where he lived a while on three pence a day, making brass buttons, and selling them about the country. Having obtained a few shillings of his own, he invested them in the purchase of an old brass kettle, which he made up into buttons and sold to great advantage. He now enjoyed a few years of prosperity; but the war of the revolution ruined his business, and he embarked in that of repairing muskets. He served awhile in the field during the war, holding the rank of lieutenant.

Toward the close of the war, he set out for the far West, with

the intention of surveying lands. He was captured by the Indians, and he remained many months a prisoner. In 1785, we find him residing in Buck's County, Pennsylvania; and there it was that he conceived the idea, as he says, of "propelling a conveyance without keeping a horse."

Now, at this time, John Fitch *had never seen nor heard of a steam-engine!* As he was limping home from church one day in April, 1785 (his rheumatism, caught among the Indians, giving him many a twinge), a neighbor drove rapidly by in a chaise drawn by a powerful horse. He had frequently observed and reflected upon the tremendous power of steam, and now the thought flashed through his mind: Could not the expansive power of steam be made to propel a carriage? For a week the idea haunted him day and night. He then concluded that such a force could be applied more conveniently to a vessel than to a carriage; and, from that hour, to the end of his days, John Fitch thought of little else than how to carry out his daring conception. He studied books; he consulted men; he formed a company. After two years of such labor and anxiety as only inventors know, he had got on so far as to finish his first steamboat, and had invited the members of the Convention to come to the shores of the Schuylkill and see it tried.

Those honorable gentlemen were not disappointed. Soon after the appointed time the boat was cast off, and did actually move by the power of steam alone. So far, the great experiment was successful. But the boat moved very slowly. The engine was much too small; it was made by common blacksmiths under the direction of John Fitch, and was a most clumsy, incomplete machine. Nevertheless, on that day, August 22, 1787, John Fitch did demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every beholder, that such a thing as a steamboat was possible. The next day, he had the consolation of receiving from the gentlemen of the Convention a note expressive of the pleasure the experiment had afforded them, and encouraging him to persevere in his efforts.

He did persevere. We cannot begin to relate the obstacles he encountered. A considerable volume would scarcely afford the requisite space. Poor, ragged, and forlorn,

jeered at, pitied as a madman, discouraged by the great, refused by the rich, he and his few friends kept on, until, in 1790, they had a steamboat running on the Delaware, which was the first steamboat ever constructed that answered the purpose of one. It ran, with the tide, eight miles an hour, and six miles against it. It made fourteen successful trips to Burlington, which is seventeen miles from Philadelphia. It made eleven shorter trips. In all, this boat ran about two thousand miles. The newspapers of that summer contain twenty-three advertisements announcing the times of its departure, as well as numerous paragraphs attesting the practical success of the experiment.

But it usually requires several generations to perfect a great invention. The steamboat was still very imperfect; it frequently got out of order and made no money. Poor John Fitch formed another company, and began another steamboat; but the faith and the money of his coadjutors gave out before it was finished. He petitioned Congress for help. He sought the aid of State legislatures. He even went to France. All was in vain. No one believed the steamboat would ever pay, and few could see in this poor scarecrow, this pallid, gaunt, and ragged Yankee, one of the ablest natural mechanics that ever lived. He used to slink, in his dirt and rags, about Philadelphia, an object of compassion to some, and to others an object of derision and contempt. But start the darling topic of the steamboat, and the whole man was changed. Fire sparkled in his eye, eloquence flowed from his tongue. Rising to his full stature, and lifting his long, lean arm, he would exclaim: —

"You and I will not live to see the day, but the time will come when steamboats will be preferred to all other modes of conveyance; when steamboats will ascend the western rivers from New Orleans to Wheeling; when steamboats will cross the ocean! Johnny Fitch will be forgotten, but other men will carry out his ideas, and grow rich and great upon them."

Those who listened to such harangues as these would exchange glances, as if to say, "He is a good fellow enough; what a pity he is mad!"

At last poor John Fitch gave up the struggle. He frequently tried to dull his sufferings by drink. He removed to Kentucky, where, in 1798, he died by his own hand. He had been sick for a few days, and the doctor ordered opium pills. Instead of taking one each day, as ordered, he secretly saved them till he had twelve, which he swallowed all at once. His daughter, who was happily married, whom he tenderly loved, and with whom he frequently corresponded, survived him, and she has living descendants. His son also became the father of a numerous family.

ROBERT FULTON.

WHEN John Fitch began to build his first steamboat at Philadelphia, there was living in that city an artist, twenty years of age, named Robert Fulton. We can still read, in the Philadelphia Directory for 1785, the following line : —

“Robert Fulton, Miniature Painter, corner of Second and Walnut Streets.”

He was more than a miniature painter, though it was from that favorite branch of the art that he chiefly gained his livelihood. He painted portraits, landscapes, and allegorical pieces in the taste of that time. Such was his success in his profession, that, at the age of twenty-one, when he had been but four years employed in it, he was able to present his widowed mother with a farm of eighty-four acres, and to afford the expense of a voyage to Europe, with a view to improvement in his art, as well as the re-establishment of his health, which his excessive application had impaired. The farm, it is true, cost but four hundred dollars, since it was in the far west of Pennsylvania ; but this does not detract from the merit of the action. It was a worthy beginning of an honorable career.

Robert Fulton, born near Lancaster in Pennsylvania, in 1765, was the son of an Irish tailor, who came to this country in early life, prospered in business, and retired to a large and productive farm in Lancaster county, the garden of Pennsylvania. The father of Benjamin West, who lived a few miles, and the father of Robert Fulton, were old friends, and they consequently heard much of the fame and success of the latter who had left home, a poor unfriended youth, to become a favorite artist of George III.

At school, Robert Fulton was a dull and troublesome boy.

Books were disgusting to him. He had the impudence to tell his teacher, one day, that his head was so full of original notions, that there was no vacant room in it for the contents of dusty books. But, out of school, he exhibited intelligence and talent. He drew well almost from his infancy ; and, as he grew older, he showed a remarkable aptitude for mechanics. The shops of Lancaster were his favorite places of resort. Being late at school one day, which was by no means an uncommon occurrence, his master asked him the cause. He said he had been at a shop near by pounding lead ; and he showed the result of his labors, in a very neatly shaped lead pencil, which, he said was the best pencil he had ever had. At thirteen, he assisted in celebrating the Fourth of July, by discharging sky-rockets made by himself on a plan of his own. During the revolution, Congress had a gunshop at Lancaster, which was haunted by the boy, who assisted the workmen by drawing plans of gun-stocks, and by suggesting methods of repairing broken muskets. There, too, he was frequently busy in attempting to construct an air-gun.

It was in the summer of 1779, when he was fourteen years of age, that he conceived an idea which, twenty-five years later, had important consequences. There was a heavy old flatboat, on a river in the neighborhood, which was much used by the boys in their fishing-excursions. It was propelled by means of poles. Being extremely fatigued, on one occasion, by poling this cumbrous craft against the stream, it occurred to the boy that, perhaps, paddle-wheels turned by a crank could be applied to the boat. Soon after, the experiment was tried with so much success that he and his companions never afterwards used the boat except with paddles. This boyish invention (which, though not new, was original with *him*) is supposed to have prepossessed his mind in favor of paddle-wheels for steam-boats.

At seventeen, his father having died, this precocious youth established himself in Philadelphia as a miniature painter, and returned on his twenty-first birthday to his early home, with the means in his pocket of rendering his mother independent for life. That pious deed performed, he sailed for England, to

seek instruction in his art at the hands of his father's friend, Benjamin West. When he left America, poor John Fitch had not yet completed his first steamboat; but his plans had been published, his company formed, and the boat begun. We may be absolutely certain that a young man like Fulton, with one of the best mechanical heads in the world, full of curiosity with regard to the mechanic arts from his childhood, must have well known what John Fitch was doing.

The great painter received the son of his father's friend with open arms, accepted him as a pupil, and lodged him at his house in London for several years. Fulton, however, never became a great artist. He was an excellent draughtsman, a good colorist, and a diligent workman; but he had not the artist's imagination or temperament. His mind was mechanical; he loved to contrive, to invent, to construct; and we find him, accordingly, withdrawing from art, and busying himself, more and more, with mechanics; until, at length, he adopted the profession of civil engineer. His last effort as an artist was the painting of a panorama, exhibited at Paris in 1797, which he afterwards sold in order to raise money to pursue his experiments with steam.

Robert Fulton was never capable of claiming to be the inventor of the steamboat. It is, nevertheless, to his knowledge of mechanics, and to his resolution and perseverance, that the world is indebted for the final triumph of that invention.

Recent investigations enable us to show the chain of events which led him to embark in the enterprise. His attention was first called to the subject in Philadelphia, by the operations of John Fitch, in 1785 and 1786. Next, fifteen years after, Fulton visited a steamboat in Scotland, which, though unsuccessful, was really propelled by the power of steam for short distances, at the rate of six miles an hour. To please the stranger, who showed an extreme curiosity to witness its operation, this boat was set in motion, and Fulton made drawings of the machinery. A year or two after, he was in France again, where he made the acquaintance of the gentleman who had in his possession the papers left in France by John Fitch, which contained full details of his plans for applying steam to the propulsion of vessels.

We have the testimony of this gentleman, that the papers and drawings of John Fitch remained in the possession of Robert Fulton for "several months." Aided thus by the knowledge and experience of previous inventors, enjoying the immense advantage of the improved steam-engine of James Watt, being himself an excellent mechanic and a very superior draughtsman, having the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and an extensive acquaintance with the leading men of his time, he began the execution of his task with advantages possessed by no previous experimenter in steamboats.

But even these would not have availed if he had not had the good fortune to find a wealthy co-operator. Chancellor Livingston, of New York, was then the American minister at the court of Napoleon. Besides being a gentleman of large estate, he was a man of public spirit, with a strong natural interest in practical improvements. Chancellor Livingston, to his immortal honor, became first the friend, then the patron, and finally the partner of Robert Fulton.

In 1803 the first steamboat of Livingston and Fulton was built in France upon the Seine. When she was almost ready for the experimental trip, a misfortune befell her which would have dampened the ardor of a man less determined than Fulton. Rising one morning after a sleepless night, a messenger from the boat, with horror and despair written upon his countenance, burst into his presence, exclaiming:—

"O sir! the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!"

For a moment Fulton was utterly overwhelmed. Never in his whole life, he used to say, was he so near despairing as then. Hastening to the river, he found, indeed, that the weight of the machinery had broken the framework of the vessel, and she lay on the bottom of the river, in plain sight, a mass of timber and iron. Instantly, with his own hands, he began the work of raising her, and kept at it, without food or rest, for twenty-four hours,—an exertion which permanently injured his health. His death in the prime of life, was, in all probability, remotely caused by the excitement, exposure, and toil of that terrible day and night.

In a few weeks the boat, sixty-six feet long and eight wide, was rebuilt, and the submerged engine replaced in her. The National Institute of France and a great concourse of Parisians witnessed her trial trip in July, 1803. The result was encouraging, but not brilliant. The boat moved slowly along the tranquil Seine, amid the acclamations of the multitude; but the quick eye of Fulton at once discerned that the machinery was defective and inadequate, and that, in order to give the invention a fair trial, it was necessary to begin anew, to procure an engine far more powerful and a boat better adapted to the purpose. As Chancellor Livingston was about to return home, it was resolved that the next attempt should be made at New York; and an engine for the purpose was ordered from the manufactory at Birmingham of Watt and Bolton.

In September, 1807, the famous Clermont, one hundred and sixty tons, was completed. Monday, September the tenth, was the day appointed for a grand trial trip to Albany, and by noon a vast crowd had assembled on the wharf to witness the performance of what was popularly called "Fulton's Folly." Fulton himself declares that, at noon on that day, not thirty persons in the city had the slightest faith in the success of the steamboat; and that, as the boat was putting off, he heard many "sarcastic remarks." At one o'clock, however, she moved from the dock, — vomiting smoke and sparks from her pine-wood fires, and casting up clouds of spray from her uncovered paddle-wheels. As her speed increased, the jeers of the incredulous were silenced, and soon the departing voyagers caught the sound of cheers. In a few minutes, however, the boat was observed to stop, which gave a momentary triumph to the scoffers. Fulton perceived that the paddles, being too long, took too much hold of the water, and he stopped the boat for the purpose of shortening them. This was soon done, and the boat resumed her voyage with increased speed, and kept on her course all that day, all the succeeding night, and all the next morning, until at one o'clock on Tuesday she stopped at the seat of Chancellor Livingston, one hundred and ten miles from New York. There she remained till the next morning at nine, when she continued her voyage toward Albany, where she arrived at five in the after-

noon. Her running time was thirty-two hours, which is at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. Returning immediately to New York, she performed the distance in thirty hours; exactly five miles an hour.

The Clermont was immediately put upon the river as a packet-boat, and plied between New York and Albany until the close of navigation, being always crowded with passengers. Enlarged during the winter, she resumed her trips in the spring of 1808, and continued to run with great success, and with profit to her owners. It was long, however, before the river boatmen were disposed to tolerate this new and terrible rival. At first, it is said, they fled in affright from the vicinity of the monster, fearing to be set on fire or run down by her. Afterwards, regaining their courage, they made so many attempts to destroy her that the Legislature of the State passed a special act for her protection.

Fulton devoted the rest of his life to the improvement of the steamboat. He lived to see the value of his labors universally recognized, and he acquired by them a considerable fortune. He died February 24th, 1815, aged fifty years, leaving a wife and four children, two of whom are still living in New York. He was able to leave his wife an income of nine thousand dollars a year, as well as five hundred dollars a year for each of his children till they were twelve years old, and a thousand dollars a year afterward till they were twenty-one. So, at least, runs his will, written a year before his death. His remains lie in Trinity Church-yard, in the city of New York.

Robert Fulton was, in every respect, an honor to his country and his profession. Tall, handsome, and well-bred, he easily made friends, whose regard he retained by his sincerity, generosity, and good-humor. His crowning virtue was that indomitable resolution which enabled him to bear patiently the most cruel disappointments, and to hold calmly on his way till he had conquered a sublime success.

ELI WHITNEY.

ONE day, in the fall of 1792, when General Washington was President of the United States, a company of Georgia planters happened to be assembled at the house, near Savannah, of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene, of the Revolution. Several of these planters had been officers under the command of the general, and they had called, naturally enough, to pay their respects to his widow.

The conversation turned upon the depressed condition of the Southern States since the close of the war. The planters were generally in debt, their lands were mortgaged, their products afforded little profit, and many of the younger and more enterprising people were moving away. The cause of this state of things, these planters agreed, was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor required in separating the fibres of the cotton from the seeds.

Many of our readers, we presume, have never seen cotton growing, nor even a boll, or pod, of cotton. This pod, which is about as large as a hen's egg, bursts when it is ripe, and the cotton gushes out at the top in a beautiful white flock. If you examine this flock closely, you discover that it contains eight or ten large seeds, much resembling, in size and shape, the seeds of a lemon. The fibres of the cotton adhere so tightly to the seeds, that to get one pound of clean cotton, without wasting any, used to require a whole day's labor. It was this fact that rendered the raising of cotton so little profitable, and kept the Southern States from sharing in the prosperity enjoyed by the States of the North, after the close of the Revolutionary war.

When the gentlemen had been conversing for some time, the

idea was started that perhaps this work could be done by a machine. Mrs. Greene then remarked : —

"Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; *he* can make anything."

Few words have ever been spoken on this globe, that have had such important and memorable consequences as this simple observation of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene.

Eli Whitney, of whom she spoke, was a young Massachusetts Yankee, who had come to Georgia to teach, and, having been taken sick, had been invited by this hospitable lady to reside in her house till he should recover. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had worked his way through college without assistance — as Yankee boys often do. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and in college he used to repair the philosophical apparatus with remarkable nicety, — to the great admiration of professors and students. During his residence with Mrs. Greene he had made for her an ingenious tambour-frame, on a new principle, as well as many curious toys for her children. Hence her advice: "Apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; *he* can make anything."

She now introduced Mr. Whitney to her friends, who described to him the difficulties under which they labored. He told them he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life. Without giving them any promises, he resolved to procure some raw cotton forthwith, and see what he could do with it. Searching about the wharves of Savannah, he found, at length, some uncleaned cotton, and taking home a bundle of it in his hands, he shut himself up in a room in the basement, and set to work to invent the machine required.

All the winter he labored in his solitary cell. There were no proper tools to be had in Savannah. He made his own tools. There was no wire. He made his own wire. The children, the servants, the visitors at the house, wondered what he could be doing in the basement all alone. But he said nothing, and kept on thinking, hammering, and tinkering, till, early in the spring of 1793, he had completed his work. Having set up the mysterious machine in a shed, he invited a number of planters to come and witness its operation. Its success was complete.

The gentlemen saw, with unbounded wonder and delight, that one man, with this young Yankee's engine, could clean as much cotton in one day as a man could clean by hand in a whole winter. The cotton grown on a large plantation could be separated from the seed in a few days, which before required the constant labor of a hundred hands for several months.

Thus was the cotton-gin invented. The principle was so simple that the wonder was that no one had thought of it before. The cotton was put into a large trough, the bottom of which was formed of wires placed in parallel rows, so close together that the seed could not pass through. Under this trough saws revolved, the teeth of which thrust themselves between the wires and snatched the cotton through, leaving the seed behind, which ran out in a stream at one end of the trough.

The simplicity of the cotton-gin had two effects,—one good, the other bad. The good effect was, that in the course of a very few years it was introduced all over the cotton States, increased the value of all the cotton lands, doubled and trebled the production of cotton, and raised the Southern States from hopeless depression to the greatest prosperity. The effect was as lasting as it was sudden. In 1793 the whole export of cotton from the United States was ten thousand bales. In 1859 the export was four millions of bales. Men acquainted with the subject are of opinion that that single invention has been worth to the South one thousand millions of dollars.

How much did the inventor gain by it? Not one dollar! Associating himself with a man of capital, he went to Connecticut to set up a manufactory of cotton-gins. But the simplicity of the machine was such, that any good mechanic who saw it could make one; and long before Whitney was ready to supply machines of his own making there were great numbers in operation all over the cotton States. His patent proved to be no protection to him. If he brought a suit for its infringement, no Southern jury would give him a verdict. He struggled on against adverse influences for fifteen years. In 1808, when his patent expired, he gave up the contest and withdrew from the business, a poorer man than he was on the day when he went, with his handful of cotton-pods, into Mrs. Greene's basement.

Thousands of men were rich, who, but for his ingenuity and labor, would have remained poor to the end of their days. The levees of the Southern seaports were heaped high with cotton, which, but for him, would never have been grown. Fleets of cotton ships sailed the seas, which, but for him, would never have been built. He, the creator of so much wealth, returned to his native State, at the age of forty-two, to begin the world anew.

But Eli Whitney was a thoroughbred Yankee, — one of those unconquerable men, who, balked in one direction, try another, and keep on trying till they succeed. He turned his attention to the improvement of fire-arms, particularly the old-fashioned musket. Having established a manufactory of fire-arms at New Haven, he prospered in business, and was enabled, at length, to gratify his domestic tastes by marrying the daughter of Judge Pierpont Edwards, with whom he lived in happiness the rest of his life. Some of the improvements which he invented are preserved in the celebrated Springfield musket, with which our soldiers are now chiefly armed. It was he who began the improvements in fire-arms which Colt and many others have continued, and which have given the United States the best muskets, the best pistols, and the best cannon in the world. Eli Whitney died in January, 1826, in his sixtieth year.

It is a curious fact that the same man should have supplied the South with the wealth that tempted it to rebel, and the United States with the weapons with which it enforced its just authority.

AUDUBON.



ONE of the happiest men, and one of the most interesting characters we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the few men whose pursuits were in perfect accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other felicity which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered, and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar-plantation, particularly the mocking-bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that died. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter, David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household,

the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me toward the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle, and game-bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest point of Florida, — from the Alleghanies to the prairies far beyond the Mississippi, — through impenetrable forests, in cane-brakes almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies, he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn, and rambling about all day, he was the happiest of men if he returned to his camp at evening carrying in his game-bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"It was no desire of glory," he assures us, "which led me into this exile, — I wished only to enjoy nature."

After fifteen years of such a life as this, he paid a visit to his relations in Philadelphia, carrying with him two hundred of his designs, the result of his laborious and perilous wanderings. Being obliged to leave Philadelphia for some weeks, he left these in a box at the house of one of his relations. On his return, what were his horror and despair to discover that they were totally destroyed by mice!

"A poignant flame," he relates, "pierced my brain like an arrow of fire, and for several weeks I was prostrated with fever. At length, physical and moral strength awoke within me. Again I took my gun, my game-bag, and portfolio, and my pencils, and plunged once more into the depths of my forests. Three years passed before I had repaired the damage, and they were three years of happiness. To complete my work, I went every day farther from the abodes of men. Eighteen months more rolled away, and my object was accomplished."

During his stay at Philadelphia, in 1824, Audubon became

acquainted with Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who strongly urged the naturalist to publish his designs. This, however, was a work far too expensive to be undertaken in America alone. He proposed to issue several volumes of engravings colored and of life-size, with other volumes of printed descriptions. The price of the work was fixed at a thousand dollars. Before he had obtained a single subscriber, he set his engravers to work and proceeded to enlist the coöperation of the wealthy men of England and France. He was received in Europe with great distinction, and obtained in all one hundred and seventy subscribers, of whom about eighty were Europeans. While the first volume was in course of preparation, he returned to America, and spent another year in ranging the forests to add to his store. In 1830, the first volume of his wonderful work appeared, consisting of a hundred colored plates, and representing ninety-nine varieties of birds. The volume excited enthusiasm wherever it was exhibited. The king of France and the king of England inscribed their names at the head of his list of subscribers. The principal learned societies of London and Paris added Audubon to the number of their members, and the great naturalists, Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, and others, joined in a chorus of praise.

The work, which consists of four volumes of engravings and five of letter-press, was completed in 1839. For the later volumes he again passed three years in exploration, and, at one time, was enabled to study the birds on the coast of Florida in a vessel which the government of the United States had placed at his disposal. Returning to New York, he purchased a beautiful residence on the shores of the Hudson, near the city, where he prepared for the press an edition of his great work upon smaller paper, in seven volumes, which was completed in 1844.

Many New Yorkers remember that about that time he exhibited in the city a wonderful collection of his original drawings, which contained several thousands of animals and birds, all of which he had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them.

He was now sixty-five years of age, but his natural vigor appeared to be in no degree abated. Parke Godwin, who knew him well at that time, described him as possessing all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. He was tall, and remarkably well formed, and there was in his countenance a singular blending of innocence and animation. His head was exceedingly remarkable. "The forehead high," says Mr. Godwin, "arched and unclouded; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark-grey, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of an eagle." His manners were extremely gentle, and his conversation full of point and spirit.

Still unsatisfied, he undertook in his old age a new work on the quadrupeds of America, for which he had gathered much material in his various journeys. Again he took to the woods, accompanied, however, now by his two sons, Victor and John, who had inherited much of his talent and zeal.

Returning to his home on the banks of the Hudson, he proceeded leisurely to prepare his gatherings for the press, assisted always by his sons and other friends. "Surrounded," he wrote, "by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends, who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

He did not live to complete his work upon the quadrupeds. Attacked by disease in his seventy-first year, which was the year 1851, he died so peacefully that it was more like going to sleep than death. His remains were buried in Trinity Cemetery, which adjoins his residence.

Mr. Audubon left an autobiography, which, perhaps, may see the light. Besides his eminent talents as an artist, Audubon was a vigorous and picturesque writer. Some passages of his, descriptive of the habits of birds, are among the finest pieces of writing yet produced in America, and have been made familiar to the public through the medium of the school reading-books.

MILTON.

THE father of John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, was precisely such a man as we should naturally expect the father of John Milton to be. He also was named John, and he was the son of a substantial English Catholic farmer, who disinherited him because he turned Protestant. Coming to London in quest of fortune, he set up in the business of notary and conveyancer, in which he gained a considerable fortune. The very spot in Broad Street, near Cheapside, where his house stood, in which he lived and worked, and in which the poet was born, is known and pointed out to strangers. Houses were not numbered then, but distinguished by signs. Over the door of a bookseller there would be a gilt Bible, perhaps; over a baker's store a sheaf of wheat, and some men would mark their houses by a sign having no reference to their occupation. John Milton, scrivener, distinguished his office and abode by putting up over the entrance a black spread eagle, the arms of his family.

This thriving notary, besides being a man of reading and culture, was a composer of music, and some of his compositions, which were published in his lifetime, have been found in musical works of that day. We have reason to believe, too, that he was a man of liberal opinions both in politics and religion, equally opposed to the tyranny of kings and the intolerance of bishops. Of the mother of the poet we know two interesting facts. One is, that she kept the peace in her household; and the other, that at the early age of thirty she had weak eyes. Of the five children of this couple, three survived childhood, — Anne, John, and Christopher. Anne, who was twice married, transmitted a little of the family talent to her children, some of whom obtained some slight celebrity as writers in the reign

of James II. But Christopher, who was seven years younger than the poet, was a man of such slender understanding, and so wanting in spirit, as to adhere to the cause of Charles I. in the war which that mean, false king waged against the liberties of his countrymen. All through the shameful reign of Charles II. he was a partisan of the king. James II. knighted him, and made him a judge, as a reward for his subserviency, and he was one of the servile judges who lost their places when James II. ran away to France, and made a vacancy on the throne for a man, — William III.

John Milton owed the bent and nurture of his mind to his father. His father was his first instructor, particularly in music, and when the boy was ten years old, he provided for him a tutor of eminent qualifications. This good parent early discovered the prodigious genius of his son, and he made the culture of that genius the chief object of his existence. The poet was enabled, by his father's liberality, to pass the first thirty-one years of his life in gaining knowledge and cultivating his faculties. Until he was thirty-one, John Milton was a student, and nothing but a student; first, at home, at his father's side; next at a great London grammar-school; then at Cambridge University; afterwards at his father's house in the country; and finally in foreign countries. During all this long period of preparation he was a most diligent, earnest, and intense student. He was probably the best Latin scholar that ever lived who was not a native Roman of Cicero's day. At the same time, I rejoice to state, he was an excellent swordsman. If a bandit had attacked him during his Italian tour, he could have given a very good account of himself. *This student, let me tell you, young gentlemen, was no dyspeptic spooney.*

It was during his residence in Italy that his literary ambition was born. From an early period of his youth he had been accustomed to write Latin poems, some of which he carried to Italy and showed to his learned friends there. They were struck with wonder that a man from distant England should have attained such mastery of the Latin language, and they were not less astonished that a Briton should be so excellent a poet. It was their hearty praise, he says in one of his letters, that first

suggested to him the idea of devoting his life to literature. Then and there it was, he tells us, that he began to think that "by labor and intent study" he might, perhaps, produce something so written that posterity would not willingly let it die. A great Christian poem was the object to which he aspired. He desired to do for England what Homer had done for Greece, Virgil for Rome, Dante for Italy, and Camoens for Portugal. It was in Italy, too, that he saw those religious dramas, representing the temptation of Adam and Eve and its consequences, which are supposed to have given him the idea of his *Paradise Lost*.

While he was indulging in these pleasing dreams under the deep blue of the Italian sky, the news came to him that civil war was about to break out in England. All the patriot and all the republican awoke within him. Just as many American citizens travelling in Europe in 1861 hastened to return home and take their part in their country's danger, so did this poet and scholar turn his steps homeward when he heard that hostilities were imminent between his countrymen and their perjured king. "I thought it dishonorable," said he, "that I should be travelling at ease for amusement, when my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty."

Farewell, Poetry, for twenty years!

When Milton returned to his native land, after two years' absence, it was not at his father's house that he found a home. His brother Christopher, then a lawyer beginning practice, had established himself at Reading, a country town of more importance then than now; and their father had gone to live with him. Christopher Milton was already a declared royalist, and his house was no fit abode for the republican poet. John Milton preferred to reside in London, where he took a few pupils to prepare for the university, and spent his leisure in defending by his eloquent pen the cause of his oppressed country. These were his employments for many years, until Oliver Cromwell appointed him his Latin secretary. Milton was a thorough-going believer in Oliver Cromwell, and was proud to serve the ablest ruler that England ever had.

He was extremely unfortunate, as poets usually are, in his relations with women. Until he was thirty-five he lived a bach-

elior, and it had been better for him, perhaps, if he had remained such all his life. In his thirty-fifth year, just as the civil war was actually beginning, he went into the country, telling no one the object of the journey. A month after he returned home a married man, bringing his wife with him. She was a good enough country girl, the daughter of an old friend of Milton's father, but as unsuitable a wife for John Milton as any woman in England. She was rather stupid, very ignorant, fond of pleasure, accustomed to go to country balls and dance with gay young officers. Milton was a grave, austere student, absorbed in the weightiest public topics, and living only in his books and in his thoughts. The poor girl found his house so intolerably dull, that, after a short trial of it, she asked leave to go home for a short visit, and, being at home, she positively refused to go back. He was not less disgusted with her; and his sufferings leading him to study the great questions of marriage and divorce, he came to the conclusion that divorce ought to be about as free and about as easy as marriage. He published divers pamphlets on this subject, the substance of which is this: that when man and wife, after a fair and full trial, find they cannot live together in peace, and *both* deliberately choose to separate, there ought to be no legal obstacle to their doing so; provided always that proper provision be made for the support and education of the children.

During the troubles of the civil war, his wife's family being driven from their home, he took them all into his house, with his own aged father, and so they again lived together. They had three daughters, who resembled their mother more than their father, and who loved him little more than she did. She died when the youngest of these children was an infant in arms. Three years after, he was married again, and in less than a year he was left again a widower. Six years later he married his third wife, who was twenty-eight years younger than himself, who survived him for the long period of fifty-five years. This last marriage was embittered by ceaseless contentions between his daughters and his wife, of which Milton lays the blame upon his daughters. He says his wife was good and kind to him in his blind old age, but that his daughters were undutiful and in-

human, — not only neglecting him and leaving him alone, but plotting with his maid-servant to cheat him in the marketing.

During all this time of domestic trouble his labors were incessant. Besides his political writings, he wrote for the use of his pupils a short Latin Grammar, part of a History of England, and other school-books. When the people of England deposed and executed their king, it was Milton who came forward to defend that sublime act of justice, in a treatise of which the title was as follows: —

“The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates: proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power to call to account a tyrant or wicked king, and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it.”

This powerful vindication of the king's execution, together with Milton's personal acquaintance with members of Cromwell's government, procured him the office of Latin secretary, which he held to the death of Cromwell. At that day, a great part of all diplomatic and other state papers were written in Latin, and it was Milton's duty to write such. It was a somewhat lucrative employment. The salary — two hundred and ninety pounds sterling per annum — was fully equal to the income of one of our cabinet ministers. Probably it was more. Oliver Cromwell was too able a ruler to scrimp the best Latin secretary that ever served a government. Able commanders, whether in public or in private life, always take good care of the interests and the honor, the feelings and the dignity, of those who serve them.

Most zealously did John Milton serve the government of the Protector. Not confining himself to the routine of office duty, his pen was ever ready when great principles or good measures required a defender. So arduous were his labors of this nature, that his eyes, which began to fail him at thirty-five, gave out entirely ten years after. Before Milton had completed his forty-sixth year, he was totally and incurably blind. An assistant was granted him, and he retained his post until Cromwell died, though at a reduced salary. This reduced salary, however, he was to enjoy for life, and doubtless would have enjoyed for life,

if the government had remained unchanged. He was fifty-five years of age, blind and prematurely old, when the restoration of the monarchy, under Charles II., consigned him to private life, and gave him back to poetry.

Now it was that he realized the dream of his early manhood, and wrote his great poem, — the work of just five years.

Milton lived seven years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*. He died in 1674, aged sixty-six years. His property, which amounted to fifteen hundred pounds sterling, became the subject of a lawsuit between the widow and the daughters of the poet. They had quarrelled over his dying bed, and they quarrelled over his freshly made grave.

Milton was a man of small stature, slender make, delicate features, and pale complexion. He wore a suit of black. But for the manliness and vigor of his bearing, his appearance would have been feminine. He rose early, and loved an early walk in the fields, delighting in the birds, the flowers, and the sweet morning air. He was simple in his diet, yet loved a good dish, and was cheerful over his food. Great numbers of the learned and noble, both native and foreign, visited him in his modest abode. During the last years of his life there was only one name in Great Britain more honored than his, and that was the august name of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell.

JOHN ADAMS.

PEOPLE are mistaken who suppose that we have in America no old families. We have perhaps as many as other countries, only the torrent of emigration, and the suddenness with which new fortunes are made and lost, conceal the fact from our observation. The Adams family, for example, which descended from Thomas Adams, one of the first proprietors of Massachusetts, has gone on steadily increasing in wealth and numbers from 1620 to the present time, and the family estate still comprises the lands originally bought by the Adams who was grandfather to the second President of the United States. John Adams died worth one hundred thousand dollars. His son, John Quincy Adams, left, it is said, twice as much; and *his* son, Charles Francis Adams, late minister to London, is supposed to be worth two millions.

John Adams was born October 19, 1735. His father, who was also named John, was a farmer in good circumstances; and, following the custom of such in Massachusetts, he resolved to bring up one of his sons to the ministry, and sent him to Harvard College. In those days distinction of rank was so universally recognized that the students at Harvard or Yale were recorded and arranged according to the rank and dignity of their parents. I suppose the son of the governor would have taken precedence of all the rest, unless there chanced to be in the college a scion of the English aristocracy. John Adams, in a class of twenty-four, ranked fourteenth. On state occasions, when the class entered a room, he would have gone in fourteenth. His grandson tells us, that he would not have held even as high a rank as this, but that his mother's ancestors were persons of greater consequence than his father's. This custom of arranging the students

in accordance with the supposed social importance of their parents prevailed at Harvard until the year 1769, after which the alphabetical order was substituted.

Upon leaving college, he did what almost all poor students did at that day, kept school for awhile before entering upon the studies preparatory to his profession. He tells us, in his diary, that on commencement day he attracted some attention by his speech, which led to his being appointed Latin master to the grammar school of Worcester, and that three weeks after, when he was not yet twenty years of age, a horse was sent for him and a man to attend him.

"We made the journey," he says, "about sixty miles, in one day, and I entered on my office."

When the time came for him finally to choose a profession, he discovered in his mind a decided repugnance to that of the ministry.

"I saw," he tells us, "such a spirit of dogmatism and bigotry in clergy and laity, that if I should be a priest I must take my side and pronounce as positively as any of them, or never get a parish, or, getting it, must soon leave it. Very strong doubts arose in my mind whether I was made for a pulpit in such times, and I began to think of other professions. I perceived very clearly, as I thought, that the study of theology and the pursuit of it as a profession would involve me in endless altercations and make my life miserable, without any prospect of doing any good to my fellow-men."

The truth was that he had ceased to believe some of the doctrines of the orthodox church of New England, and had become what was then called a Deist, and what is now more politely termed a Unitarian; to which faith he ever after adhered.

His father had now done for him all that he could afford, and as it was a custom then for students and apprentices to pay a liberal fee to their instructors and masters, he was somewhat embarrassed in entering the profession of the law, which he had chosen. In his dilemma he went to one of the lawyers of Worcester, whose performances in court he had admired, stated his circumstances, and offered himself to him as his clerk and pupil. The lawyer replied, after considering the matter for a

few days, that he might board in his house for the sum allowed by the town, and that he should pay him a fee of a hundred dollars whenever it might be convenient. The young man jumped at this offer and was soon established as school-master and law-student. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and, returning to his father's house, endeavored to set up in the practice of his profession.

His father lived then at Braintree, a small and obscure town fourteen miles from Boston, where there was very little chance for a young lawyer. For some years his gains were small and his anxieties severe. It was not until after his father's death that his circumstances were alleviated, and he was enabled to marry. His marriage was one of the most fortunate ever contracted in this world; for not only was the lady one of the most amiable and accomplished of women, but, being a member of a numerous and influential family, she brought to her husband a great increase of business. He was then twenty-nine years of age, full of energy and ambition, and gradually made his way to a profitable practice.

The first office the future President ever held was that of road-master to the town in which he lived. He was next intrusted with three offices at once, — namely, selectman, assessor, and overseer of the poor; the duties of all of which he discharged to the satisfaction of his neighbors. It was during the Stamp-Act agitation of 1765 that he began to emerge from the obscurity of a country lawyer. One of the odious and tyrannical measures of the royal government was to close all the courts in the colony, which put a sudden termination to the business of the lawyers.

"I was," says Adams in his Diary, "but just getting into my gears, just getting under sail, and an embargo is laid upon the ship! Thirty years of my life are passed in preparation for business. I have had poverty to struggle with; envy and jealousy and malice of enemies to encounter; no friends, or but few, to assist me; so that I had groped in dark obscurity till of late, and had but just become known and gained a small degree of reputation, when this execrable project was set on foot

for my ruin, as well as that of America in general, and of Great Britain !”

But, while he was indulging in these gloomy apprehensions, he was astonished to receive a letter from Boston, informing him that that town, by a unanimous vote, had appointed him one of its counsel to appear before the governor in support of the memorial praying that the courts be reopened. This measure of closing the courts of law was not long persisted in ; but the honor conferred upon John Adams, by so important a place as Boston, brought him into increased prominence, and opened the way to more valuable business than had previously fallen to his share. It led soon to his removal to Boston, where he continued to reside down to the period when he was called to the service of his country in the Revolutionary war.

One of the most honorable actions of his life was defending the British soldiers who participated in what is called the “Boston Massacre.” An altercation having arisen between the soldiers and some of the town’s people, it ended in the soldiers firing upon the crowd, as they alleged, in self-defence. Being put upon their trial for murder, John Adams braved the obloquy of defending them. It was honorable to the people of Boston that they should have recognized the right of those soldiers, odious as they were, to a fair trial, and respected the motives of their favorite in volunteering to defend them.

When the first Congress was summoned to meet at Philadelphia, John Adams was one of the five gentlemen elected to represent the Colony of Massachusetts. It was sorely against his will and his interest that he accepted the appointment. In the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, he is said, by Mr. Jefferson, to have excelled all his colleagues. There was a boldness, decision, and fire about his speeches which carried conviction to many wavering minds. When the great measure was passed on the 2d of July, 1776, he went home, and wrote that celebrated letter to his wife :— .

“The day is passed. The 2d of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated

as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

"You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, — which, I trust in God, we shall not."

The reader will observe that he speaks of the *second* day of July as the one which posterity would commemorate. It was indeed on that day that the great decision was made by Congress; but, as the Declaration of Independence was formally approved and signed on the *fourth* of July, that day has ever been observed as the birthday of the Republic.

With his services in promoting the Declaration of Independence, the *great* part of Mr. Adams' life ended. He was, soon after, appointed to go abroad as one of the ambassadors representing the infant nation at Paris; but never was there a man less at home in a court, or less adapted by nature for a diplomatist. He neither understood nor respected the people among whom he lived, and whom he was required to gratify and conciliate. At the same time he was curiously destitute of all that we call tact, while he was possessed with a vanity the most egregious that ever blinded a man of real worth and ability. He offended the French ministry; he perplexed Dr. Franklin, who was one of the greatest diplomatists that ever lived, as well as one of the most honest and simple; he excited the ridicule of the French people. In a word, he was out of place in France, and rendered his country little service there and less honor. Returning home some time after the conclusion of peace, he was called once more from his farm, at Quincy, to serve as Vice-President under the new Constitution. This office he filled with

credit and dignity for eight years, at the expiration of which he succeeded General Washington in the presidency.

The same qualities which made him a bad negotiator prevented his acquiring credit as the chief magistrate of the nation. He was a bad judge of men, and he was wedded to certain ancient and unpopular ideas which prevented his retaining the confidence of the masses. He was a kind of republican tory, at a time when the feeling of the nation was setting powerfully in the opposite direction. At the same time, his vanity, his quickness of temper, his total want of management, his blind trust in some men and his blind distrust of others, continually estranged from him those who would naturally have been his friends and supporters. After serving four years, he was whirled from his place by a tornado of democratic feeling.

Not to be once re-elected was then considered as a disgrace, and Mr. Adams was, for many years, regarded as a man who had been tried in a high place and found wanting. His grandson mentions that his letters, during the last year of his presidency, may be counted by thousands; while those of the next year averaged less than two a week! Gradually, however, as party passions subsided, the real and great merits of John Adams were once more recognized, and his errors and foibles were first forgiven, and then forgotten. During the last twenty-six years of his life he lived upon the product of two or three farms which he possessed, one of which was that of his own father and grandfather. Toward the close of his life he gave up one of his farms to his son, John Quincy, on condition of receiving from him an annuity for the rest of his life.

He lived to the great age of ninety years. He lived long enough to see his son President of the United States. He lived long enough to read the novels of Scott and Cooper, and the poetry of Byron. He lived long enough to hail the dawn of the Fourth of July, 1826. A few days before, a gentleman called upon him and asked him to give a toast, which should be presented at the Fourth of July banquet as coming from him. The old man said:—

"I will give you: INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

"Will you not add something to it?" asked his visitor.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The toast was presented at the banquet, where it was received with deafening cheers; and almost at that moment the soul of this great patriot passed away. Among the last words that could be gathered from his dying lips were these:—

"Thomas Jefferson still survives!"

But Thomas Jefferson did not survive. On the same Fourth of July, a few hours before, Jefferson also departed this life. Few events have ever occurred in the United States more thrilling to the people than the death, on the same anniversary of the nation's birth, of these two aged, venerable, and venerated public servants.

The remains of John Adams and his wife repose, side by side, in a church of the town in which they lived. Beneath a bust of the President, by Horatio Greenough, may be read the following inscription, written by John Quincy Adams:—

" Beneath these walls
 Are deposited the mortal remains of
 JOHN ADAMS,
 Son of John and Susannah (Boylston) Adams,
 Second President of the United States;
 Born, 19 October, 1735.
 On the Fourth of July, 1776,
 He pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honor
 To the Independence of his country.
 On the third of September, 1783,
 He affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain,
 Which acknowledged that independence
 And consummated the redemption of his pledge.
 On the Fourth of July, 1826,
 He was summoned
 To the Independence of Immortality,
 And to the judgment of his God.
 This house will bear witness to his piety;
 This town, his birthplace, to his munificence;
 History, to his patriotism;
 Posterity, to the depth and compass of his mind.
 At his side
 Sleeps till the trump shall sound,
 ABIGAIL,
 His beloved and only wife,
 Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith;
 In every relation of life a pattern

Of filial, conjugal, maternal and social virtues.

Born November the 11th, 1744,

Deceased 28 October, 1818,

Aged 74.

Married 25 October, 1764.

During an union of more than half a century

They survived in harmony of sentiment, principle and affection,

The tempests of civil commotion ;

Meeting undaunted, and surmounting

The terrors and trials of that revolution

Which secured the freedom of their country,

Improved the condition of their times,

And brightened the prospects of futurity

To the race of man upon earth.

Pilgrim,

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn ;

From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn ;

Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,

And serve, like them, thy country and thy age."

JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS AT THE COURT
OF GEORGE III.

THERE was excitement in the great world of London on the 1st of June, 1785; for on that day a minister representing the United States was to be presented, for the first time, to a king of England. And who should that minister be but John Adams, the man who had taken the lead in urging on the revolted colonies to declare themselves an independent nation!

The old palace of St. James was filled with ministers, ambassadors, bishops, lords, and courtiers. When Mr. Adams entered the antechamber, attended by the master of ceremonies, all eyes were turned upon him. He was a stout, rather undersized man, somewhat awkward in his gait and movements, with a remarkably short face and a vast expanse of bald crown. Large whiskers, in the English style, gave still greater breadth to his countenance. As he stood there in his court dress, his ample coat adorned with lace, his legs clad in silk stockings, and his shoes surmounted with silver buckles, he looked like an English country gentleman, who had come up to court for the first time, and felt not quite at his ease. Some of the diplomatic corps, whom he had met in Holland and France, approached and conversed with him while he was waiting to be summoned to the king's closet.

In a few minutes the secretary of state came to conduct him to the king. The royal closet was merely an ordinary parlor. The king was seated in an arm-chair at the end opposite the door,—a portly gentleman, with a red face, white eyebrows and white hair, wearing upon his breast the star indicative of his rank. Upon entering the room, Mr. Adams bowed low to the king, then advancing to the middle of the room, he bowed a second time, and, upon reaching the immediate presence of the

king, he made a third deep reverence. This was the prescribed custom of the court at that day. The only persons present at the interview were the king, Mr. Adams, and the secretary of state, all of whom were visibly embarrassed. It was, indeed, a scene without a parallel in the whole history of diplomacy.

Mr. Adams was the least moved of them all, though he afterwards confessed that he was much agitated, and spoke with a voice that was sometimes tremulous. He had no bitterness toward England. His enemies accused him even of a secret preference for the English constitution, and a certain tenderness for the king, of whom he had once been a loyal subject.

Having completed the three reverences, he addressed the king in the following words : —

"SIR, — The United States of America have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and of America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the good old nature and the old good humor between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion and kindred blood.

"I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king seemed unprepared for a speech so pacific and complimentary. He listened to it with close attention and with evident emotion. In pronouncing his reply, he frequently hesitated, and there was a tremor of emotion in his voice. He addressed Mr. Adams in the following terms : —

"SIR, — The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation ; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to merit the friendship of the United States as an independent power ; the moment I see such sentiments and such language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

Except the remark about "giving this country the *preference*," that is, the preference over France in commercial privileges, this speech was worthy the king of a great country. It was spoiled by such a broad allusion to disputed questions, and such a manifestation of desire to gain a *profit* from "the circumstances of language, religion, and blood."

When the speech was concluded, the king entered into conversation with Mr. Adams. He asked him whether he had came last from France. Mr. Adams replied that he had. The king then assuming a familiar manner said, laughing : —

"There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France."

This was touching Mr. Adams upon a tender point; for, during his long residence in France, he had been recognized as the leader of the anti-French party, and had come into disagreeable collision with the French ministry, and with Dr. Franklin, on that account. He thought the king's remark, as he tells us, "an indiscretion and a departure from dignity." He was determined, however, not to deny the truth, and yet not allow the king to infer that he had any undue regard to England. So, throwing off as much of his gravity as he could, he said with a mixture of gayety and decision: —

"That opinion, sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country."

The king instantly replied: —

"An honest man will never have any other."

The king said something in an undertone to the secretary of state, and then turning toward Mr. Adams, bowed to him, which was the sign that the interview was to close. Mr. Adams retired in the usual manner; that is, he bowed low, then stepped backwards to the middle of the room, where he bowed again, and then stepped backward to the door, bowed once more, and backed out. The master of ceremonies took him in charge, and conducted him through long lines of servants to his carriage, while the porters and under-porters, "roared out like thunder," as he tells us, "Mr. Adams' servants," "Mr. Adams' carriage."

A few days after, the American minister was presented to the queen, surrounded by her daughters and the ladies of her court. On this occasion, Mr. Adams indulged in a flight of eloquence which makes us smile when we remember that it was addressed to good, plain, simple Queen Charlotte. Our lady readers will, perhaps, be glad to read this curious effusion: —

"MADAM, — Among the many circumstances which have rendered my mission to his majesty desirable to me, I have ever considered it as a principal one, that I should have an opportunity of making my court to a great queen, whose royal virtues and talents have ever been acknowledged and admired in America, as well as in all the nations of Europe, as an example to princesses

and the glory of her sex. Permit me, madam, to recommend to your majesty's royal goodness a rising empire and an infant virgin world. Another Europe, madam, is rising in America. To a philosophical mind, like your majesty's, there cannot be a more pleasing contemplation than the prospect of doubling the human species, and augmenting, at the same time, their prosperity and happiness. It will in future ages be the glory of these kingdoms to have peopled that country, and to have sown there those seeds of science, of liberty, of virtue, and, permit me to add, madam, of piety, which alone constitute the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the human race.

"After venturing upon such high insinuations to your Majesty, it seems to be descending too far to ask, as I do, your Majesty's royal indulgence to a person who is indeed unqualified for courts, and who owes his elevation to this distinguished honor of standing before your Majesty, not to any circumstances of illustrious birth, fortune, or abilities, but merely to an ardent devotion to his native country, and some little industry and perseverance in her service."

To this lofty oration the good little queen replied in these words only :—

"I thank you, sir, for your civilities to me and my family, and am glad to see you in this country."

The queen then entered into conversation with Mr. Adams, and all the royal family spoke to him with marked friendliness.

He soon found, however, that all this civility of the court meant very little. He was not able to induce the British government to give up the western ports nor enter into just commercial arrangements. Several years elapsed before England showed any disposition to treat with the new republic on terms of equality and justice.

A few days after John Adams had been presented to George III. and Queen Charlotte, his wife and daughter were obliged, by the established etiquette, to take part in a similar ceremony.

Mr. Adams had an advantage over almost all the revolution-

ary fathers in possessing a wife who was fully his equal in understanding. The wives of Washington and Franklin were most estimable ladies; but they had no intellectual tastes, and would hardly have held their ground in a conversation upon literature or science. Mrs. Adams, however, was really a very superior woman. Besides having an ample share of Yankee sense and shrewdness, besides being an excellent manager and house-keeper, she was fond of books, possessed considerable knowledge, and wrote letters quite as sprightly and entertaining, and much more sensible and instructive, than those of Madame de Sévigné or Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who are so famous for their letters. When we read her excellent epistles, we can hardly believe, what is nevertheless true, that she was born and bred in a country parsonage in New England, and never went to school one day in her life. She owed her excellent education wholly to her parents and relations, and to her own remarkable quickness of mind.

And now, in June, 1785, after having filled with grace and dignity the various stations to which her husband's advancement had successively called her, she was to represent her countrywomen at the court of the King of England, where, recently her grandson, Charles Francis Adams, has represented the people of the United States, and baffled, as best he could, the intrigues of domestic treason and foreign enmity.

When ladies are going to court, the question of costume assumes an awful importance. To approach the presence of majesty becomingly, it is supposed necessary to dress in the most splendid and costly attire that taste can devise and money procure; and, what adds to the burthen, no lady can appear twice at court in the same dress. Ladies of high rank usually attend in a blaze of diamonds, and clad in the rarest silks and laces. Mrs. Adams, the daughter of a country minister and the wife of a Boston lawyer, was unblessed with diamonds or laces, and was resolved not to shine in hired jewelry or borrowed plumes. Calling to her aid one of the court mantua-makers, she ordered her to prepare for her an elegant dress, but just as devoid of ornament as the custom of the court would

permit. She wished merely to avoid being disagreeably conspicuous either for the plainness or the splendor of her attire.

Accordingly, on the morning of the great day, she wore a dress of white lutestring (plain, thick silk), profusely trimmed with white crape, and festooned with lilac ribbons and white imitation lace. In those days, hoops were as fashionable as they are now; but the hoop skirt, undulating to the figure, was not then known. Mrs. Adams, like all the court dames on that occasion, wore a veritable *hoop*, made of wood, and placed near the bottom of the skirt; so that a lady in full dress resembled a round Chinese pavilion; and this the more as the waist was high up near the arm-pits. A train three yards in length, caught up into a ribbon at the left side, added to the stateliness of her appearance. She wore on her wrists large lace cuffs and ruffles. Her hair, elaborately dressed in the lofty fashion of the day, was surmounted by an extensive lace cap, with two long lappels hanging behind, and two white plumes nodding overhead. Pearl ear-rings, a pearl necklace, and two pearl pins in her hair, completed what she called her "rigging." If this was the plainest dress allowed at court, what must the most splendid have been?

When Mrs. Adams had finished her toilet, and while her daughter was still under the hands of the hair-dresser, she sat down and began a long letter to her sister in America, in which she related the great events of the day down to the moment of their leaving for the palace, intending to finish the story on her return. We may infer from this that she was not seriously flustered at the prospect of an interview with royalty. Soon after one o'clock both ladies were ready. The young lady, like her mother, was dressed in white silk, but differently trimmed; and, instead of a dress cap, she wore upon her head a kind of hat adorned with three large feathers, and, instead of pearls, she had upon her hair a wreath of flowers, and a bunch of flowers upon her bosom. Thus equipped, the two ladies, as Mrs. Adams thought, presented a very creditable appearance.

Upon arriving at the palace, they were conducted through several rooms, all lined with spectators, to the Queen's Drawing Room, — an apartment not unlike, in size and general appearance,

the well-known East Room in the President's house at Washington. Here they found a large and brilliant company assembled. There were courtiers and other noblemen in magnificent costume, wearing orders and ribbons, and glittering with gems. There were young ladies, daughters of noblemen, who were to be presented to the royal family for the first time; these were dressed in white and flowers, and wore no jewelry. There were their mothers in gorgeous dress and all ablaze with jewels. There were ambassadors clad in the sumptuousness of continental courts, their breasts covered with orders and medals. There, also, were John Adams and his secretary of legation, in their plain court dress, with their swords at their sides.

As the moment approached for the entrance of the royal family, the company arranged themselves along the sides of the room, leaving an open space in the middle. A door at the end of the apartment opened, and the king entered, followed by the queen and two of her daughters, each attended by a lady who carried her train. At a levee in Washington, the President takes his stand, and all the company file past him, each individual shaking hands with him; he, as a rule, not speaking to anyone. Even this simple ceremony is very fatiguing. Far more laborious is the task of the King of England on public days. On this occasion, the king, on entering the room, turned to the right, the queen and princesses to the left, and both made the complete circuit of the apartment, holding a short conversation in a low tone with almost every individual present. A master of ceremonies went before the king to announce the names of the company. We need hardly say, that no one presumes to shake hands with a king.

As there were two hundred persons present, it required four mortal hours for the king and queen to get round the room; during which every one remained silent except when addressed by king, queen, or princess. All were standing; to sit down in the presence of a monarch were a breach of etiquette of the most unheard of atrocity.

At length the king approached the American ladies.

"Mrs. Adams," said the lord in waiting.

The lady thus announced took off the glove of her right

hand; but the king, according to the usage, kissed her left cheek. The following profound and interesting conversation took place between the king and Mrs. Adams.

The King. — "Have you taken a walk to-day?"

Mrs. Adams. — (Half inclined to tell his majesty that she had been busy all the morning getting ready to go to court) "No, sir."

The King. — "Why, don't you love walking?"

Mrs. Adams. — "I am rather indolent, sir, in that respect."

The king then bowed, and passed on. The ladies remained standing two hours longer, when the queen and princesses drew near. The queen, a plain little body, dressed in purple and silver, appeared embarrassed when the name of Mrs. Adams was announced to her.

"Have you got into your new house?" she asked; "and pray how do you like the situation of it?"

Mrs. Adams satisfied the queen on these points, and the queen resumed her progress. The princess royal followed, who asked Mrs. Adams whether she was not tired; and further remarked, that it was a very full drawing-room that day. Next came the Princess Augusta, who asked Mrs. Adams whether she had ever been in England before. "Yes." "How long ago?" Mrs. Adams answered the question, and was again left to herself. She was much pleased with the easy and cordial manners of these young ladies. They were very pretty, she says, and were both dressed in "black and silver silk, with a silver netting upon their coat, and their heads full of diamond pins." As to the other ladies present, she declares that most of them were "very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly." Nor did she conceive a very high opinion of the intellectual calibre of his gracious Majesty, George III.

In truth, Mrs. Adams was the farthest possible from being dazzled either by the court or the nobility of England. In France, she wrote, you sometimes find people of the highest rank extremely polite and well-bred. If they are proud, they know, at least, how to hide it. But in England she found ladies of title very arrogant, ignorant, shallow, and vulgar, full

of a ridiculous dislike of "their better-behaved neighbors," the French.

Our readers will relish a few sentences from a letter written by Mrs. Adams when she had been six weeks in London :—

"I would recommend to this nation a little more liberality and discernment; their contracted sentiments lead them to despise all other nations. . . . I give America the preference over all these old European nations. In the cultivation of the arts and improvement in manufactures they greatly excel us; but we have native genius, capacity, and ingenuity equal to all their improvements, and much more general knowledge diffused among us. You can scarcely form an idea how much superior our common people, as they are termed, are to those of the same rank in this country. Neither have we that servility of manners which the distinction between nobility and citizens gives to the people of this country. We tremble not either at the sight or name of majesty. I own that I never felt myself in a more contemptible situation than when I stood four hours together for a gracious smile from majesty, a witness to the *anxious solicitude* of those around me for the same mighty *boon*."

Mrs. Adams, it appears, was not a favorite at the English court. The queen was never more than barely civil to her, and Mrs. Adams had no great liking for the queen. A dislike is apt to be mutual. This plain-spoken, republican lady, whom rank and magnificence could not dazzle, who calmly surveyed and coolly judged the little great of the world in which she lived, was out of place at court. We have since had American ladies at the palace of St. James who were more welcome there, because they were less mindful of what was due to the principles and institutions of their own country.

INAUGURATION OF JOHN ADAMS.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON had announced his intention to retire. The withdrawal of that august and commanding name threw the great prize open to competition, and all the fierce passions of party were enlisted in the strife. The Federal candidates were Adams and Pinckney; the Republican, Jefferson and Burr. After a very animated contest, John Adams was elected to the presidency by a majority of one electoral vote; and Jefferson, having received next to the highest number, was elected vice-president. Neither party, therefore, had won a complete triumph; for, though the Federalists elected their president, the Republicans were partially consoled by placing their favorite in the second office.

It devolved upon Mr. Adams, as vice-president, sitting in the chair of the Senate, to declare the result of the election. On that morning (February 8, 1797) his gifted wife wrote to him from their farm in Massachusetts:—

“My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes. My feelings are not those of pride and ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

“A. A.”

If we may judge from the diary of Mr. Adams, his vanity

was a good deal elated by his elevation to the presidency, as he quotes in it several of the flattering opinions expressed in his hearing upon the occasion, or to his friends. Here is one short paragraph from his diary, written about the time when the result of the election was known:—

“Giles [Member of Congress] says, ‘the point is settled. The vice-president will be president. He is, undoubtedly, chosen. The old man will make a good president too.’ (There’s for you.) ‘But we shall have to check him a little now and then. That will be all.’ Thus Mr. Giles.”

There are several entries of this kind, showing that the president-elect was fully alive to the honor conferred upon him.

A few days after announcing the result of the election to the Senate, Mr. Adams vacated the chair which he had filled for eight years, and pronounced a speech of farewell to the body over which he had presided. General Washington, meanwhile, was joyfully anticipating his release from the anxieties and toils of office. On the day before his retirement he wrote to his old friend, General Knox:—

“To the wearied traveller who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself. . . . Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics; yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I lose, and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . The remainder of my life—which, in the course of nature, cannot be long—will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling world, none would more than myself be regaled by the company of those I esteem at Mount Vernon, more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be.”

On the last day of his official life he gave a parting dinner

to his associates and most intimate friends. The president-elect, the vice-president-elect, the foreign ministers, the bishop of the Episcopal Church, and other noted personages, were present on this interesting occasion. The guests, we are told, were very merry during the repast; until, the cloth being removed, the general filled his glass, and gave the following toast: —

“Ladies and Gentlemen: — This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness.”

The mirth of the company instantly ceased, and the wife of the British minister, Mr. Irving records, was so much affected that tears streamed down her cheeks.

On the morning of the 4th of March, a great multitude gathered about the hall in Philadelphia, in which Congress sat, and the chamber of the House of Representatives was so crowded that many members resigned their chairs to ladies. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Jefferson reached the Senate chamber, and, having been sworn into office, occupied the chair of the Senate for a moment, and then marched at the head of that body to the chamber of the House, where places had been reserved for them. A few minutes after, loud cheers were heard without, and soon the noble form of the retiring president was descried. Instantly the whole of the vast assembly rose to their feet, and saluted him with the most enthusiastic cheers, acclamations, and the waving of handkerchiefs. On this last public appearance of Washington, the warmth of his welcome seemed to show that his popularity had been in no degree lessened by the partisan violence to which he had been subjected during the whole of his second term. Washington bowed to the people with his usual grace, and took the seat assigned him on the speaker's platform.

Mr. Adams entered next. The audience rose to receive him also, and cheered him most cordially, but not with the enthusiasm which had marked the greeting of Washington. On this occasion, if on no other, the retiring president was a more important and valued personage than the one just coming into power. After the oath had been taken, Mr. Adams advanced

and pronounced his inaugural address, in which, while making the usual announcement of his own purposes and principles, he pronounced an eulogium upon his predecessor, — "who," said he, "by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, — conducting a people inspired with the same virtues, and animated with the same ardent patriotism and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity, — has merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity."

The great audience soon after dispersed, and the rest of the day was passed in festivity. We have a highly interesting account of the occasion in a letter which Mr. Adams wrote the next day to his wife, which is characteristic of the man, and reveals something both of his strength and his weakness: —

"Your dearest friend," wrote the president, "never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was, indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the general, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say: 'Ay! I am fairly out, and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest!'

"When the ceremony was over he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honorable.

"In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full-orbed, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief-Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell were present. Many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received, I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty-publisher, said we should lose

nothing by the change, for he never heard such a speech in public in his life.

"All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

- Such was the peaceful and auspicious beginning of the stormy administration of John Adams.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

IN the autumn of the year 1833, at the town of Winchester, in Illinois, there was to be a great auction sale of property, which drew to the place a large concourse of people from the neighboring country. When the sale was about to begin, the auctioneer was still unprovided with a clerk to enter the goods as they were sold, and he looked about for a person to perform that indispensable labor. At that moment he noticed on the outskirts of the crowd a pale, short, sickly-looking young man, with his coat upon his arm, apparently about nineteen, a stranger in the vicinity, who looked as though he might be able to write and keep accounts well enough for the purpose. He hailed him and offered him the place of clerk, at two dollars a day.

It so happened that this young man was in very pressing need of employment, for he had recently arrived in the State, and having walked into Winchester that morning with all his worldly effects upon his person, including a few cents in his pocket, — and but a few, — he was anxious how he should get through the week. He had not a friend within a thousand miles of the spot, and his entire property would not have brought under the hammer five dollars.

He accepted the clerkship, and mounted to his place near the auctioneer. As the sale went on, he exhibited an aptitude for the duties he had undertaken. His entries were made with promptitude and correctness, and in his intercourse with the buyers and with the crowd he showed that mixture of urbanity and familiarity which the western people like. His repartees were ready, if a little rough, and he kept everybody in good humor. The sale lasted three days, and when it was over he had six dollars in his pocket, and had gained the warm good-will of

the people of Winchester. Some of the leading men, thinking it would be a pity for so valuable a youth to trudge on any further in quest of fortune, and still a greater pity for Winchester to lose him, bestirred themselves in his behalf, and secured his appointment as teacher to the winter school, which he gladly accepted.

Stephen A. Douglas was the name of this popular young man, and thus it was that he began his career in Illinois, which he afterwards represented in Congress for so many years and with so much distinction.

His father was a respectable physician, practising in Rutland County, Vermont, and there Stephen was born, in 1813. When the boy was two months old, Dr. Douglas, while holding him in his arms, dropped dead from apoplexy, and his widow, inheriting little from her husband, went to live upon a farm of which she was half owner. Douglas, therefore, began life as most of the eminent men of America had begun it, by hoeing corn, chopping wood, and "doing chores" upon a farm, attending the district school during the winter. He was a reading, ambitious boy, not disposed to spend his days in manual labor. There seemed, however, no other destiny in store for him, since his mother could not then afford to continue his education. At fifteen he apprenticed himself to a carpenter, worked at the trade two years, and was then obliged to abandon it from a failure of his health. I am not surprised to learn that Douglas used to say that the happiest days of his life were those spent in the carpenter's shop. His speeches show that he had a mathematical head; and he had a decided turn for constructing and planning. No doubt there was an excellent carpenter lost to the country when he took off his apron.

From his seventeenth year to his twentieth he was enabled, by his mother's aid, to attend academies and study law, in the States of Vermont and New York; and it was early in the year 1833 that he turned his steps westward in search of fortune. Starting with a considerable sum of money in his pocket,—a hundred dollars or so,—all went well with him until he reached Cleveland, in Ohio, where he fell sick, and was detained almost all the summer. When he recovered he pushed on, with his

purse sadly reduced, to Cincinnati, and so on to St. Louis, and round to Jacksonville, in Illinois, which he reached with thirty-seven and a half cents in his pocket. He appears to have been hard to please in the matter of a residence. Seeing no opening for a young man at Jacksonville, he walked on to Winchester, sixteen miles distant, and arrived, as we have seen, all but penniless, with his coat on his arm. There, I suppose, he must have stopped from the failure of his supplies. The accident of his catching the eye of the auctioneer supplied him with a capital upon which to begin his life there; and the favor of the people did the rest.

School-master Douglas was successful with his school. He had forty pupils that winter, who paid him three dollars each per quarter; and he had leisure in the evenings to continue his legal studies, and on Saturdays to conduct petty cases before justices of the peace. He did so well that, early in the spring (March, 1834), when he had taught his school just three months, he gave it up, opened an office, and began the practice of the law. He was then twenty-one years of age. There was something about this young lawyer that was extremely pleasing to western people, and he appears to have instantly obtained wide celebrity at the bar; for before he had been practising a year, and before he was twenty-two years old, the legislature of the State elected him attorney-general. Next year he was himself a member of the legislature, — the youngest man in either house, — and two years after, President Van Buren appointed him to the profitable office of Register of the Land Office at Springfield, where Abraham Lincoln, that very spring, had established himself as a lawyer.

Such rapid and unbroken success was remarkable, and was itself a cause of further triumph. The next event, however, in his public life was a failure; but that failure did more for him, as a politician, than any ordinary success could have done. Before he had attained the legal age — twenty-five — he was nominated for member of Congress in the most populous district of Illinois, — nay, the most populous one in the whole country, — there being in it nearly forty thousand voters. Douglas, according to the western fashion, mounted the stump, and spoke daily

to multitudes of people. Seldom has any district been more thoroughly canvassed, and seldom have the minds of men been more inflamed with party zeal. Douglas lost his election by five votes; but when it was known that enough votes had been rejected because his name was spelled upon the tickets with double s at the end of it, every one felt that his failure was a triumph.

In 1840 there was another signal defeat of the Democratic party, which to him, personally, was a splendid success. Every one who is old enough remembers the presidential election of that year, when General Harrison and Mr. Van Buren were the candidates, and log cabins were built in every town, and much bad cider was drunk in them to the success of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Every State in the Union, except two or three, gave its vote for General Harrison. Illinois remained true to the Democratic party, and this was chiefly due to the wonderful exertions of Stephen A. Douglas, then but twenty-seven years of age. For seven months he gave himself wholly up to the business of canvassing the State, in the course of which he made two hundred and thirteen speeches. It was the policy of Andrew Jackson, adopted and continued by Martin Van Buren, that was on trial during that summer of excitement. The young orator supported that policy without reserve. Illinois, then an agricultural State almost exclusively, had suffered from the financial policy of the government as much as the eastern States, but it had recovered faster, and the young orator dwelt chiefly upon the good and great things done by General Jackson. It was admitted by friend and opponent that it was the "Little Giant" that kept Illinois from joining the movement that swept the other States irresistibly away.

Nor was it his free and easy style of oratory alone that held the State to its old allegiance. Douglas, as before observed, had a mathematical head. He was a great manager and contriver. I have sometimes thought that if he had had a military education, and had had a chance to develop his talents by active service, he would have been a good, and perhaps a great general. He possessed three qualities of a general, — a power of attach-

ing men to his person, a rare organizing faculty, and plenty of audacity.

His position in Illinois was now such as placed any of its political honors within his easy reach. After serving a short time as its secretary of state, he was appointed judge of its Supreme Court, in which capacity he served three years, and was then, against his will, nominated for representative in Congress. Elected to Congress by the small majority of four hundred, he was re-elected by a majority of nineteen hundred, again re-elected by a majority of three thousand, and at about the same time, he was elected a senator of the United States. March 4th, 1847, being then thirty-six years of age, he took his seat in the Senate, and continued to represent Illinois in that body to the close of his life.

His career in Congress presents a strange mixture of good and evil. I believe that he was an incorruptible man, though no one ever had more or better chances to gain money unlawfully. Once, when he was confined to his room by an abscess, he was waited upon by a millionaire, who offered to give him a deed for two and a half millions of acres of land, now worth twenty millions of dollars, if he would merely give up a certain document.

"I jumped for my crutches," Douglas used to say in telling the story; "he ran from the room, and I gave him a parting blow upon the head."

In these days, when there is so much corruption in politics, and so many rings among politicians and others, it is a pleasure to read a story like this.

At the same time, he was a remarkably expert and successful manager. If any man could get a bill through Congress, he could. He did not care much to shine as a speaker, and, indeed, he did not excel as a speaker in Congress. What he prided himself upon was his skill and success in getting a troublesome measure passed, and in effecting this, he was quite willing that others should have all the glory of openly advocating it. He has been known to spend two years in engineering a bill, devoting most of his time to it, and yet never once speaking

upon it. This was the case with the long series of measures which resulted in the Illinois Central Railroad.

His faults were great and lamentable. Like so many other public men who spend their winters in Washington, he lived too freely and drank too much. If he was a skilful politician; he was sometimes an unscrupulous one, and supported measures for party reasons, which he ought to have opposed for humane and patriotic ones. He said himself that President Polk committed the gigantic crime of "precipitating the country into the Mexican war to avoid the ruin of the Democratic party," and knowing this, he supported him in it. His rapid and uniform success as a politician inflamed his ambition, and he made push after push for the presidency, and finally permitted his party to be divided rather than postpone his hopes. He was in too much of a hurry to be president.

I have been much interested lately in reading his own account of the celebrated scene in Chicago, when he, who had been the favorite of Illinois for twenty years, was hooted for four or five hours for having procured the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. On his way home from Washington he received letters from friends, warning him that if he appeared in Chicago he would be killed. He went, nevertheless, and soon announced his intention to address his fellow-citizens in front of a well-known public hall.

"When the day arrived," said he, "the flags were hung at half-mast on the shipping in the harbor, and for several hours before the time appointed all the church-bells in the city were tolled, at which signal the mob assembled in a force of about ten thousand. I had forty or fifty men who pretended to be with me *privately*, but not half a dozen were so *openly*; they were all afraid. At the appointed hour I repaired to the meeting and went upon the stand, and was greeted by that unearthly yell taught and practised in the Know-Nothing lodges, a howl no man can imitate. I stood and looked at the mob until the howling ceased. When they ceased I commenced by saying:—

" 'I appear before you to-night for the purpose of vindicating the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska Act.'

"Before the sentence was ended the howl began again. When

it ceased I would begin, and as soon as I commenced it was renewed. At times I appealed to their pride, as the champions of free speech, for a hearing; the howling was renewed; at other times I would denounce them as a set of cowards who came armed with bowie-knives and pistols to put down one man, — unarmed, — afraid to hear the truth spoken, lest there might be some honest men amongst them who would be convinced. At one time I got a hearing for ten or fifteen minutes, and was evidently making an impression upon the crowd, when there marched in from the outside a body of three or four hundred men with red shirts, dressed as sailors, and thoroughly armed, who moved through the crowd immediately in front of the stand, and then peremptorily ordered me to leave it. I stood and looked at them until they ceased yelling, and then denounced them and put them at defiance, and dared them to shoot at an unarmed man. The pistols began to fire all around the outside of the crowd, evidently into the air; eggs and stones were thrown at the stand, several of them hitting men that were near me, and for several hours this wild confusion and fury continued. The wonder is that amid that vast excited crowd no one was so far excited or maddened as to fire a ball at me. The stand was crowded with my enemies, reporters, and newspaper men, and this was undoubtedly my best protection. I stood upon the front of the stand, in the midst of that confusion, from eight o'clock in the evening until a quarter past twelve at night, when I suddenly drew my watch from my pocket and looked at it, in front of the crowd, and in a distinct tone of voice said, at an interval of silence, 'It is now Sunday morning, — I'll go to church, and you may go to hell!' and I retired amidst the uproar, got into my carriage, and rode to my hotel. The crowd followed the carriage, and came near throwing it off the bridge into the river as we crossed; they had seized it for that purpose, and lifted it, but the driver whipped his horses violently, and dashed through and over them, and went to the Tremont House, where I retired to my room. The mob, at least five thousand, followed, and commenced their howls in Lake Street, fronting my room. The landlord begged me to leave the house, fearing they would burn it up, whereupon I raised my window, walked

out on the balcony, took a good look at them, and told them that *the day would come when they would hear me*, and then bade them good-night."

It is impossible not to feel some admiration for such nerve as this. The time did come when the people heard him. During the last years of his life he regained much of his former popularity ; and when, on the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, he gave his hand to Abraham Lincoln, and engaged to stand by him in his efforts to save the country, all his errors were instantly forgiven. But his days were numbered. During his herculean labors of the previous year he had sustained himself by deep draughts of whiskey ; and his constitution gave way at the very time when a new and nobler career opened up before him.

Douglas grew stout as he advanced in life. When I saw him first, he was standing on the balcony of the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, a battered soft hat on his head, and his large face as red as fire. He was the very picture of a western bar-room politician. But when afterwards I saw him nicely dressed, in the Senate Chamber, bustling about among the members, with his papers in his hand, he looked like a gentleman and a man of business.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS.



COPERNICUS, the son of a Prussian surgeon, was born in 1473, ten years before the birth of Luther, and thirteen years before the discovery of America. Great men appear to come in groups. About the same time were born the man who revolutionized science, the man who reformed religion, the man who added another continent to the known world, and the man who invented printing. So, in later times, Watt, the improver of the steam-engine, Hargrave and Arkwright, the inventors of the spinning machinery, began their experiments almost in the same year.

Of the early years of Copernicus, we only know that he studied his father's profession of medicine, and that he exhibited a singular love of mathematics, which led him naturally to the study of astronomy.

Our word, *mathematics*, is derived from a Greek word which signifies *knowledge*; implying that the truths of mathematics are certainties, while the results of other inquiries are questionable; indicating, also, that mathematics is the basis of all the sciences, geography, astronomy, chemistry, and even of history and politics. From its difficulty, as well as from its importance, it has some claim to be considered as knowledge, *par excellence*. It is the key to knowledge and the test of knowledge; so that nothing in science can be considered established, till it is demonstrated mathematically.

Carlyle says that the best indication in a boy of a superior understanding is a turn for mathematics. When a boy in addition to a decided mathematical gift, possesses also a natural dexterity in handling tools, and an inclination to observe nature,

there is ground for believing that, if properly aided, he will become a man of science.

We were led to these remarks by observing that the four men of modern times who did most to increase the sum of knowledge — Copernicus, Columbus, Galileo, and Newton — were all natural mathematicians and owed their discoveries directly to mathematics. All of them, also, possessed that manual dexterity, and that love of observing nature of which we have spoken. They were alike in other respects; all of them were endowed with an amazing patience. All of them were men of childlike simplicity of character. All of them were good citizens, as well as sublime geniuses. All of them, but Columbus, perhaps, were even sound men of business, — prudent and successful in the management of their private affairs.

In the days of Copernicus, when all books were in manuscript, and a book cost as much as a house, if a man had a thirst for knowledge, he had to go to some one who possessed knowledge, and get it from his mouth. When Copernicus, at the age of twenty-three, had graduated as a doctor of medicine, and when he had learned all of mathematics and astronomy which his native country could teach him, he was attracted by the great fame of an Italian mathematician, named Regiomontanus. Fired with enthusiasm, he could not sit down at home and quietly practise the healing art. Nothing could content him but a pilgrimage to Rome, to sit at the feet of this learned professor; and, in order to have the means of living there, he became proficient in drawing and painting. The journey across the Alps was long, perilous, and expensive. He arrived in safety, however, and was cordially received by the great man, who freely imparted to him all his stores of knowledge, and admitted him to his friendship.

At Rome he won all hearts by the gentleness of his manners, and his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge. He was appointed, ere long, to a professorship of mathematics, in which he acquired so much distinction that his fame reached his native land.

He had an uncle who was bishop of a German diocese. This good man, hearing such great things of his nephew, procured

for him the office of canon in his bishopric, the income of which was sufficient to maintain a scholar, while the duties were so light as to leave him the use of most of his time. Returning to Germany, he found his claim to the canonry disputed, and he was involved in a most vexatious litigation. But Copernicus, like Newton and like all strong men, was tenacious of his rights, and he bore himself in this affair with such a happy mixture of firmness and prudence, that he conquered all opposition, and entered into the peaceful possession of a place which enabled him to spend his life in the study of nature.

He now divided his time into three equal parts. One third he devoted to his ecclesiastical duties; one third to giving medical advice to the poor gratuitously; and one third to study. Occasionally, however, he was called upon to manage the financial affairs of the diocese, and to defend it against the turbulent and unscrupulous German nobility. In discharging these duties, he displayed wonderful skill, courage, and constancy. He had a surprising power in allaying animosities, and in carrying his point against powerful opposition. He reminds us, in these particulars, of our own good-tempered and sagacious Franklin.

His heart, however, was in the study of astronomy. Having mastered all that previous astronomers had learned and conjectured, he was more and more dissatisfied with their explanations of the celestial phenomena. The prevailing opinion, that the sun revolved round the earth, seemed to be supported by the words of the Bible, which expressly declared that at the command of Joshua, the sun stood still. This was, for a century or more, a great stumbling-block in the path of science. But, by degrees, the grand truth disclosed itself to the mind of Copernicus, — that the sun was the centre of our planetary system, around which all the planets moved. At first, this sublime truth was only a dim conjecture; and it was not till after more than thirty years of patient, laborious calculation, that he felt himself in a position to reveal his system to the world.

But that was a great and dangerous difficulty for a canon of the church. He managed it, however, with a curious blending of boldness and caution. Surrounded with priests of every order, of whom he had been, at many a crisis, the valiant and

skilful champion, and by whom he was held in the highest esteem, he began by communicating his discoveries to them in conversation, — explaining away objections, and enlisting in behalf of his system, their pride as members of his own body. For years he delayed the publication of his work, until priests, abbots, bishops, and cardinals joined in urging him to let it appear. Still he held it back, fearing to be caught in the toils of the Inquisition. At length, a young professor of mathematics visited Copernicus in the disguise of a student, and having learned the substance of his discoveries, published an account of them in a pamphlet. As this pamphlet excited no opposition or controversy, he was emboldened to publish his work.

He was now as audacious as he had before seemed timid; for he dedicated his book to no less a personage than the Pope himself. In his dedication, he sought to disarm opposition by anticipating it. "Should there be," he said, "any babblers, who, ignorant of all mathematics, presume to judge of these things on account of some passage of Scripture wrested to their own purpose, and dare to blame and cavil at my work, I will not scruple to hold their judgment in contempt." He assured his Holiness that his discoveries tended "to the honor of religion, and to the prosperity of the ecclesiastical republic over which your Holiness presides."

At the same time, he was known to be an opponent of the new doctrines of Luther. In his own diocese, the abuses which Luther denounced were probably not formidable, and Copernicus regarded him with honest aversion, as a disturber of the peace of the church. Copernicus, moreover, was a man constitutionally opposed to *all* violent measures and language, such as Luther delighted in. It may be, too, that he manifested more zeal against Luther than he otherwise would, with a view to secure the reception of his own heresies in science.

These measures succeeded. His work was received with general applause, and no one scented heresy in it. This is the more remarkable since, a century after, the Inquisition pursued with the utmost severity, those who merely reasserted what Copernicus had published with perfect impunity. But times had changed in the sixteenth century, when the rapid progress of

Protestantism had roused the Inquisition to a new and deadly activity. Nevertheless, it was chiefly owing to the prudent management of Copernicus that he escaped the censures of the church.

He lived just long enough to see and touch his book. One of his pupils had superintended the printing of it in a distant town, and sent the first copy to the author, then seventy years of age. A few days before its arrival Copernicus had been stricken with paralysis, which deprived him of memory and almost of understanding. A few hours before he breathed his last the volume reached his house, and it was placed in the hands of the dying philosopher. He revived a little, looked at the book, seemed (so the bystanders thought) to know what it was; but, after regarding it a moment, he relapsed into a state of insensibility, and died a few hours after. Like a mother who loses her own life in giving life to another, he died after only once caressing his darling, — the fruit of a lifetime's travail.

The house in which he lived, studied, wrote, and died is still standing at Allenstein. The holes which he made in the wall of his chamber, for the more convenient observation of the heavens, are still shown, as well as the remains of a hydraulic machine which he invented for supplying a neighboring town with water. As a citizen, he was full of public spirit and benevolence, discharging the common duties of life with as much fidelity as though such duties were his only employment. We take pleasure in repeating this fact, because there are those who think that the possession of superior talents exempts a man from ordinary obligations. The truly great have never thought so. Men truly great, have always been greatly good.

CHAUNCEY JEROME.



EIGHTY years ago, a good family clock cost from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars, and the cheapest clocks made were twenty-five dollars each. These last were small clocks hung to a nail in the wall, and were wound up by pulling a string. At that time the State of Connecticut already took the lead in the business of clock-making, and we find it mentioned, as a great wonder, that, in 1804, three hundred and fifty clocks were made in Connecticut. The business was done in a very simple and primitive manner. A man would get a few clocks finished, then strap four or five on a horse's back, and go off into an adjacent county to sell them, offering them from door to door. At a later date, some makers got on so far as to employ one or more agents to travel for them.

At the present time, Connecticut makes six hundred thousand clocks per annum, and sells most of them at less than five dollars each. Before the war, some makers sold their cheapest clocks, wholesale, at fifty cents each, their good clocks at two dollars, and their best at about four. The marvellous cheapness and excellence of these time-keepers have spread them over the whole earth. Go where you will, in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, and you will be pretty sure to come upon Yankee clocks. To England they go by the shipload. Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, all take large quantities. Many have been sent to China, and to the East Indies. At Jerusalem, Connecticut clocks tick on many a shelf, and travellers have found them far up the Nile, in Guinea, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in all the accessible places of South America.

The founder of this branch of manufacture was Chauncey Jerome, born at Canaan, Connecticut, in 1793. He it was who

invented the cheap brass clock, as now made. He it was who invented the ingenious machinery by the use of which those clocks can be manufactured for a tenth of the sum for which they could be produced by hand. He it was who first sent Yankee clocks to foreign countries. He it was who first made these clocks at anything like the present rate of speed or on anything like the present scale. During the fifty years that he has been in the business, he has superintended the manufacture of perhaps, ten millions of clocks, and he has brought the machinery for making them to such a point that six men can make the wheels for one thousand clocks in ten hours !

Sad is the lot of inventors, and sad it must generally be ; for the man who has ideas seldom has much talent for business. Chauncey Jerome, the creator of this great branch of American manufacture, which has enriched his native State, is now, at the age of seventy-three, far from his home, without property, and working for wages. I saw him, the other day, near Chicago, with his honorable gray hairs, and his still more honorable white apron, earning his living by faithful labor for others, after having had hundreds of men in factories of his own. Nor does he repine at the change. He never repined, except during a short time after his failure, when he feared to be compelled to eat the bread of dependence.

His father was a farmer, blacksmith, and nailmaker. At that time all nails were wrought by hand. The boy was brought up, as most boys were then, to work, and to work hard. As soon as he was old enough to handle a hoe or tie up a bundle of grain, he was set at work on the farm, and when he had reached the age of nine years, his father took him into his shop to learn to make nails. For two years he hammered away steadily in the nailshop, when the sudden death of his father broke up the household, and sent forth the forlorn and broken-hearted boy of eleven to seek a home among strangers. As there was scarcely any manufacturing done then in country places, there was nothing for him but to let himself out to a farmer, and work hard for only his subsistence. Farmers were poor then, and the little they had was wrung from the soil by constant labor. Incessant toil for scanty returns hardens the heart, and it was rare at

that time in Connecticut for the farmers to take an interest in the happiness of poor orphans who worked for them. Chauncey, Jerome has to this day a painful remembrance of the dreariness and solitude of his lot as a farmer's boy. Once in two weeks his heartless taskmaker let him go to church, and that was all the joy he had. It was the greatest relief to him to see so many people together, and have a little chat with acquaintances.

At fifteen he was bound apprentice to a carpenter, and was soon able to do a man's work at the business. Apprentices at that day were not much indulged. Chauncey Jerome, when he visited his mother, had to walk all night, so as not to use his master's time, and he had sometimes to trudge a whole summer's day on foot, with his tools on his back, in order to get to the work he had to do. Several times during his apprenticeship he carried his tools thirty miles in one day. There were few vehicles then except farmer's wagons.

From an early age, this boy had had a particular desire to learn how to make a clock, and as soon as his guardian began to talk of apprenticing him, he had expressed a decided preference for clock-making. His guardian replied that so many people were then making clocks in Connecticut, that the whole country would soon be full of them, and in two or three years the business would be good for nothing. One man was then making two hundred clocks a year, and all the *wise* men about shook their heads, and wondered at his folly in glutting the market. So the boy was apprenticed to a carpenter.

As years went on, the apprentice observed that no matter how many clocks his neighbors made, they were all sold. In 1811, when he was eighteen years of age, he proposed to his master an arrangement by which he could try his hand at this mysterious and fascinating business. He said he would undertake to clothe himself if he could have five months of each winter to work on his own account. As the winter was the dull season, his master willingly consented, and the youth walked cheerfully away to Waterbury, where he hired himself to a man who was making clock-dials for the manufacturers of clocks. In this humble way was introduced to the business the man who was to

revolutionize it, and who was destined to make two hundred thousand clocks a year.

After working a while at the dials, he started with two others on a tour to New Jersey, — they to sell the works of clocks, and he to make the cases for them. They travelled in a lumber-wagon, and carried their own provisions. By this time the clockmakers of Connecticut had so systematized their business that they could sell a pretty good clock, that stood seven feet high, for forty dollars. Chauncey Jerome worked fifteen hours a day that winter at case-making, and returned in the spring to his carpenter's shop in Connecticut, with a little money in his pocket. He well remembers passing through New York, and seeing the crowds of people walking rapidly up and down Chatham Street, stopping a man to ask him what was the matter. At New Haven, where he afterwards lived in a splendid mansion, he walked about the streets eating bread and cheese, and carrying his clothes in a bundle.

At twenty-one, being his own master, he set up for himself as a carpenter, and a year after married. So poorly was his labor compensated in the hard times after the war, that for eighty-seven dollars he finished the whole interior of a three-story house, including twenty-seven doors and an oak floor, nothing being found for him but the timber. The same work would now cost not far from a thousand dollars. Such was his economy, however, that, even while working at such low rates, he bought a small house and began to pay for it. As the winter of 1816 approached, being out of work, and having a payment to make upon his house in the spring, he was preparing to go to Baltimore in search of employment. Before setting out, he heard that a man in a neighboring town was fitting up a clock factory, and he walked over to it, thinking it just possible he could get employment there. To his unbounded joy, he succeeded, and from that time forward, for fifty years, he was never anything but a clock-maker. His employer was Mr. Eli Terry, who had just invented the wooden clock so long in use by our fathers, which he sold at the astonishingly low price of fifteen dollars. This cheapness so increased the sale of clocks that Mr. Terry was soon making six thousand clocks a year.

Mr. Jerome, after working only one winter in this flourishing establishment, determined to begin the making of clocks on his own account. At first he bought the works ready made, put them together, made the cases, and as soon as he had finished three or four, carried them about for sale. By slow degrees his business increased, until one day he received an order so large that it almost made him dizzy. It was for twelve wooden clocks at twelve dollars each, for a dealer in South Carolina. When he finished the clocks, and was conveying them to the appointed place in a farmer's wagon, he was perfectly bewildered at the idea of having so immense a sum as one hundred and forty-four dollars all at once, and all his own. He could not believe that such good fortune was in store for him. He thought something would be sure to happen to prevent his receiving the money. But no; his customer was ready, and slowly counted out the sum in silver, and the clockmaker took it with trembling hands, and carried it home, dreading lest some robbers might have heard of his vast wealth, and were in ambush to rob and murder him.

His progress was now more rapid, and he soon had his little house paid for. He sold his house, and took his pay in clock-works. He bought some land, and paid for it in clocks. He began to buy timber in large quantities, and instead of selling the clocks from house to house himself, sold them to peddlers and to storekeepers. Soon he invented labor-saving machinery, got up new and elegant patterns for cases, took in partners, and thus rapidly extended his business. He began, ere long, to send consignments of wooden clocks to the southern cities, and this it was that led to the discarding of wood for the works of Yankee clocks. On the voyage the wood would swell sometimes, and spoil them. One night, when Jerome was depressed from a temporary lull in the business, and much troubled with this new difficulty, the idea darted into his mind that possibly a clock could be made of brass as cheaply as of wood. He sprang out of bed and fell to ciphering. He found it could be done. He did it.

This discovery, and the wonderfully ingenious machinery which he invented to carry it out, are the basis of the clock

business of the United States, as it exists to-day. Never have I seen more original and startling mechanical effects than are produced by Jerome's clock-making machinery. Think of one man and one boy sawing veneers enough in one day for three hundred clock cases. Think of six men making brass wheels enough in a day for one thousand clocks. Think of a factory of twenty-five persons producing two thousand clocks a week. Think of a clock being made for forty cents. All this is chiefly due to the patience and genius of Chauncey Jerome.

Well, he made a large fortune—several large fortunes—and had retired from active business, though still being at the head of the Jerome Clockmaking Company of New Haven. The management of this company was left wholly and absolutely to partners, and they, by a course of injudicious management, brought the company into an embarrassed financial condition. Their attempts to escape from it only sunk them deeper in difficulty. In 1860 the well-known bankruptcy occurred which reduced Chauncey Jerome to beggary, and drove him from his princely abode to a hired cottage, the rent of which he could scarcely pay. So guilelessly honest is he by nature, that he did not save from the wreck money enough to maintain his family during the next winter. The catastrophe came upon him like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. He did not know the company was in trouble, and during all its struggles he never once saw the man who was endorsing its paper.

CHARLES GOODYEAR.

ONE day, in the year 1833, a Philadelphia merchant, who was stopping a few days in New York on business, chanced to pass the store of the Roxbury India Rubber Company, in the lower part of the city. Seeing the words *India Rubber* on the sign, reminded him of the life-preservers of that material, which had been much spoken of in the newspapers as a new article of great utility. Being a natural lover of improvements, he went into the store to examine them, and the result was that he bought one and took it home with him to Philadelphia.

The name of this inquisitive person was Charles Goodyear, of the firm of A. Goodyear and Sons, hardware merchants. Prosperous merchants they had been for several years, with a factory in Connecticut, their native State, and an extensive establishment in Philadelphia for the sale of their products; but, at this time, they were involved in debt and difficulty. Having failed in 1830, they had compromised with their creditors, and were striving bravely to extricate themselves. But all their efforts proved fruitless, and they were compelled, at length, to give up all they possessed, and withdraw from business, still burthened with heavy obligations. This calamity occurred soon after the time when Charles Goodyear made his purchase of the India Rubber life-preserver, and when he was already thinking of turning his attention to some other branch of business.

On examining his life-preserver, an improvement in the tube by which it was inflated occurred to him; and, the next time he was in New York, he showed it to the agent of the Roxbury Company, and offered to sell the improvement. The agent acknowledged the value of the idea, and proceeded to lay open to the inventor the state of the India Rubber manufacture in the

United States, and the condition of the great Roxbury Company, in order to account for the improbability of the Company's buying the tube invention.

There had been an India Rubber mania in New England, like that of petroleum during the late war; of which mania this Roxbury Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, was the most remarkable result. The first pair of India Rubber shoes ever seen in the United States were brought here, in 1820. They were gilt, and were pointed like the slippers of the Chinese mandarin. This pair, which were handed about as a curiosity, were followed, in 1823, by an importation of five hundred pairs, which, rough and ill-shaped as they were, were eagerly bought at high prices; and, from that time onward, there was a regular importation of India Rubber shoes from South America, of five thousand pairs per annum. It was the high prices which these shoes commanded, as compared with the extreme cheapness of the raw material, that caused the expectation of such enormous profits from their manufacture at home. Hence the rage of 1832 for India Rubber stocks. Hence the formation of the Roxbury Company, and the extravagant expectations of its stockholders.

The agent of that company, however, had but a sorry tale to tell Charles Goodyear in 1833. He told him that the material had presented unexpected difficulties. Shoes made in winter melted as soon as the summer came. When exposed to the cold, they grew as hard as stone; but a temperature of one hundred degrees reduced a case of shoes to a mass of gum. And, what was worse, no one could tell of the winter-made shoes, whether they would stand the summer heats or not. The Company feared to manufacture a large quantity, since the first hot week in June would melt the product of eight months' labor, as readily as a single pair of shoes. In short, the agent said, unless a way could be discovered of hardening or curing this singular substance, and that very soon, the Roxbury Company would be obliged to wind up its affairs from the exhaustion, at once, of its patience and its capital. This catastrophe, in fact, soon after happened, to the ruin of a large number of the people of Massachusetts. With it died all interest in the home manu-

facture of India Rubber, except in the mind of a single individual — Charles Goodyear.

On his return to Philadelphia he began to study and experiment with India Rubber. He bought a few pounds. He melted it, kneaded it, rolled it, read about it, talked of it with professors and physicians, pondered it by night and day. He even made a few pairs of shoes, which were very pretty to look at; but they would stick together as soon as they were brought into a warm room. He mixed magnesia, alcohol, turpentine, with the melted gum, and tried in every way he could conceive to render it a manageable substance. Still baffled, he bought a quantity of the sap as it comes from the India Rubber tree, and experimented with that. Coming to his shop one morning, an Irishman in his employ met him at the door in high spirits, saying that he had found out the great secret and beaten a Yankee, pointing to his trousers, which he had dipped into one of the barrels of sap. They were so nicely coated over with the glistening gum, that for a moment, Mr. Goodyear thought that perhaps Jerry had blundered into the secret. The man sat down to his work on the top of a cask. On attempting to rise, a few minutes after, he found himself glued to his seat, and his legs stuck tight together. He had to be cut out of his trousers, amid the laughter of the bystanders. Another time Mr. Goodyear thought he had succeeded in curing India Rubber, by mixing it with quicklime. He made some specimens of India Rubber cloth, which had an elegant appearance; but, after enjoying his triumph a few days, he found, to his dismay, that the weakest acid, such as apple-juice, orange-juice, or vinegar and water, dropped upon his cloth, dissolved it into soft gum again.

But Charles Goodyear was a man who, having undertaken a thing, could not give it up. He struggled on for five years, — in debt, with a family, and exposed to the derision or reproaches of his friends. Several times he was in the debtor's prison. He sold his effects, he pawned his trinkets, he borrowed from his acquaintances, he reduced himself and his young family to the severest straits. When he could no longer buy wood to melt his rubber with, his children used to go out into the fields and pick up sticks for the purpose. Always supposing himself

to be on the point of succeeding, he thought the quickest way to get his family out of their misery was to stick to India Rubber

In the fifth year of his investigations a glorious success rewarded him. He made one of the simplest, and yet one of the most useful, discoveries which has ever been made in the United States. It was this: Take a piece of common, sticky India Rubber, sprinkle upon it powdered sulphur, put it into an oven heated to 275 degrees, bake it a short time, and it comes out a new material, which has all the good properties of India Rubber, without that liability to harden in cold weather and dissolve in warm, which had hitherto baffled all his endeavors to turn it to useful account. It was found, by subsequent experiments, that, by varying the proportions and the heat, he could make it as soft or as hard as he chose. He could make the softest cloth or the hardest ivory. He could make it as flexible as whalebone or as rigid as flint. In short, he had produced not merely a new material, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand uses.

Overjoyed with his success, he thought his troubles were over. Never was a poor inventor more mistaken. By this time, he had utterly tired out all his friends and acquaintances. He was thought to be India Rubber mad. As soon as he opened his mouth to speak of India Rubber, his friends manifested such signs of repugnance, pity, or incredulity, that he was abashed and ashamed to continue. As to mere acquaintances, they laughed at him. One of them, being asked one day how Mr. Goodyear could be recognized in the street, replied:—

“If you see a man with an India Rubber cap, an India Rubber coat, India Rubber shoes, and an India Rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it, that is Charles Goodyear.”

He used to say, in after times, that two years passed, after he had made his discovery, before he could get one man to believe him. During that period he endured everything that a man can endure and live. Very often he knew not how to get the next loaf for his children. Very often, in the coldest day of a New England winter, he had neither food nor fire. Once he had a dead child in his house, and no means with which to

bury it. He was denounced as a man who neglected his family to pursue a ridiculous idea, which could never be of the slightest use to any one.

In New York, at length, he found a man who had faith enough in his discovery to enter into partnership with him for bringing the new material before the public. From that time his children, indeed, had enough to eat; but it was three or four years more before his patent began to bring him in any considerable return.

Any one but Charles Goodyear would then have stopped and quietly enjoyed the fruit of his labors. But *he*, we repeat, was an inventor. He saw that the application of India Rubber to the arts was still in its infancy, and he felt it a kind of religious duty to go on developing his discovery. Therefore, he never entered into the manufacture of India Rubber goods. but, selling rights to manufacture for a low per centage on the sales, he spent all the rest of his life in applying the varied forms of his material to new uses. Like all other inventors, he was tormented with litigation. His right to his discovery was unquestionable, yet men there were who infringed that right; and, though the courts sustained him, the defence of his rights cost him enormous sums.

The present condition of the India Rubber manufacture in the United States and Europe testifies to the ingenuity and devotion of this remarkable man. We are informed, by a gentleman engaged in the business, that a single firm in the city of New York sells two million dollars' worth of India Rubber belting and engine-packing every year; and this firm is only one out of forty engaged in the Rubber business in this city alone. By Goodyear's process one girl can make twenty pairs of India Rubber shoes in a day, — so easily is the material worked, — and yet the various branches of the trade give employment to fifty thousand persons in the United States.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AT HOME.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, like General Washington, married a widow and an heiress, and gained by his marriage a considerable increase to his social importance.

Mrs. Martha Skelton, the daughter of an eminent Virginia lawyer, was left a widow in her nineteenth year, and inherited from her husband considerable property. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty, both in form and face, and was a woman singularly competent both to adorn and govern a household. A little above the medium stature, she was slightly but beautifully formed; her complexion was fair; her eyes large, dark, and expressive; and her abundant hair was of the most admired tinge of auburn. Like all the ladies of her time and country, she was an accomplished rider on horseback. She also played, danced, and sung with more than usual taste and effect. At the same time, she had literary tastes, conversed well, and had a warm, affectionate disposition. Some of her household account-books, which are still in existence, show that she had a neat handwriting, and kept accounts with accuracy.

A young and beautiful widow, residing in the mansion of a wealthy father, and possessing such varied and useful accomplishments, is not likely to pine for lack of wooers. Young lovers and old frequented her father's house, and sought her hand, during the four years of her widowhood. Thomas Jefferson was one of them. He was a lawyer at that time, in large practice, who had inherited from his father an estate of nineteen hundred acres of land and about thirty negroes. When first he came to woo this lovely widow, he was twenty-eight years of age, — a tall, slender, and muscular man, of ruddy complexion, reddish gray hair, and bright gray eyes. Without being hand-

some, he was graceful and vigorous in his carriage, and there was that in his countenance which denoted an intelligent and friendly nature. Considering his wealth, his high rank in his profession, his excellent character, and his agreeable appearance, he was a match not to be despised.

Mrs. Martha Skelton was evidently of this opinion; for, among all her lovers, he was the favored swain. The story goes, that two of his rivals arrived at the same moment at the widow's house, and were shown into a room together. It happened that, at that moment, Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Skelton were singing and playing together, their voices being accompanied by her harpsichord and his violin. The song was a tender and plaintive melody, and they performed it as two lovers might be expected to execute a piece of music which enabled them to express their feelings to one another. The rivals listened for a few moments, and then retired, to return no more on the same errand. They were correct in their interpretation of the performance, and, soon after, the marriage took place.

The wedding was celebrated on the grand and liberal scale of the olden time. Two clergymen officiated. Fiddlers were sent for from afar, and the tables were spread for scores of guests. The wedding breakfast over, the happy pair, in a modest carriage driven by two horses, set out for Monticello, the husband's home. There was some snow upon the ground when they left the mansion of the bride, and, as they advanced up the slopes of the Blue Ridge, the snow rapidly increased in depth, until they were obliged to leave the carriage and proceed on horseback. At sunset they reached the seat of one of their neighbors, which was eight miles from Monticello,—the road to which was a rough mountain track, upon which the snow lay to the depth of two feet. Late at night, exhausted with their long journey, and penetrated with the cold, they reached the house, to find the fires all out, and the servants all gone to their own cabins for the night. Not a light was burning; not a spark of fire was left; not a morsel of food could be found; and not a creature was in the house. This was a sorry welcome to a bride

and bridegroom ; but they were young and merry, and made a jest of it.

Mr. Jefferson struck a light, took the horses to the stable, and duly attended to their wants, and, returning to the house, groped about again for something to eat or drink. On a shelf behind some books he was lucky enough to discover half a bottle of wine, and this was their only supper. The house to which Mr. Jefferson brought his bride was not the spacious and elegant mansion which he afterwards inhabited, and which the reader knows by the name of "Monticello." On the contrary, it was not larger nor handsomer than the porter's lodge of many modern residences. They contrived, however, to be as happy in it as any couple in Virginia.

A year after the marriage, Mrs. Jefferson's father died, leaving her forty thousand acres of land, one hundred and thirty-five slaves, and several large debts. Her husband immediately sold as much of the land and negroes as sufficed to pay the debts, and, after this reduction, his wife's fortune and his own inherited estate were about equal in value.

The life of a planter's wife in old Virginia was one of great labor and incessant anxiety. Upon her devolved much of the care of the slaves, whose ignorance made them little more competent to take care of themselves than if they had been so many children. It was the wife of the proprietor who superintended the making of the clothes of all this large family, and it was she to whom they always ran when they were in trouble, or when there was sickness in any of their cabins. It was she who administered the medicine, took care of the lying-in women, and provided garments and other necessities for the infants. She was liable to be called up in the night and to be summoned from her company by day ; so that, if she was a good and faithful woman, she was often more a slave than any slave on the estate. This was much the case with Mrs. Jefferson, and no doubt the fatigue of her position had much to do with the early failure of her health. Besides this, she had children rapidly, and her constitution was not originally strong.

Her married life, brief as it was, and checkered with many griefs, was peculiarly happy. Her husband was devoted to her,

and he was a man formed to make happy those with whom he lived. The cheerful notes of his violin, his agreeable conversation, and his winning manners, rendered the evenings at Monticello delightful indeed.

Nine years rolled away ; during which children had been born and children had died. In 1781, when Thomas Jefferson was Governor of Virginia, Lord Cornwallis and the British army, on their way to Yorktown, went ravaging through the State. One of the officers serving under Cornwallis was Colonel Tarlton,—the enterprising and dashing cavalry officer of whom we have heard so much. Tarlton had determined to capture the Governor of Virginia in his own house, and, for this purpose, despatched a troop of cavalry toward Monticello.

Mr. Jefferson had some friends to dinner that day, and, while he was at the table, he received from a trusty friend an intimation of Tarlton's design. He said nothing ; but, as soon as his guests were gone, he told his wife the news, directed her to prepare herself and her children for a journey, while he himself packed up his most important papers. When they had been thus employed for about two hours, a neighbor rode swiftly to the house with the startling intelligence that Tarlton's troopers were then ascending the mountain upon the summit of which Monticello stands. The governor hurried his wife and children into a carriage, and sent them off to the seat of a neighbor, fourteen miles distant, under the charge of a young gentleman who was studying law in his office. Then, having ordered his own horse, he resumed his packing for a few minutes, and when he had secured the most valuable papers, he left the house and proceeded to a distant spot on the estate, where he had ordered the horse to be in waiting. Ascending a high rock, from which he obtained a good view of Charlottesville, the nearest town, he saw no signs of troops, and no appearance of alarm in the streets. Thinking the alarm premature, he concluded to return to his house and complete the rescue of his papers ; but, returning to the rock, after having walked away but a few steps, he saw the town all alive with dragoons. Then he mounted his horse, and dashed away after the carriage containing his family. At the very moment when he discovered the troops at Charlottes

ville, the captain of the company sent to capture him entered the drawing-room of Monticello. If the governor had remained in his house five minutes longer than he did, he would have been taken prisoner. As it was, however, he and his family arrived safely at the neighbor's seat to which we have alluded.

The house and its contents were respected by the enemy; nothing was taken except a few bottles of wine from the cellar. When the enemy approached, two faithful slaves were hard at work secreting plate under the planks of the front portico. One of these men had the plank raised, and was handing down an article to another negro, who was under the portico, when they heard the clang of hoofs. The plank was let fall, shutting the man in a dark hole, and there he remained until the British left, a period of eighteen hours, without light or food. The other of these men was ordered to tell which way his master had fled, and was threatened with instant death unless he told.

"Fire away, then," said the slave, without retiring a step from the pistol aimed at his heart.

If the house was respected, the plantation was not. All the growing crops of corn and tobacco, all the barns and stables, all the cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, all the fences, as well as thirty slaves, were either destroyed or carried off. Nine valuable mares were driven away, and their colts killed; and the slaves were taken to a camp where the small-pox was raging, of which all but three died. In short, the whole estate, except the mansion-house, was laid waste.

These events were the immediate cause of the early death of Mrs. Jefferson. Twice during the war of the Revolution she had to fly before the approaching enemy, and on one of these occasions she had an infant two months old. Those twenty seven slaves who perished miserably by the small-pox had been the objects of her care and her affection for many years, and their terrible fate haunted her imagination continually. Her husband, too, was continually liable to capture, and, for long periods she was obliged to be separated from him, while he was concealed from the foe, or was eluding their attempts. Weak and sickly when she fled from Tarlton's troopers, her subsequent anxieties rapidly consumed her remaining strength. Of six chil-

dren, all but two died in infancy, and her grief at so many bereavements was such as mothers only know.

Early in May, 1782, she was about once more to become a mother; and all her friends looked forward to the birth of the child with apprehension. The child was born on the 8th of May, and she never recovered from her confinement. She lingered four months, during which her husband seldom left her side, sat up with her part of every night, and administered her medicines and drink to the last moment. One of her children has given a most affecting account of her last moments, and of Jefferson's grief at her death.

"For four months," she says, "he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside, he was writing in a small room which opened close at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility by his sister, who, with great difficulty, got him into his library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he never would revive. The scene that followed I did not witness; but the violence of his emotion, when almost by stealth I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly, night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In these melancholy rambles I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a violent burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes beyond the power of time to obliterate."

Nor was his grief of short duration. After his own death, which occurred forty-four years later, in the most secret drawer of his cabinet were found locks of hair and other relics of his wife and of his lost children, with fond words upon the envelopes in his own handwriting. These mementos of the past

were all arranged in perfect order, and the envelopes showed that they had been frequently handled.

The death of his wife changed his plans for the future. It had been his intention to retire from public life, and to pass his existence in the bosom of his family, employed in literary and scientific labors. His wife's death destroyed this dream, and when, soon after, he was appointed minister to France, an appointment which he had twice before declined, he was willing enough to accept it, and change the scene.

To have been so loved by one of the best and greatest and purest of human beings, is Mrs. Jefferson's best title to the esteem of posterity. Few particulars of her life have been preserved; but we have abundant proofs of this: THOMAS JEFFERSON LOVED HER.

On the plain slab of white marble which covers her remains, in the burial-place of Monticello, her husband caused to be placed the following inscription:—

. "TO THE MEMORY OF
MARTHA JEFFERSON,
DAUGHTER OF JOHN WAYLES;
BORN OCTOBER THE 19TH, 1748, O. S.
INTERMARRIED WITH
THOMAS JEFFERSON
JANUARY THE 1ST, 1772;
TORN FROM HIM BY DEATH
SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1782:
THIS MONUMENT OF HIS LOVE IS INSCRIBED."

To this were added two lines from Homer's Iliad, which Pope thus translates:—

"If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecayed
Burn on through death, and animate my shade."

A grand-daughter of Mrs. Jefferson is still residing in Philadelphia. She is the wife of the Hon. Nicholas P. Trist, a gentleman well known in the diplomatic history of the country. Monticello, that beautiful mansion amid the mountains of the Blue Ridge, that was once adorned by the presence of this

estimable woman, is fast going to decay, and parts of it are already much dilapidated. The present occupant charges visitors twenty cents for admission to the premises, and those visitors have been so numerous and ill-bred that the granite slab of Jefferson's tomb, which was placed over his remains when he was buried, has been all broken off and carried away. Considerable progress, I hear, has been made in the destruction of the stone which took its place. The graveyard is totally uncared for, and the whole scene is a disgrace to the country which Jefferson served and honored. Let us hope that, before it is too late, measures will be taken to restore and preserve so interesting an abode.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—NEW LIGHT.

Who would have thought of looking into the autobiography of Mrs. Sigourney for information respecting Benedict Arnold? These two names represent the extremes of human nature; for Mrs. Sigourney was one of the best of women, and Arnold was one of the worst of men. Nevertheless, the two names will henceforth be often printed in the same sentence, and mentioned in the same breath.

One hundred years ago, in the town of Norwich, Connecticut, there lived a certain Daniel Lathrop, physician and druggist. His business was so flourishing and extensive as to require the services of several clerks and apprentices, who, according to the custom of the time, lived in the family of their employer. One of his apprentices was a poor widow's son, named Benedict Arnold, and another was Ezekiel Huntley, who became, in due time, the father of Lydia Huntley, afterwards Mrs. Sigourney. It is in this way that the name of the gentle poetess is associated with that of the fierce, malignant traitor. Having been in the habit of hearing her father talk of Arnold, and having herself, during her childhood and youth, resided in the old Lathrop mansion with Mrs. Lathrop, she naturally records what she was accustomed to hear of him. Her father had in his possession several of Arnold's school-books, of which she particularly remembered a Dilworth's Grammar and an Arithmetic, which were disfigured in many places by the name of Benedict Arnold, scrawled carelessly through the middle of valuable pages. Sometimes, she says, the names were accompanied by boyish drawings, of an extremely hideous character; and she truly remarks, that, in that frugal and well-disciplined age, it must have required some audacity thus to misuse highly valuable

property, and which, indeed, had an almost sacred character in New England.

The family of Dr. Daniel Lathrop was among the most respectable in Connecticut. The doctor himself had been regularly educated as a physician; but, owing to a distaste for the practice of his profession, which he could never overcome, he established himself in the drug business, in which he acquired a very large estate. He was noted in Norwich for the interest which he took in the welfare of his clerks and apprentices. He made it his business to see that the younger ones attended school a part of the winter, and that they learned their lessons properly. He watched over their morals, and inculcated virtue both by precept and example. He used to say in after years, and so did his wife, that, of all the apprentices they had ever had in their family, there was not one with whom they had taken more pains than Benedict Arnold. He was a widow's son, and he came to them at a younger age than was usual, and both these circumstances conspired to increase their tenderness for him. They cared for him, indeed, as if he had been their own son. In common with all the members of the family, he enjoyed the freedom and comfort of a spacious and elegant house, — one of the best in that part of Connecticut. The gardens of the house were remarkably extensive and well kept. Orphan as he was, there was probably not a boy in Connecticut more advantageously situated than Benedict Arnold.

He was no common boy. The most striking trait of his character was fearlessness. He would place himself in situations of extreme peril, for no other motive than to terrify his elders, or to "show off" his courage. In those simple old days, apprentices used to perform many services of a household character, such as bringing in wood and water, taking care of the family horse, blacking the master's Sunday boots, and going to mill. It was often the duty of the boy Arnold to carry bags of Indian corn to a mill, two miles from home, himself riding upon the bags that were thrown over the horse's back. While he was waiting for his grist, it was his delight to astonish the miller with his wild, daring tricks. As he was bathing in the mill-stream, he would seize hold of one of the spokes of the

great water-wheel, and go around with it, now dangling in the air, now buried in the foaming water, while the miller stood horror-stricken at his recklessness. He was a most daring and headlong rider. Horses that he was accustomed to ride were observed to fall into bad habits, such as kicking, starting, and running away.

Another marked characteristic was cruelty. He was barbarous, Mrs. Sigourney reports, to every form of animal life. Dogs slunk out of his way when they saw him coming, and cats came to an untimely end where he resided. He was cruel to insects and birds. He took a devilish pleasure, as it seemed, in breaking the eggs in the nests of birds, and in observing the dismay of the mother. Mrs. Lathrop used to remonstrate with him. She told him that the bereaved birds seemed to say, "*Cruel Benedict Arnold!*" at which the little monster would turn away and chuckle.

Mrs. Sigourney does not confirm the tradition that he ran away from his master, enlisted in the army during the Seven Years' War, and deserted. We are left to infer that he learned his business at Norwich, and, in due time, set up for himself at New Haven, where he had a somewhat extensive drug-store, and carried on a trade with the West Indies in vessels of his own. The signboard that used to be over his drug-store is still preserved in New Haven.

At the first tap of the drum in the war of the Revolution, he marched the company of militia of which he was captain to the rendezvous near Boston, and Connecticut saw him no more till a certain day in the autumn of 1781, when he returned in command of a body of British troops to ravage the State that gave him birth. The people of Norwich, Mrs. Sigourney tells us, were alarmed one night at seeing the southern sky illumined as by a conflagration, while the low thunder of a distant cannonade was borne to them on the southern breeze. The minute-men rushed to the mustering place; horses were saddled, and vehicles made ready; and, in a few minutes, the whole population capable of bearing arms were hastening to the scene of danger. The foremost horseman soon passed the word from front to rear that New London, the finest seaport town in the

State, fourteen miles south of Norwich, had been fired by the enemy. The men of Norwich pressed on with such rapidity, that in three hours from the first alarm many of them stood among the smoking ruins of the town. The town was destroyed; the inhabitants, in the chill of an autumn night, were houseless; and the brutal foe had fled beyond the reach of vengeance.

Who had done this infernal deed? Benedict Arnold! Men who had known him in other days as an enterprising trader recognized him as he sat upon his horse, calmly surveying the progress of the flames. He had the effrontery to enter a house, where often he had been honorably entertained as a guest, and there satisfy his hunger from the plunder of the pantry; and when he had finished his repast he ordered the house to be fired. He is said to have expressed his regret that he could not go as far as Norwich, and burn the very house in which he was born.

To the destruction by the fire were added the horrors of massacre. On the other side of the river Thames was Fort Griswold, which Arnold carried by assault after a desperate resistance on the part of the garrison. The massacre was continued after the garrison had surrendered, and the ground was heaped high with dead, both British and American. Wives and mothers hurried over from New London, and were seen searching among the dead and wounded for sons and husbands. Here was a wife watching for the last breath of an expiring husband, and there a mother shrieking over the just discovered body of her dead boy. It was a time of such varied and intense horror that no words can ever describe it, and the very tradition of it in New London among the old families has something of the vividness of recent news. Many families lost all they possessed in the conflagration of the town; and in the massacre at the fort fell those who could have repaired the loss. Who can realize the bitterness of the reflection at the time, that all this was the work of a man who was a native of the soil? Who can wonder that the name of Benedict Arnold should be so deeply and universally odious?

SAMUEL ADAMS.

WHEN John Adams arrived in France, about the middle of the American Revolution, he heard every one asking, and he was sometimes asked himself: —

"Is it the *famous* Adams?"

He always replied: —

"No; it is not the famous Adams."

The polite Frenchmen, however, insisted that he was too modest, and that he *was* the famous Adams. The Frenchmen were wrong. In the year 1777, John Adams was an unknown man in Europe, while Samuel Adams had received the distinction of being publicly exempted from pardon by the British king, when pardon had been offered to all the revolutionists excepting himself and John Hancock. In America, too, at that time, he was much more universally known, and a much more powerful person, than his second cousin, who was afterwards President of the United States. At the present day, however, while almost every one knows something of John Adams, comparatively few are acquainted with the far superior merits and infinitely greater services of Samuel. Indeed, among the other services which Samuel Adams rendered his country, one was his introduction to the public service of his kinsman, John.

Samuel Adams, born September 15th, 1722, was the son of Captain Samuel Adams, a Boston brewer, who was a wise man and a good citizen. Having been enriched by his trade, Captain Adams was enabled to give his son the best education which the colony afforded. At that time, in Massachusetts, when a man sent his son to college, he generally did so with a view to his entering the ministry; and this was the case with the father of

Samuel Adams. But the youth having been drawn away from theology by the superior charms of politics, he disappointed his father, and chose another career.

While he was in college the events occurred which first drew his attention to the great loss and inconvenience which the American colonies suffered from their connection with Great Britain.

When he graduated, the subject which he chose for his oration was : —

"Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?"

He maintained that it was lawful, and he enforced his opinion with something of the boldness of later years. Upon leaving college, he entered the counting-house of a merchant; but it soon appeared that he had no talent for business, and he was continually drawn away from his desk by the keen taste he already had for political discussion. Consequently, he soon abandoned the pursuit chosen for him, and his father lent him a thousand pounds to set up in business for himself. He was as unfortunate in promoting his own fortunes as he had been inefficient in the affairs of another. He trusted a friend to the value of one-half his capital, and this friend, soon after, meeting with misfortunes, he never demanded the debt. Other losses followed, which left him penniless. He now joined his father in the management of the brewery, and he remained thenceforth a brewer as long as he had any business at all. The great occupation of this man's life was politics, and he devoted himself to the affairs of the public with far more zeal and energy than men usually infuse into their own business. We have never had in America a more consistent and hearty republican than he.

"He that despises his neighbor's happiness," wrote he, at the age of twenty-six, "because he wears a worsted cap or leathern apron, — he that struts immeasurably above the lower size of people, and pretends to adjust the rights of men by the distinctions of fortune, is not over-loyal."

From this remark, the reader can judge something of the spirit of the man, and in that spirit he lived and labored from

his twenty-first to his eighty-second year. After holding such small offices as selectman, school-visitor, and tax-gatherer, we find him elected a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, to which body he was annually re-elected, from 1765 to the period of the Revolution. It is difficult, in the compass of a single article, to convey to the reader's mind any adequate idea of the services rendered by this man in preparing the way for a successful resistance to the tyranny of the English king. We may approximate the truth, perhaps, by saying that he was to the independence of his country what Wendell Phillips has been, in these recent years, to the abolition of slavery.

Adams, however, was not an orator only. The weapon which he wielded with most vigor and success was the pen. Every measure of aggression elicited a vigorous remonstrance in the public press from his indefatigable hand. He wrote so much in the newspapers, during the fifteen years preceding the Revolution, that his collected works would fill many large volumes, and his biographer gives us a list of no less than twenty-five names employed by him to conceal the authorship of his productions. He not only wrote himself, but whenever he noticed a young man of spirit and talent, he sought him out, infused into him his own fire, and urged him to use his talents in forming public opinion against the aggressions of the king. Three of his pupils are still illustrious in the memory of their countrymen, — John Adams, John Hancock, and Samuel Warren. Whoever faltered, this man never did. He said once, at a period of reaction, when he was censured for his persistency in the cause:—

“I am in fashion and out of fashion, as the whim goes. I will stand alone. I will oppose this tyranny at the threshold, though the fabric of liberty fall, and I perish in its ruins!”

On that memorable occasion, in 1770, when the people of Boston solemnly determined that the two regiments of British troops should be removed from the town, Samuel Adams was their spokesman. The acting governor of the colony was in the Council Chamber with twenty-eight Councillors, the Senate of the Colony, seated at the board. By the side of the governor was the lieutenant-colonel in command of the royal troops.

Into this room came Samuel Adams, at the head of a committee of the people of Boston, who communicated to the governor the unchangeable resolution of the citizens, that the troops must be withdrawn.

"Nothing," said he to the governor, "will satisfy the people but the total and immediate removal of the troops."

The governor intimated that one regiment was to be removed, and then said, in a whining tone:—

"The troops are not subject to my authority. I have no power to remove them."

Then Samuel Adams, with fire flashing from his eyes, stretched forth his arm and said, as he gazed into the governor's face:—

"If you have the power to remove one regiment, you have the power to remove both. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They have become impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. Both regiments or none."

The hireling tyrant cowered before the honest, indignant citizen. Samuel Adams said afterwards: "If fancy deceived me not, I observed his knees to tremble. I thought I saw his face grow pale (and I enjoyed the sight) at the appearance of the determined citizens, peremptorily demanding the redress of grievances." He had the pleasure of returning to the meeting, and informing his fellow-citizens that the troops should be removed from their town on the following day. Samuel Adams was the man who, more than any other, induced America to refrain from importing or using British goods until the Stamp Act was repealed. He was the man chiefly instrumental in causing the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor. Above all, he was the originator of the Congress of the Colonies, which met at Philadelphia. It was he also who, more than any other man in Massachusetts, created the public opinion which sustained these measures. As the late Edward Everett once remarked:—

"The throne of his ascendancy was in Faneuil Hall. As

each new measure of arbitrary power was announced from across the Atlantic, or each new act of menace and violence on the part of the officers of the government, or of the army, occurred in Boston, its citizens — oftentimes in astonishment and perplexity — rallied to the sound of his voice in Faneuil Hall; and there, as from the crowded gallery or the Moderator's chair, he animated, enlightened, fortified, and roused the admiring throng, he seemed to gather them together beneath the ægis of his indomitable spirit, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

"Why," asked one of the English Tories of the tory governor of Massachusetts, — "why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?"

To which the governor replied: —

"Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never would be conciliated by any office whatever."

This was indeed the truth. His daughter, who long survived him, and with whom living persons have conversed, used to say that her father once refused a pension from the British government of two thousand pounds a year. Once, when a secret messenger from General Gage threatened him with a trial for treason if he persisted in his opposition to the government, and promised him honors and wealth if he would desist, Adams rose to his feet, and gave him this answer: —

"Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

At that time the whole property of this illustrious patriot was the house in which he lived, and a little land about it, and his whole income was ninety pounds a year, which was the amount of his salary as clerk to the Assembly.

When he had wrought up the people to the point of sending representatives to a general congress, he himself was one of its members, and he continued to serve his country during the Revolution with all the zeal and energy which had marked his conduct in his native State. When the war was done, and his

country was free, he went home to Boston and had not a place to lay his head. His house had been ravaged and plundered by the British troops, and it was with very great difficulty that he gathered together the requisite articles of household furniture. Sometime after, however, the premature death of his son, Dr. Adams, put him in possession of a competent estate.

During the last years of his life, when the conflict raged between the Federalists and Republicans, he espoused the Republican side, which exposed him to so much obloquy, that it was with great difficulty that he was elected to so unimportant an office as lieutenant-governor of the State. Finally, he was elected to the governorship, and even received a few votes in 1796 for the presidency. When Mr. Jefferson came into power, in 1801, that great man wrote a most beautiful and touching letter to the Republican patriarch, recognizing his great services, and assuring him that the chief of the Democratic party was fully alive to their value.

He died in October, 1803, aged eighty-two years. Party spirit ran so high in Boston at that time, and the Republicans were so odious, that it was with considerable difficulty that his friends could induce the authorities of the State to pay to his remains the funeral honors usually accorded to those who have held high office. Boston, a city which many persons suppose to be dangerously infected with what are called "radical ideas," is, in reality, one of the most "conservative" communities in the world. In fact, all *communities* are conservative. It is only individuals who are radical, although sometimes, for short periods, great men of that stamp rule the communities to which they belong, and in which they are generally hated or feared.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

THE first time I ever saw the late Lieutenant-General Scott, he was fifty years of age, and I was fourteen. He lived then at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he had a large, old, and dilapidated mansion, that stood in the midst of grounds worse kept than any others in the neighborhood. The general was seldom at home in those days, and, during his long absences, there was nobody in the house except the family in charge.

At that time, too, General Scott had little more than his pay and allowances as a major-general, and his family was an expensive one. Moreover, a general on distant service, or in active campaigning, has to maintain two establishments, both of which should be upon a scale of some liberality. His family have to be maintained at home, and his own tent in the field ought to be the scene of frequent hospitality. Some of our generals, during the late war, were compelled sometimes to keep up three establishments, — one at home, one in the field, and one at the head-quarters of their departments. This was frequently the case with General B. F. Butler, who spent, during the five years he was in the service, a little more than three times as much as he received. General Scott, for many years of his life, was constantly pinched to make his six thousand dollars a year last till the year was at an end, and hence the forlorn appearance of his house and grounds.

But his own appearance was most strikingly superb thirty years ago. I saw him as he was stepping on board a steamboat at Elizabethport, in undress uniform, with a magnificent blue cloak upon his shoulders, lined with red. His height, as I afterwards heard him say, was six feet four inches, and his form was finely developed, erect, and symmetrical. His dark hair

had not yet begun to turn gray. Take him for all in all, he was the most imposing person, at first sight, that I have ever beheld. As he walked down the plank of the steamboat, with his martial cloak around him, followed by a colored servant carrying a portmanteau, and saluted by every one whom he passed, the school-boy was thrilled and overwhelmed by the gorgeous apparition. There was something even about the portmanteau that was distinguished, and the black man who was carrying it was an object of interest, if not of veneration, to the assembled youth upon the wharf.

When next I saw General Scott, his head was white with the snows of seventy winters, and his giant form had lost much of its spring, though nothing of its erectness and majesty. It was in New York that I saw him, at his head-quarters in Twelfth Street; for the enmity and vituperation of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, had induced him (as I always supposed) to transfer his official residence from Washington to New York. I was preparing then to write the life of Aaron Burr, and hearing that the general had known him, I called for the purpose of getting information.

His office was the back parlor of a private house, and visitors were shown into the front parlor; but as the door between was open, they could hear and see the general as he sat at his desk transacting the business of the little army of which he was the chief. Two or three aides-de-camp were lounging about, and occasionally assisting the general.

During the half hour that I had to wait, after sending in my card and letter of introduction, the only business of the commander-in-chief seemed to be the reading of requests for leaves of absence, and other letters respecting trifling details of army business. I remember thinking that a major-general mounted upon a fine bay charger, with a plume in his hat, was a much more picturesque and interesting object than a major-general seated at a desk in a back office, considering whether Lieutenant Jones ought, or ought not, to be allowed a leave of thirty days to attend his sister's wedding.

If the business was petty, it was soon over for the day, and I was admitted. There is an impression that General Scott

was haughty in his manner, and difficult of access. I did not find him so, either on this or any other occasion. His manners, on the contrary, were easy and quiet, and he was evidently desirous of obliging me. After reflecting a moment, he began in this manner : —

"I saw Aaron Burr four times in his life. The first time was just fifty years ago, at Richmond, on the day he first came into court on his trial for treason."

He then proceeded to give a minute and most interesting account of the scene and the man. Very much of that curious information respecting the lawyers, the judges, the court room, Burr's demeanor, and the scenes out of doors, given in my life of Aaron Burr (vol. ii., chap. xv.), was derived from the lips of General Scott. I never knew such a memory as his. He related those events of half a century ago with an exactness and fulness of detail that could not have been surpassed if they had occurred a week before. Afterwards, at Richmond, I had an opportunity of learning how correctly he had sketched the characters of the great lawyers and judges employed in the case, from Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, to lame "Jack Baker," the jester of the bar.

General Scott, among other things, set at rest the much-disputed question as to whether General Andrew Jackson remained Burr's friend after his arrest for treason. General Scott told me that he heard Jackson haranguing a crowd from the steps of a grocery store in Richmond, denouncing President Jefferson as Burr's *persecutor*, and defending Burr as the victim of political conspiracy. Jackson was exceedingly violent, both in his language and manner, — so much so that young Scott asked who it was. He was told that it was a "great black-guard from Tennessee, one Andrew Jackson."

General Jackson, I may add, never believed that Aaron Burr was a traitor; and when he was president he gave some very lucrative offices to Burr's friends, and secretly aided the late Samuel Houston, of Texas, to do part of what Burr meant to do. Burr's great object was to extirpate the Spanish power in North America, and he intended to begin by seizing Texas, which was then a Spanish province. From Texas he intended

to march upon Mexico, of which country he designed to make himself emperor, and reign over all the Spanish provinces to the Isthmus of Darien.

General Scott proceeded to relate the circumstances in which he next saw Aaron Burr. He said that during the war of 1812, after he had recovered from his wound received on the frontier, he lived for a short time at Albany, where he was much fêted by the leading inhabitants, and by none more cordially than by Martin Van Buren, then a lawyer in large practice. One morning a packet arrived from Washington, which proved to contain the young soldier's commission as brigadier-general. Full of joy at his promotion, he mentioned the fact to Mr. Van Buren, whom he chanced to meet. Mr. Van Buren congratulated him warmly, and added:—

"But, general, we must celebrate this happy event. Come to my house this evening; I'll invite a few friends, and we'll take a glass of wine and a few oysters together."

The new general accepted the invitation. But, suddenly, a thought seemed to occur to the cautious lawyer,—cautious for his friends as well as for himself,—and he appeared embarrassed.

"General," said he, "I forgot something which I ought to have mentioned before asking you to my house. Colonel Burr is stopping with me for a few days. Have you any objection to meet him?"

To which General Scott replied:—

"*Any* gentleman, Mr. Van Buren, whom you think proper to present me to, I shall be happy to know."

Colonel Burr, the reader is probably aware, had recently returned from Europe, where he had lived four years, and he was almost universally regarded by the public as a traitor who had escaped the penalty of treason only by the craft of his lawyers. Almost all his old friends had cut him, and the administration, under President Madison, who had just promoted General Scott, was supposed to be particularly hostile to him. Hence the hesitation of Mr. Van Buren about bringing together the young soldier and the old.

The evening came. The company consisted of four persons,

one of whom was the concise, polite, and courtly Burr. General Scott remembered him well, but forbore to make the most distant allusion to the trial at Richmond.

"Why," said the general to me, "I was so careful not to say anything that could excite painful recollections, that I actually checked myself as I was about to pronounce the word Virginia."

All at once, Colonel Burr, who was the general's partner at whist, fixed his piercing eyes upon his face, and said, in a perfectly nonchalant tone:—

"General Scott, I have seen you before."

The general blushed, and stammered out:—

"Have you, colonel? And where was it?"

Burr replied, in the most ordinary tone of conversation, as he put down a card:—

"At Richmond, in the court-room, at my trial. You stood on the lock of the door above the crowd; I noticed you at the time; it was on the first day."

All of which was true. The room being densely crowded, the young man had got up upon the massive lock, and, being so remarkably tall, he had caught the prisoner's eye. The general said that Burr's careless tone completely relieved him from his embarrassment, and they had a long and pleasant talk about Richmond and the Richmond people, the trial and its remarkable incidents,—Burr speaking precisely as though he had been a disinterested spectator. The party sat late, and had a very delightful evening. Colonel Burr made one remark on this occasion which General Scott long had occasion to remember. I forget the words employed, but they were something like these:—

"There is a man in Tennessee," said Burr, "to whom Jimmy Madison will not give a commission because he is a friend of mine; but he is equal to any service. I mean Andrew Jackson. If they give *him* a commission, things will go better in the western country."

I need not say that Jimmy Madison *did* give Andrew Jackson a commission, and that things *did* go better in the western country in consequence.

Speaking of Martin Van Buren, for whom General Scott had

a great regard, he alluded to the popular tradition that the ex-president was the son of Aaron Burr. He gave a decided denial to this scandal, and adduced convincing reasons for rejecting it.

The other two occasions upon which General Scott saw Aaron Burr were mere chance meetings in the street. The general remarked Burr's habit of glancing sideways at an approaching acquaintance to ascertain in time whether he meant to cut him; and if he did, Burr would prevent the slight by looking away.

General Scott's memory was full to overflowing of interesting recollections of the men and events of the past. If he could have written these recollections as well as he related them in conversation, his autobiography would have been one of the most interesting of books, instead of being one of the dullest ever published. In fact, I find that most persons, when they write, leave out the things that people most care to know.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

It is a question with English teachers, whether school-boys ought or ought not to be permitted to settle their quarrels by a fair fight with fists. In the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and others, fighting is tacitly allowed; but in the smaller schools, especially those under the charge of dissenters, it is forbidden.

It is surprising that, in the course of this controversy, no one has brought forward the fact, that the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton dates from a fight which he had with one of his school-fellows when he was thirteen years of age. At that time, according to his own confession, he was very idle at school, and stood last in the lowest class but one. One morning, as he was going to school, the boy who was first in the same class kicked him in the stomach with so much violence as to cause him severe pain during the day. When the school was dismissed, he challenged the boy to fight him. The challenge being accepted, a ring was formed in the church-yard, the usual place of combat, and the fight begun. Newton, a weakly boy from his birth, was inferior to his antagonist in size and strength; but, smarting under a sense of the indignity he had received, he fought with so much spirit and resolution as to compel his adversary to cry, Enough. The school-master's son, who had been clapping one of them on the back and winking at the other, to urge on the contest, and who acted as a kind of umpire, informed the victor that it was necessary to crown his triumph by rubbing the other boy's nose against the wall. Little Newton seized him by the ears, thrust his face against the rough side of the church, and walked home exulting in his victory.

The next morning, however, he had again the mortification

of seeing his enemy at the head of the class, while he occupied his usual place at the foot. He began to reflect. Could he regard himself in the light of a victor while his foe lorded it over him in the school-room? The applauding shouts of his school-fellows had been grateful to his ears, but his enemy enjoyed the approval of the teacher. The laurels of the play-ground seemed to fade in comparison with the nobler triumphs of the mind. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to conquer his adversary again by getting to the head of his class. From that time he became as studious as he had before been idle, and soon attained the second place. A long and severe struggle ensued between him and his adversary for the first, in the course of which each triumphed in turn; but, at length, Isaac Newton remained permanently at the head. He never relapsed into idleness. He was a student thenceforth to the end of his life of nearly eighty-five years.

We do not offer this as an argument in favor of school-boy fighting. On the contrary, we think boys can arrange their little disputes in a better way than by pommelling one another with their fists, and rubbing one another's noses against a stone wall. We relate the incident merely because it started this great man in his career as a student; because it woke his dormant intellect, which never went to sleep again.

They still show, in a lovely vale of Lincolnshire, the small, stone, two-storied, peak-roofed manor house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born. A marble tablet has been affixed to the wall of one of the rooms, bearing this inscription: —

"Sir Isaac Newton, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolstrophe, was born in this room on the 25th of December, 1642."

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

The sun-dial made by him when he was a boy is still legible on the side of the house where he placed it two hundred years ago. The book-shelves made by him out of some packing-boxes are also preserved in the room in which he conned his lessons.

The school where the fight occurred, and the church against which he rubbed his antagonist's face, both exist, and the school is even more flourishing and important now than it was then. The English people have always had a way of making things, — not for a day, but for a very long time.

John Newton, the father of the philosopher, was a gentleman who possessed two small farms, the united revenue of which was about eighty pounds sterling per annum, — equal to four hundred dollars. But, at that day, eighty pounds would buy as much as four times that sum will at present. He died at the age of thirty-seven, a few months after his marriage, and a few months before the birth of his illustrious son. The infant, fatherless before its birth, and born prematurely, was of so diminutive a size, and so extremely feeble, that no one expected it to survive the first day of its life. So was it with Voltaire, Beecher, and many other distinguished persons who lived active lives and attained a great age.

Of the mother of Newton we have a curious anecdote, which shows, at least, that she was a woman of good repute in her parish. One Mr. Smith, a clergyman of the neighborhood, who had a good estate, having attained middle age, and being still a bachelor, one of his parishioners advised him to marry. He replied that he did not know where to get a good wife.

"The widow Newton," said his friend, "is an extraordinary good woman."

"But," said the clergyman, "how do I know she will have me? and I don't care to ask and be denied. But if you will go and ask her, I'll pay you for your day's work."

The gentleman having performed his errand, Mrs. Newton answered that she would be guided in the affair by the advice of her brother. Upon receiving this answer, the clergyman despatched him to the brother, with whom the marriage was arranged. Mrs. Newton, however, insisted upon one point, that one of her farms should be settled upon her son, then four years old; and this was done. Soon after the marriage, Isaac was consigned to the care of one of his aunts, with whom he resided until his fifteenth year, when the death of our wary clergyman united him once more to his mother, and they resided again in the manor-house.

From childhood Newton exhibited a remarkable talent for mechanics. His favorite playthings were little saws, hammers, chisels, and hatchets, with which he made many curious and ingenious machines. There was a windmill in course of erection near his home. He watched the workmen with the greatest interest, and constructed a small model of the mill, which, one of his friends said, was "as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original." He was dissatisfied, however, with his mill, because it would not work when there was no wind; and, therefore, he added to it a contrivance by which it could be kept in motion by a mouse. He made a water-clock, the motive power of which was the dropping of water upon a wheel. Every morning, on getting out of bed, the boy wound up his clock by supplying it with the water requisite to keep it running for twenty-four hours. The clock answered its purpose so well that the family habitually repaired to it to ascertain the time. The principal defect of it was that the small aperture through which the water dropped was liable to become clogged by the impurities of the fluid. He constructed also a four-wheeled carriage, propelled by the person sitting in it. To amuse his school-fellows, he made very ingenious kites, to the tails of which he attached lanterns of crimped paper, which, being lighted by a candle and sent up in the evening, alarmed the rustics of the parish. Observing the shadows of the sun, he marked the hours and half-hours by driving in pegs on the side of the house, and, at length, perfected the sun-dial which is still shown. Without an instructor, he learned to draw so well as to adorn his room with portraits of his school-fellows and teachers, the frames of which were very elegantly made by his own hand. Besides these, he drew with charcoal, on the wall of his bedroom, many excellent pictures of ships, birds, beasts, and men, which were shown in good preservation when he was an old man. For the young ladies of his acquaintance he was never weary of making little tables, chairs, cupboards, dolls, and trinkets.

At fifteen, his mother, being again a widow, with three children by her second marriage to maintain, Isaac was taken from school to assist her in the management of her farm. But nature

claimed him for higher work. He could not be a farmer. Being sent to market, once a week, with an aged and faithful servant, no sooner were the horses put into the stable than he would shut himself up in a garret with his books, till the produce was sold and it was time to return. In summer, he would choose a shady nook on the road-side, out of town, and there await the return of the wagon. If he was sent to the fields to watch the sheep and cattle, he would be found, hours after, perched in a tree, absorbed in a book, or on the banks of a stream, eagerly watching the operation of a water-wheel; while the cattle, perhaps, were rioting in a corn-field, and the sheep were wandering down the road. On the day of Cromwell's death, when Newton was sixteen, a great storm raged all over England. He used to say, in his old age, that on that day he made his first purely scientific experiment. To ascertain the force of the wind, he first jumped with the wind and then against it; and, by comparing these distances with the extent of his own jump on a calm day, he was enabled to compute the force of the storm. When the wind blew, thereafter, he used to say it was so many feet strong.

Fortunately, his mother did not seriously need his services. She discovered, ere long, that her son was not formed by nature for the labors of a grazing farm, and she sent him back to school, with some view of his ultimately going to the university. At school he gave himself wholly up to study. A clergyman of the neighborhood, an uncle of the lad, having discovered him one day under a hedge, absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem, strongly advised his mother to give him a university education; and accordingly, in due time, he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. His mother was unable to defray the whole expense of his residence there. He was therefore entered as a "sizar," — a class of students who, by performing various menial services for their college, are enabled to earn part of the college fees. The sizars bring from the college kitchen or store-room, the "size," or allowance of food, which the other students are allowed to consume in their own apartments. The service, however, is little more than nominal, and does not interfere with their studies: the only in-

convenience attached to a sizarship is that it reduces a student to a lower social caste, and subjects him to the slights of the more vulgar of his comrades.

He was twenty when he entered college. On the day of his leaving school, his venerable teacher placed him on the platform, and with tears in his eyes pronounced a speech in his honor, holding him up to the assembled pupils as a worthy object of their love and imitation.

He had been a gentle, affectionate, ingenious, and thoughtful boy, honored by his instructors, beloved by his companions. Gentle as he was, we have seen he had the spirit to resent and the courage to punish an outrage, with nobleness enough not to content himself with a mere triumph of animal strength.

At twenty years of age, when Newton entered the University of Cambridge, he was a blooming, handsome young man, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, but not averse to innocent gayety. A game at cards, a moderate repast at the tavern, a ramble in the country, were the recreations in which he indulged. At first, too, his studies were little more than amusements, and he appears to have pursued his own course, untrammelled by college regulations. He had so remarkable a talent for mathematics, that Euclid's Geometry seemed to him "a trifling book," and he wondered that any man should have taken the trouble to demonstrate propositions the truth of which was obvious to him at the first glance. But, on attempting to read the more abstruse Geometry of Descartes, without having mastered the elements of the science, he was baffled, and was glad to come back again to his Euclid. Mathematics and chemistry were his favorite studies. As his works were written in the Latin language, he must have devoted much time to the study of it; but there is no reason to suppose that he relished the beauties of ancient literature. He probably regarded Latin merely as the means by which science could be conveniently communicated to the learned men of Europe; for, at that time, all science was written in Latin.

He became more and more absorbed in study. A friend discovered him one day walking in the college grounds, solitary and dejected. Upon entering into conversation with him, he

learned that Newton was in trouble from the same cause as himself, — the riotous conduct of his room-mate. They agreed to discard their noisy companions and take rooms together. This friend records that, early in his college career, Newton would spend a whole night in the solution of a mathematical problem, and would greet him in the morning with a joyful salutation, seeming to be as much refreshed by his success as if he had spent the night in sleep. He would leave his dinner untasted on the table, hour after hour, while he brooded over some mathematical difficulty, and, at length, order the dishes to be removed, not being aware that he had had no dinner. Nature will not suspend her laws even in favor of her most illustrious interpreter. The bloom faded from his cheeks. His digestion became impaired, and a serious illness threatened his life. He took warning, as he remarked, and "learned to go to bed betimes."

The most glorious fact in the history of the University of Cambridge is, that she cherished this greatest of her students, and gave him the means of dedicating his life to study. First a scholarship, then a minor-fellowship, next a fellowship, aided his slender resources; until, in his twenty-seventh year, we see him permanently established at the university as a professor of mathematics. His duties were not arduous. He lectured, now and then, to the few students who chose to hear him; and it is recorded that very frequently he came to the lecture-room and found it empty. On such occasions he would remain fifteen minutes, and then, if no one came, return to his apartments. This is similar to the experience of Edmund Burke, one of the greatest orators of modern times, who sometimes fatigued and emptied the House of Commons.

Young men, it has been often remarked, do the greatest things. Newton was but twenty-three when he made his greatest discovery.

In the autumn of 1665, the college having been dismissed on account of the prevalence of the plague, he spent several weeks at home. Seated in his mother's orchard, one day, while the ripe fruit was falling from the trees, he fell into one of his profound meditations upon the nature of the force that caused

the apples to fall. To understand the course of his reflections and the nature of their result, it is necessary to know how far the science of astronomy had advanced before that memorable afternoon.

Until about the time of the discovery of America all mankind supposed, of course, that the sun moved round the earth. Copernicus, one of the greatest men that ever lived, discovered and proved, after thirty-six years of study, that the earth revolved round the sun, — a startling and splendid discovery, upon which all subsequent astronomy was founded. A century later, the illustrious Kepler demonstrated that the planets revolved round the sun, — not in circular, but in elliptical courses; and Galileo, who was the first to use the telescope in surveying the heavens, discovered that Jupiter and other planets had moons. Galileo also discovered the speed of falling bodies, and the precise ratio of their acceleration; how many feet they fall the first second, and how many the second, etc. He likewise made valuable discoveries respecting the law of attraction, — that force which causes large bodies to attract small ones, and which binds particles of matter together.

Bearing these things in mind, we shall know what Newton meant when, with his noble modesty, he said: —

"If I have seen farther than Descartes, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

In a corporeal sense, he was seated in his mother's orchard, but it was from the height to which Copernicus and Galileo had brought the science of astronomy that he contemplated the fall of the apples. The grand mystery that remained to be elucidated was: What is the force that *retains* the planets and the moons in their spheres? Why does not the moon fly off into space? Why does the earth approach the sun and never singe its beard, and recede millions of miles without ever failing to turn in its orbit at the right moment, and again approach the source of light and heat? With what an inconceivable whirl the earth must approach the bend of its orbit! But never does it go an inch beyond its accustomed course.

Those apples, dropping slowly from the trees, and falling at a speed visibly accelerating, led this wonderful being to the

solution of the mystery. The course of his reflections seems to have been something like the following: —

1. These apples fall in a direct line toward the centre of the earth. The same force causes a cannon ball to curve toward the same point. Everything in the world is drawn and held by it.

2. If these apples fell from a tree a half a mile high, they would not the less seek the earth's centre, and the law of acceleration would still hold good. If they fell from the top of the highest mountain, it would be the same.

3. Suppose an apple should fall from the moon, — then what?

It appears to have been at this point that the great CONJECTURE occurred to his mind: Perhaps the same force that draws the apples to the ground holds the moon in its orbit! Now, but for the labors of the giants who had preceded him, this mighty thought would have remained a conjecture. Those giants, however, had learned the magnitude of the moon, its distance from the earth, and the force of the earth's attraction at any distance. Newton could, therefore, at once put his conjecture to the test of arithmetic. He could ascertain two things with the greatest exactness: 1. How much force was required to keep the moon in its orbit; and, 2. With how much force the earth *did* attract the moon, supposing that the law of attraction, as established by Galileo, held good. If these two calculations agreed, his conjecture was a discovery.

He tried them. They did not agree. Busy with other investigations, he laid aside this inquiry for nineteen years. He then learned that he, in common with all the English astronomers, was in error as to the distance of the moon from the earth. This error being corrected, he repeated his calculations. When he had brought them so near to a conclusion that he was all but sure of the truth of his theory, he became so agitated that he was unable to go on, and he was obliged to ask a friend to complete them. When they were brought to a close, he saw that his youthful thought was indeed a sublime, demonstrated truth. Thus it was that the great law of the attraction of gravitation was discovered, — the most brilliant and valuable discovery ever achieved by a human mind.

The apple-tree under which the philosopher was seated in his mother's orchard stood until the year 1814, when it was blown down. The wood of it was preserved and made into various articles, and several trees still exist which were raised from the seeds of its fruit. It is a curious circumstance that the preservation of the apple anecdote is chiefly due to Voltaire, who heard it in 1727, from the lips of Madame Conduit, the wife of Newton's nephew and heir.

Newton resided at the University of Cambridge for thirty-three years, devoted to profound researches in chemistry and astronomy. His discoveries in the nature of light and color remain to this day the accepted system in all countries. He was accustomed to make his apparatus with his own hands, even to his brick furnaces and brass-work. He seemed to become, at length, all mind, spending his days in meditation, insensible to all that usually interests mankind. Nevertheless, he was pleasant and amiable in his demeanor, and exceedingly bountiful in gifts to his dependents and relatives. So little did he value the glory of his discoveries, that he was with difficulty induced to make them known to the world, having a mortal dread of being drawn into controversy. Some of his most brilliant discoveries remained unpublished for several years. And when, at last, his *Principia* had appeared, which contained the results of his studies, he had to be much persuaded before he would consent to issue a second edition.

He was not, however, so dead to the world as to be unmindful of his duties as a citizen in a great national crisis. When James II. was endeavoring to render England a Catholic country, Newton exerted himself so strenuously against it that the University elected him to Parliament, in which he sat for eighteen months, a silent but useful member.

At the age of fifty-three, he was called by the government to an office in the Royal Mint, of which he was finally appointed governor. Transferred to London, and enjoying a handsome income, he now lived liberally, kept a carriage, and entertained company. The duties of his office were performed by him with signal ability and purity. He was offered, on one occasion, a bonus of six thousand pounds for a contract for the coinage of

copper money. Sir Isaac refused the offer on the ground that it was a bribe in disguise. The agent argued the matter with him without effect, and said, at length, that the offer came from "a great duchess." The philosopher roughly replied, —

"I desire you to tell the lady that if she was here herself, and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house; and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out."

He was twice in love. The beautiful daughter of a physician, who resided near his school, won his boyish affections, and he paid court to her by making dolls and doll-furniture for her and her companions. His affection was returned by the young lady, and nothing prevented their early marriage but Newton's poverty. For several years his income was derived from a college fellowship, which would cease on the day of his marriage; and later, when he was appointed professor, his income was still insufficient to maintain a family. It is interesting to know, that, during the ten years when he made his greatest discoveries, he was so poor, that the two shillings a week which he paid as a member of the Royal Society was a serious burthen to him, and some of his friends wished to get him excused from the payment. But this he would not permit.

His poverty was doubtless one of the reasons why he made and repaired his brick furnaces and all his apparatus, without calling in the aid of workmen. When, at length, he was in better circumstances, the object of his youthful love was married, and he himself was wedded to science. Never, however, did he return to the home of his fathers without visiting the lady; and when both had reached fourscore he had the pleasure of relieving the necessities of her old age.

He appeared to have thought no more of love or marriage till he was sixty. Rich and famous then, he aspired to the hand of Lady Norris, the widow of a baronet, and he wrote her a quaint and curious love-letter. He began by remonstrating with her upon her excessive grief for the loss of her husband, telling her, that "to be always thinking on the dead is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres." He asks her if she can resolve to spend the rest of her days in grief and sickness, and wear forever a widow's weeds, a costume "less acceptable to company," and

keeping her always in mind of her loss. "The proper remedy for all these griefs and mischiefs," he adds, "is a new husband," whose estate, added to her own, would enable her to live more at ease. He says in conclusion: "I doubt not, but in a little time, to have notice of your ladyship's inclinations to marry; at least that you will give me leave to discourse with you about it."

The lady's answer has not been preserved; but as the marriage never took place, we may presume that the great Sir Isaac Newton had to figure in the character of a rejected lover. The experiments of the greatest philosophers do not always succeed.

He was, nevertheless, a grand and noble-looking gentleman at sixty. His more active life in London had given fulness to his countenance and figure; and, though at thirty his hair began to turn gray, and at sixty was as white as silver, the long curling wig, then in fashion, concealed his gray locks, and added something of majesty to his aspect. His later portraits show that he had lost the look of the student, and assumed the appearance and bearing of a gentleman of the great world.

We have the evidence that, both at school and at college, Newton loved the pleasures natural to youth. Two of his school-boy memorandum books were preserved, kept when he was seventeen, which contain entries of his expenses. From these we learn that he indulged, occasionally, in cherries, tarts, bottled beer, custards, cake, milk, and similar dainties. We notice also that he was a prodigious lender of money. On one page of a memorandum-book he enters fourteen loans, varying in amount from a few pence to a pound. We have one of his college memorandum-books, of his twenty-third year, which is highly interesting. The following are some of the entries: "Drills, gravers, a hone, a hammer, and a mandril, 5s.;" "a magnet, 16s.;" "compasses, 2s.;" "glass bubbles, 4s.;" "at the tavern several other times, £1;" "spent on my cousin, 12s.;" "on other acquaintance, 10s.;" "Philosophical Intelligences, 9s. 6d.;" "lost at cards twice, 15s.;" "at the tavern twice, 3s. 6d.;" "to three prisms, £3;" "four ounces of putty, 1s. 4d.;" "Bacon's Miscellanies, 1s. 6d.;" "a bible binding, 3s.;" "for oranges to my sister, 4s. 2d.;" "for aquafortis, sublimate, oyle

pink, fine silver, antimony, vinegar, spirit of wine, white lead, salt of tartar, £2 ;" "Theatrum chemicum, £1 8s."

He was always a very exact man in pecuniary matters, abhorring debt, and, though bountifully liberal in gifts, strict in requiring from others the performance of their engagements. He was not a man to be imposed upon. If a tenant did not keep his farm in the stipulated repair, Sir Isaac was after him with a sharp reminder. And, though he cared little for the credit of his discoveries, he was much offended if any one attempted to rob him of that credit and confer it upon another. His sense of justice, as a man, was offended at such conduct more than his pride, as a philosopher.

Who would have thought to find Newton an alchemist? It is a fact, that for several years this great man was intensely occupied in endeavoring to discover a way of changing the baser metals into gold. This is, perhaps, the reason why he added little to our knowledge of chemistry, though he seems to have labored at this science a longer time and with more pleasure than at any other. Being in pursuit of a chimera, he lost his time. There were periods when his furnace fires were not allowed to go out for six weeks ; he and his secretary sitting up alternate nights to replenish them. This is recorded by the secretary himself, who had not the least notion of the object of his master's experiments.

His most intimate friend at the university was a foreign chemist of much note and skill. Newton enjoyed his conversation exceedingly, until, one day, the Italian told him "a loose story of a nun," which so much offended his sense of decency that he would never associate with him again.

The gentleman who served him five years as secretary, relates that in all that time he never saw him laugh but once. Newton had lent a copy of Euclid's Geometry to a friend, and, meeting him some time after, he asked him what progress he had made in the work, and how he liked it. His friend replied by asking of what use such a study as that would be to him in life ; "upon which Sir Isaac was very merry."

Several anecdotes are preserved of his absence of mind. On one occasion, when he was giving a dinner to some friends at

the university, he left the table to get them a bottle of wine ; but, on his way to the cellar, he fell into reflection, forgot his errand and his company, went to his chamber, put on his surplice, and proceeded to the chapel. Sometimes he would go into the street half dressed, and, on discovering his condition, run back in great haste, much abashed. Often, while strolling in his garden, he would suddenly stop, and then run rapidly to his room, and begin to write, standing, on the first piece of paper that presented itself. Intending to dine in the public hall, he would go out in a brown study, take the wrong turn, walk awhile, and then return to his room, having totally forgotten the dinner. Once having dismounted from his horse to lead him up a hill, the horse slipped his head out of the bridle ; but Newton, oblivious, never discovered it, till, on reaching a toll-gate at the top of the hill, he turned to remount, he perceived that the bridle which he held in his hand had no horse attached to it. His secretary records that his forgetfulness of his dinner was an excellent thing for his old house-keeper, who "sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with." On getting out of bed in the morning, he has been observed to sit on his bed-side for hours, without dressing himself, utterly absorbed in thought.

Buffon said : Genius is patience. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, declared that he surpassed the majority of mankind only in patience. Newton also ascribed his success in interpreting nature solely to his patience. Being asked, one day, how he had discovered the law of gravitation, he replied :—

"By incessantly thinking about it."

Again, on being told that he had discovered so much that nothing remained to be discovered by others, he said :—

"Beat the bushes well and you will start plenty of game."

A short time before his death, he made that sublime observation which has been so often quoted :—

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a prettier shell

than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

It is related that, entertaining at dinner in London the French ambassador, when some of the English guests were in doubt which ought to be toasted first, the King of England or the King of France, Sir Isaac solved the difficulty thus:—

"Let us drink," said he, "the health of all honest persons, to whatever country they belong. We are all friends, because we unanimously aim at the only object worthy of man, which is the knowledge of truth. We are all also of the same religion, since, leading a simple life, we conform ourselves to what is right, and we endeavor sincerely to give to the Supreme Being that worship, which, according to our feeble lights, we are persuaded will please him most."

In the days of his poverty at the university, he was often urged to increase his income by taking orders in the church. He steadily refused, on the ground that his religious opinions were not in conformity with those of the Church of England. He was a Unitarian. He expressly says, in his articles of religious belief, that worship should be addressed only to God, the Father. If he had lived in our day, we should style him a Unitarian of the Channing and Everett school.

In 1789, when the news reached him that his mother was dangerously ill of a malignant fever, he abandoned his studies and hurried home to attend her. He sat up with her night after night, administering her medicines with his own hands, and dressed her blisters with admirable tenderness and dexterity. She sunk under the disease, despite his skill and care.

The story of his dog Diamond throwing down a lighted candle among his papers, by which the labors of years were consumed, and of Newton's calmly saying, "O Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done," is not true. The candle was left by his own carelessness in such a position, that it set fire to the papers without the intervention of a dog, an animal he never kept. Nor did he contemplate his loss with the slightest approach to philosophic calmness. On the contrary, it almost drove him out of his senses, and it was a month before he had regained his tranquillity. The story, also,

of his using his wife's finger, in a fit of absence of mind, to press down the tobacco in his pipe, is liable to two slight objections : 1. He never had a wife. 2. He never smoked. Being once asked why he never smoked or took snuff, he answered : —

"I will not make to myself any necessities."

Gentle as his temper usually was, he was capable of honest anger. Being accused one day of having robbed another astronomer of the credit of his researches, he flew into a downright passion, and called his impudent accuser many hard names, "puppy being the most innocent of them."

His salary, as Master of the Mint, was a thousand pounds a year, or five thousand dollars, — a very handsome income for that day. Before his death he gave away two considerable landed estates to poor relations, and his whole life was strewn with benefactions. But, owing to his excellent management of his affairs, he died worth thirty-two thousand pounds, equal to three or four times that sum in the present currency of England. It was all divided by will among his relations and dependants. The British government marked its respect for his memory by bestowing his office in the mint upon his nephew.

The final biography of this illustrious man remains to be written. The Life of Newton, by Sir David Brewster, is a chaos which serves rather to conceal than to exhibit the greatness of his understanding, and the childlike loveliness of his character. Carlyle had been better employed on such a subject than in laboriously distilling the court gossip of Prussia.

Sir Isaac Newton died March 20th, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the pomp and ceremony due to the remains of the most eminent philosopher of his time. The monument erected to his memory in the abbey bears an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation : —

Here lies
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, KNIGHT,
Who, by a vigor of mind almost supernatural,
First demonstrated
The motions and figures of the planets,
The paths of the comets, and the tides of the ocean.

He diligently investigated
The different refrangibilities of the rays of light,
And the properties of the colors to which they give rise.
An assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter
Of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
He asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God,
And exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.

Let mortals rejoice
That there has existed such and so great
An ornament of the human race.

Born 25th Dec., 1642. Died 20th March, 1727.

GALILEO.



Of late years, editors, hard pushed for a comment on passing events, have fallen into the practice of saying, "The world moves." I propose to relate the origin of the saying.

In the winter of 1633, a venerable man, enfeebled by disease and borne down by the weight of sixty-nine years, was travelling from Florence to Rome, a toilsome, horseback journey of a hundred and forty-six miles. He had been summoned from his home in this inclement season by that dread tribunal, the Inquisition, whose displeasure he had provoked. The Inquisition was then in the plenitude of its power. In no land that acknowledged the papal supremacy was there any escape from its omnipresent eye, and its omnipotent arm; for it wielded, at once, all the spiritual authority of the church and all the temporal power of the state.

It was the great Galileo who was journeying toward Rome to submit to the questionings of the Inquisition. His offence was that he knew more than the doctors of the Inquisition knew. He had spent his life in the laborious study of nature. The son of a poor Italian musician, he had exhibited in his youth that aptitude for mechanics which we observe in the boyhood of Newton, as well as a passionate love of literature and music which Newton never possessed. His father, besides being poor, had a family of six children to maintain, and could therefore afford his son very little aid in his studies. Galileo, however, made up in zeal and diligence what he lacked in advantages. Besides mastering the Latin authors, he became really proficient in drawing, and learned to play on several instruments with so much facility and taste, that he was urged to devote his life to music. At the age of eighteen, he showed

so many and such remarkable proofs of genius, that his father determined, at all hazards, to give him a university education, and he was accordingly entered as a student of medicine at the University of Pisa. But he was not destined to be a physician. Full of curiosity upon all subjects, and, finally, fascinated by the study of mathematics, he won so much distinction as to be appointed professor of mathematics at Pisa before he had completed his twenty-fifth year.

He had scarcely entered the university before he made one of his most important inventions. As the fall of apples from a tree led Newton to the theory of gravitation, so the slow and uniform swinging of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the Pisa cathedral, suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum as a measurer of time and as a motive-power of clocks. It was fifty years later, however, before he actually constructed a pendulum clock. We cannot, of course, dwell upon the details of the career of this great man. He had but two objects in his life: to acquire knowledge, and to communicate knowledge. Never has there been a more earnest student or a more successful teacher. For his pupils he wrote many excellent treatises upon science far in advance of his age. For the state he constructed several machines of public utility. He invented the thermometer and improved the compass. Hearing one day, by chance, that some one in Holland had invented a contrivance by which distant objects could be seen as though they were near, he entered upon a course of experiments which, in a few days, resulted in the construction of a telescope. At once he began to use the new instrument in the study of the heavens. To his boundless wonder and delight, he discovered that the moon, like the earth, had her mountains and her valleys; that the planet Jupiter went his round accompanied by four moons; that the milky way was composed of innumerable stars; and that there were spots upon the sun.

It had been well for Galileo if he had had a little of the caution and management of Copernicus, who, a century before, had demolished the ancient astronomy without drawing down upon himself or his book the thunders of Rome. Galileo was a bolder man. Overjoyed at his discoveries, he hastened to pub-

lish them to the world, and thus called attention anew to the great truths, demonstrated by Copernicus, that the sun is the centre of our system; and that around him all the planets revolve. The Inquisition awoke to the importance of these heresies, denounced the Copernican system as contrary to Scripture, and summoned Galileo to Rome to answer for the crime of supporting it.

Arriving in Rome on the 10th of February, 1633, he was at once placed under arrest in the palace of an ambassador, and, a few days after, he appeared before an assembly of cardinals and inquisitors, where he was permitted to speak in his defence. He began to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, as he had been wont to do at the university. His accusers, ignorant of all science, could not comprehend his reasoning. Then he endeavored to explain himself in simpler language, and strove with all his powers to get a notion of the true astronomy into those obtuse and obstinate minds. "But, unfortunately for me," he says, in one of his letters, "my proofs were not apprehended, and, notwithstanding all the pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood." They broke in upon his arguments with loud outcries, accusing him of bringing scandal upon the church, and repeating, over and over, the passage of the Bible which declares that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.

In vain Galileo reminded them that the Bible also says that the heavens are solid and are polished like a mirror of brass. In vain he pointed out that the language of the Bible is invariably conformed to the state of science at the time when it was written. The assembled priests only shrugged their shoulders at his reasoning, or interrupted him with derisive and contemptuous shouts.

For seven weeks longer he remained at Rome, under arrest, awaiting the sentence of the Inquisition. On the 22d of June he was again brought before the tribunal, to hear his doom. He was pronounced guilty of heresy, in maintaining, contrary to the express declarations of Scripture, that the sun did not move from east to west, as it seemed to do, and that the earth, which appeared motionless, did move round the sun. It was further

declared in his sentence, that the holding of such opinions had rendered him liable to the penalty of death by burning. "From which," continued the sentence, "it is our pleasure that you be absolved, provided that, first, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, in our presence, you abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies." Nevertheless, even in that case, he was sentenced to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the court, and to recite once a week, for three years, the seven penitential psalms.

Galileo was thus compelled to choose between a solemn denial of demonstrated truth or the most agonizing of deaths. What he *ought* to have done in these circumstances is a question in morals which has been discussed for two hundred years without result; since it is a question which every one decides according to his own character. He decided to recant. On his knees, with one hand upon the Gospel, he pronounced the form of words required: "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth, and promise that I will never more teach, verbally or in writing, that the sun is the centre of the universe, and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre of the universe and movable."

Rising from his knees, indignant at the outrage done to truth through him, he muttered between his teeth the words, which will never be forgotten: —

"THE EARTH MOVES, NOTWITHSTANDING!"

After his recantation, he was confined for seven months in a spacious house in Rome, and he was allowed to walk at will in its extensive gardens. He was then permitted to return to the neighborhood of Florence, under the surveillance of the Inquisition, and to visit the city when his infirmities permitted.

These events saddened his old age, but he continued to labor at his favorite pursuits with unabated ardor. He wrote a treatise on the motion and resistance of solid bodies, but, fearing to encounter new persecutions, he only thought to have the manuscript preserved from destruction. Confounded and afflicted," he wrote to a friend, "at the bad success of my other works, and having resolved to publish nothing more, I have wished at

least to place in sure hands some copy of my works ; and as the particular affection with which you have honored me will certainly make you desirous to preserve them, I have chosen to confide these to you." It was this very work which enabled Newton to deduce the attraction of gravitation from the fall of the apples.

He lived nine years after his recantation, surrounded by affectionate pupils and admiring disciples. • Such was his devotion to the study of astronomy, that, at the age of seventy-four, he became totally blind. He survived the loss of sight four years, and died January 9, 1642, aged seventy-eight. On Christmas day of the same year was born the illustrious Newton, who, inheriting the great discoveries of Galileo, added to them the crowning truth that the principle of attraction is not confined in its operation to the earth, but controls the universe.

Galileo was remarkable for the variety of his knowledge. His Latin style was so pure and elegant that Hume ranks his writings with the classics of antiquity ; and he was so fond of Italian poetry that he could repeat the whole of Ariosto's longest poem. One of his favorite amusements, all his life, was playing upon the lute, in which he excelled most amateurs. He took great pleasure in cultivating a garden. His manners were exceedingly amiable, and his conversation full of vivacity and grace. Like Newton, he was never married ; but, unlike Newton, he left a son and two daughters. After his death, both of his daughters entered a convent and took the veil. He was buried in one of the churches of Florence, where, a century later, a costly and imposing monument was erected over his remains. The complete edition of his works, published at Milan in 1811, is in eleven volumes octavo.

VASCO DA GAMA.

VASCO DA GAMA ranks next to Columbus among the great discoverers of his time. It was he who first sailed from Europe to the East Indies, and thus opened the way for that lucrative commerce which has enriched, by turns, several nations. Although this achievement was inferior in importance to the discovery of a new continent, it was more difficult, and demanded for its accomplishment far more resolution and courage than Columbus ever displayed. In two months and eight days after leaving Spain, Columbus saw land, and had accomplished his great work. Ten months and nine days elapsed, full of strange perils and difficulties, before Vasco da Gama reached the shores of India.

Bartholomew Dias in 1487 had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed a short distance around it along the eastern coast of Africa. Compelled to return by the murmurs of his crew, Dias would have probably renewed his endeavors, but for the death, soon after, of the King of Portugal, his master. Ten years rolled away before Portugal was prepared to send forth a new expedition, during which the mighty exploit of Columbus had filled the world with his renown, and given a new impulse to the enthusiasm for discovery. In 1497, Manuel, King of Portugal, an able and enlightened monarch, resolved to make another attempt to reach India by sea.

Never was an expedition more carefully equipped than this. Four vessels were built for the purpose in the strongest possible manner, the largest of which was of one hundred and twenty tons burthen, and the others of one hundred tons each, or less. Each ship was provided with three sets of sails, fastenings, and cordage, and the very wine-barrels and oil-barrels, say the old

chroniclers, were bound with three times as many iron hoops as usual. The ships were packed full of provisions and ammunition, and they were armed with the best artillery that could then be made. The seaport towns of Portugal were searched for the best sailors and pilots. One hundred and sixty picked men composed the crew of the fleet.

But no matter what pains may be taken in the preparation of a difficult enterprise, its success usually depends absolutely upon the man who commands it. King Manuel, says a Portuguese historian, was sitting one day at a window of his palace, which overlooked a court-yard, lost in thought upon this expedition, which was still without a commander. It so chanced that Vasco da Gama, an officer in the king's household, who had sailed often to the coast of Africa, crossed the court-yard in view of the thoughtful monarch.

"That is the man," said the king.

And that *was* the man. He was one of those stick-at-nothing people who, fixing their minds upon their object, and shutting their eyes to all things else, push forward unrelentingly, and trample down all that opposes them. The king knew him well enough to be sure that no clamors of a disheartened crew, and no other obstacle capable of being overcome by human resolution, would stop Vasco da Gama until he had reached his goal.

July the 8th, 1497, the fleet set sail. A little chapel was afterwards built to mark the spot last trodden by these brave seamen, and this humble edifice was subsequently replaced by a magnificent convent, which still stands.

Touching at the Portuguese islands on the coast of Africa, separated sometimes by fogs, damaged by storms, drenched by fierce, continual rains, the fleet made its way, in three months and twenty-six days, to a little bay called the Bay of St. Helena, near the Cape of Good Hope. There Gama and his men went on shore, to see if they could get some information of the natives as to where they were, and which way they were to go. They found a race of men very ignorant and savage, from whom nothing valuable could be learned. Gama treated them handsomely, but one of his men happening to stray off alone, they seized him and would not give him up. Gama attacked them.

They hurled upon the Portuguese a shower of stones and javelins, and it was not until Gama himself and four of his crew were wounded, that they succeeded in rescuing the imprudent sailor.

This was only a beginning of trouble. After an eight days' stay in the Bay of St. Helena, Gama resumed his voyage, and was soon buffeting the storms that rage, almost without ceasing, at that season, around the Cape of Good Hope. The further they advanced, the more fierce was the tempest, and at length the courage of many of the crew was exhausted, and the men began to murmur against the further prosecution of the voyage. Gama held no parley with these men. He simply had the leaders of the discontent put in irons, and held on his way in the wild, tempestuous sea. After wrestling nine days with the storm, he had rounded the terrible Cape, and came to anchor on the other side of it, in the Bay of St. Braz. There he made a stay of thirteen days, repairing damages, bending new sails, and taking rest. There, too, he unloaded a transport laden with provisions, divided her cargo among his other ships, and sent her back to Portugal. It was at this part of the African coast that Europeans first heard of the existence of the elephant, though they did not see a specimen of the race until they reached Asia. After leaving this bay Gama would begin his career as a discoverer, for this was the farthest point hitherto reached by the navigators of Europe. He paused, as it were, to take breath and gird up his loins, before the final plunge into the vast Unknown.

Setting sail from the Bay of St. Braz on the 8th of December, the fleet made its way to the large island of Natal, which it reached on Christmas day, sadly battered by the storms. A month later, he again touched the African shore; where a most important event occurred, — an event, indeed, which almost secured the final success of the voyage. While part of the crew were on shore, they fell in with two men, richly dressed, who were evidently of a different race from the natives, and of a much higher order of civilization. They proved to be two Mahometan merchants, who lived by selling to the Caffres the rich fabrics of India. Gama contrived, by means of native interpreters, to enter into conversation with these men; and he

learned from them that he really was upon the road to India. They described to him the position of the great island of Madagascar, which stretches along the southern coast of Africa at a distance from it of seven hundred miles. India, they told him, lay beyond the island, far to the north of it, two thousand miles from the nearest point of the African continent. They advised him to sail northward along the coast of Africa, and then cross to the shores of India where the transit was shortest. This intelligence, which would have been discouraging enough to some men, filled Gama with such joy and confidence that he named a river which emptied near by the River of Good Signs. From this time Gama felt an inward assurance that he should accomplish the object of the expedition.

Fourteen days of pleasant sailing brought him to Mozambique, then first trodden by Europeans; the natives of which overwhelmed him with presents and offers of service. Both parties, it soon appeared, were laboring under a mistake. When the Portuguese saw on shore the spires and minarets of a city, they at once concluded that they had reached, at last, a country inhabited by Christians; and the Mahometans of Mozambique, when first they saw the light-complexioned Portuguese, supposed them to be, of course, Mahometans. Before the error was discovered Gama obtained from them a pilot, whom he retained, and who proved to be of great use to him. As soon, however, as the Mahometans found out their mistake, their friendship was changed into active hostility. They lay in ambush for the Christians at the watering-places; they sent them false pilots to guide the ships into dangerous places; and it required all of Gama's skill and prudence to save the expedition from their wiles. One of the pilots he tied up and whipped, as a lesson in navigation to the others.

Aided by native pilots, he anchored, on Good Friday, 1498, in the fine harbor of Melinda, a town on the coast of Africa, just under the equator, and about two thousand miles, in a straight line, from the southern extremity of India. From this point he determined to strike across to the country of which he was in quest; and for two centuries navigators followed his example. Melinda became, in consequence, an important and

wealthy Portuguese town, and the ruins of churches and warehouses may still be seen there. Having received from the hospitable King of Melinda a skilful and faithful pilot, who really knew the way to India, Gama left the African coast on the 28th of April, and directed his prow once more into the broad ocean.

Favorable winds wafted them swiftly on their course, and the pilot did his duty nobly. On Sunday, May 17, 1498, — nineteen days after leaving Melinda, and ten months and nine days after leaving Portugal, — Vasco da Gama saw the shores of India, and the next day came to anchor in a harbor six miles south of the once important town of Calicut. Much to his surprise, he found the port of Calicut crowded with ships from Arabia, and he beheld everywhere indications of an extensive commerce and prodigious wealth. The new-comers, indeed, found themselves to be of small account there, and it was not without some difficulty that their chief obtained an audience of the rajah of the country. No one approaches an oriental potentate without bringing him presents, and those presents must be proportioned in value to the rank and importance of the personage to whom they are offered. Vasco da Gama possessed nothing worthy the acceptance of this great rajah, and the gifts which he did offer him excited the disdain of the court and the derision of the town. Ignorant, too, of the customs of the country, and especially ignorant of the system of castes, he came into collision with the people, and had a world of trouble with them. After endeavoring in vain, for four or five months, to gain a footing in the country, he solemnly took possession of it in the name of the King of Portugal, and set sail for home.

The return voyage was more difficult and eventful than the voyage out. Agonizing calms prolonged it; the scurvy raged among the crews; bloody conflicts with the natives occurred; storms tossed and shook the worn-out ships. So many men died that one of the ships had to be abandoned, because there were not sailors enough left to work three vessels. At last, early in September, 1499, after an absence of two years and two months, Vasco da Gama reached Lisbon, and related to his grateful king the wondrous story of his adventures. Titles, money, power, the homage of a kingdom, and the admiration of Europe,

rewarded this determined man for the fatigues and dangers he had undergone.

Named by the king Admiral of the Indies, he sailed again for India that very year, in command of a powerful fleet of fifteen ships, strongly manned. He laid the foundation of the Portuguese power in India, and opened that commerce which for many a year poured wealth into the coffers of both the king and people of Portugal. Venice declined, and Portugal supplied Europe with the products of Asia. He brought his fleet back to Portugal almost entire. Appointed Governor of the Indies, he reached that country once more, and there died, after holding the governorship only a few months.

Gama was a short and exceedingly fat man, subject to fearful explosions of anger, but usually mild and courteous in his demeanor. He was a person of much learning, a devoted Catholic, and full of resources in times of danger and difficulty. A man less gifted or less determined than he would never have found the way to India in the infancy of the art of navigation.

DR. HAHNEMANN,

THE FOUNDER OF HOMŒOPATHY.



SAMUEL CHRISTIAN FREDERICK HAHNEMANN was born in Germany, in 1755. His father was a porcelain painter in limited circumstances, who, however, gave his son all the advantages of education which his native province furnished. The boy was precocious, diligent, serious, and full of curiosity. When his father wished to take him from school and apprentice him to a trade, the rector of the academy which he attended opposed the scheme, and offered to support the youth at school if his father would permit him to embrace a learned profession. This offer was accepted, and Hahnemann continued his studies.

At twenty years of age he went to the university of Leipzig to study medicine. As the bounty of the school-master ceased when the student left the academy, and Hahnemann had no resources of his own, he was compelled to gain his livelihood by translating medical works from English into German. With this double labor to perform, — namely, to acquire his profession and earn his living, — he was compelled to put forth the most extraordinary exertions. He declares that, for some years, he slept only every other night.

In his twenty-third year he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain the place of physician and librarian to a wealthy nobleman, and thus, for the first time in his life, accumulated a little money. He soon, however, returned to his native place; and, after many removals, he settled at Dresden, a married man, thirty years of age.

At Dresden he had considerable success as a physician. During the sickness of the principal doctor of the town he performed the duties of physician-in-chief to the public

hospitals, and he enjoyed also a respectable private practice. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his friends and the consternation of his family, he abandoned his patients and his rising prospects at Dresden, and repaired again to Leipsic, where he lived in solitude, employing his time in study and translation, as of old. The reason of this strange proceeding was his dissatisfaction with the practice and theory of medicine which then prevailed.

"It was," wrote he, to one of his friends, "always a torture to me to walk in darkness when I had to attend the sick. My conscience bitterly reproached me for treating the unknown diseases of my brethren by medicines equally unknown, which, being active substances, could kill the sick or produce new and worse diseases. To become thus the murderer of my fellow-beings was for me an idea so frightful and so overwhelming, that I renounced medicine."

He now devoted himself to investigations in chemistry, in which he made some important acquisitions. He invented a plan of discovering adulterations in wine, and of detecting the presence of arsenic in the dead body. Recalled to the practice of medicine by the dangerous illness of his children, he was tormented by the necessity in which he found himself of giving them medicines in which he had lost confidence, without having discovered better.

"I cannot believe," he wrote to a friend, "that the sovereign and paternal goodness of Him whom no name designates in a manner worthy of him, who provides largely for the needs even of the imperceptible animalcules, who spreads with profusion life and happiness throughout all creation, has devoted his dearest creature to the torments of remediless disease; and I am persuaded that nature must have placed within reach of man some simple and infallible means of cure. We have not searched for those means aright, else they would long since have been discovered."

At this period of his life he continued to earn his livelihood by the translation of English works. One day, when he was translating a passage descriptive of the various effects of Peruvian bark, in its usual form of quinine, he was struck with the

ignorance displayed by the writer in his attempts to explain why this medicine was so efficacious in the cure of fevers. He perceived that the author knew no more of the matter than he did himself. It had occurred to him some time before that perhaps the best way of studying the effects of medicines would be to try them on persons in good health, and he resolved now to make such an experiment with quinine. Accordingly, he took for several days in succession as large a dose of this powerful medicine as he had been accustomed formerly to prescribe to patients afflicted with intermittent fever. The effect was truly remarkable: the medicine which cured intermittent fever *produced* intermittent fever. He repeated the experiment upon some of his friends interested in medical science, and in every case with the same result. He soon began to suspect that quinine cured the fever precisely *because* it had the property of producing a fever. In other words, he began to see afar off the great fundamental principle of homœopathy, which is, that *like cures like*. He proceeded to try other medicines, and he says that in every case he found that the medicine which could cure a disease could also produce it.

He next experimented upon the best mode of administering medicines; which resulted, at length, in his adoption of infinitesimal doses. He discovered, or thought he discovered, that infinitesimal doses of active drugs have more effect upon the cure of disease than the quantities usually given. Whether his theory upon this point is a valuable truth or a ridiculous fallacy, I am not competent to decide. Every reader of these lines is either a homœopathist or an allopathist, and has formed his own opinion on the subject. For my part, I never take any medicine, and should be perfectly willing to be treated for any disease by a competent nurse. Believing that drugs may be dispensed with, and are generally injurious, I rejoice in the spread of homœopathy, because a homœopathic dose of medicine is the nearest thing to no medicine at all.

Having now a system of medicine in which he believed, Dr. Hahnemann returned to its practice, and very soon found a hornet's nest about his ears. While practising his new system in a hospital near Brunswick, the apothecaries of the place

formed a league against the doctor, who made his own medicines, and whose system threatened their business with ruin. They discovered an ancient law which forbade physicians to prescribe medicines not made by a regular apothecary, and Hahnemann was compelled to leave the place. He removed successively to three other towns, from each of which he was in turn driven by the apothecaries. He then fixed his residence at Leipsic, where he had his first eminent and undeniable success. It was in 1813, when, in consequence of the presence of two large armies, a malignant typhus fever raged, and the sick became so numerous that it was necessary to divide them among the city physicians. Seventy-three cases fell to the share of Dr. Hahnemann, all of whom he treated on the homœopathic system, and all of whom recovered, except one old man. This striking success, while it increased the number of his disciples, inflamed the fury of his enemies, and he could not go into the streets without being hooted at and insulted. Compelled again to take flight, he found refuge at the obscure capital of one of his disciples, the Duke of Anhalt. But even there he was not safe from persecution. Several times the windows of his house were broken, and he seldom ventured out of doors.

Meanwhile, his writings and the fame of his success brought him such multitudes of patients, that the little town in which he lived acquired an importance it had never before known, and derived so much advantage from the concourse of patients that a reaction in his favor set in, and he became in time the most popular man in the town. After practising fifteen years under the protection of the Duke of Anhalt, a curious circumstance drew him away from his seclusion. He was then a widower of eighty years, though still possessed of much of the alertness and sprightliness of youth. A young French lady, who had come to consult him, became his enthusiastic admirer, and their acquaintance soon ended in marriage. His young wife induced him to remove to Paris. So popular had he become, and so necessary to the prosperity of the little town, that it was deemed best for him to take his departure secretly in the night, for fear the people might forcibly detain him.

At Paris he again encountered the opposition of the

physicians and apothecaries. It was on this occasion that M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, made his celebrated reply to the members of the Academy of Medicine, who came to ask him to refuse Dr. Hahnemann permission to exercise his profession in France.

"Either," said M. Guizot, "homœopathy is a chimera, or it is not. If it is, it will fall of itself; if it is not, it will remain in spite of all the measures which can be taken to retard its development."

In Paris he had wonderful success. His waiting-rooms were crowded with patients. He devoted himself to the practice of his art, to the propagation of his doctrines, and to the instruction of his pupils with an energy and ardor seldom equalled in a man of fourscore. For a period of eight years he was the fashionable physician of Paris. Until within a few weeks of his death he continued to enjoy excellent health, and died in 1843, aged eighty-eight years, leaving behind him in every country of Christendom a considerable number of ardent disciples. Besides his labors as a physician, he published books enough for a small library. Including his translations, he gave the world about a hundred volumes upon medicine and chemistry.

Hahnemann was one of the most active, vehement, sincere, and persevering of mortals. Whether his doctrine be true or false, he has done immense good in the world by exciting inquiry, and by assisting to deliver the sick from those pernicious and violent remedies which killed more people than they cured, and aggravated disease as often as they relieved it. Bleeding, blistering, and mercury, — how can we be too grateful to a man who put them out of fashion? And how we ought to bless the memory of him who delivered little children from those appalling doses of salts, castor-oil, and rhubarb with which they used to be terrified and griped.

ALFONSE I., OF PORTUGAL.

THE other day, a writer began a satirical article by telling a story of a general, who, before leading his troops to battle, addressed them thus :—

“Soldiers, remember that you are Portuguese !”

Here the reader was expected to laugh, — the writer evidently supposing that the idea of a native of Portugal having national pride was ridiculous in the highest degree. How little he knew the people or the history of that country ! The Portuguese are proud of their native land, even to bigotry ; and the time has been when Portugal gave law to vast regions of the earth, and when the Portuguese uniform was a passport to respect in Europe, and to homage in Asia. The navigators of Portugal preceded and inspired Columbus himself. It was Portugal that first made the East Indies tributary to Europe, and Portugal that gave the great impulse to the commerce which has enriched, by turns, Holland and England.

This little kingdom owed its greatness to one man, Alfonse, — the first who bore the title of King of Portugal.

In the year 1086, when the Moors still possessed the largest and best portion of the whole Spanish peninsula, the King of Castile, apprehending the invasion of his states by the Moorish host, sent to the King of France, and to the Duke of Burgundy, for help. A gallant band of French and Burgundian knights and men-at-arms responded to this demand, and spent three years in the Peninsula, fighting the Moors, and extending the area of Christian rule. Among the provinces wrested by their aid from the Infidels, was one which forms part of the modern kingdom of Portugal.

The prince who commanded the Burgundian portion of the

allied army was Henry, brother of the reigning Duke of Burgundy. To him, as a reward for his services, the King of Spain gave in marriage his illegitimate daughter, Theresa, and assigned for their maintenance the province just mentioned, naming his son-in-law Count of Portugal, and rendering him master and lord of the country, — him and his heirs forever. Thus it was that Portugal became an independent power. The new count fixed his residence north of the Douro, where the ruins of his castle are still to be seen. He passed his life in warring upon the Moors, performing great exploits, and died in 1112, after reigning seventeen years, leaving his son, Alfonse, three years old, and appointing his wife regent of the country and guardian of his boy.

Theresa, a weak and foolish woman, surrounded with flatterers, and ruled by favorites, governed the province so badly, that Alfonse, when he was sixteen years of age, yielding to the entreaties of the nobles and the clamor of the people, seized the supreme authority, and expelled his mother and her favorites from the palace. She raised the standard of resistance, and gathered an army about her. The youthful count led his forces against her, defeated her in battle, took her prisoner, and kept her in close confinement until her death, which occurred three years after. The young King of Castile was nephew of Theresa, and led an army to her deliverance. The Count of Portugal defeated him also, and remained thenceforth the undisputed ruler of the country.

He grew to the stature of a giant. In a small Portuguese city, near the ruins of the castle in which he was born, a suit of his armor is preserved, which proves that he must have been six feet and ten inches in height. Notwithstanding his excessive tallness, he was wonderfully strong, graceful, and alert. As he attained mature age, he gave every indication of possessing both excellent talents and a lofty character. He was, indeed, one of the very ablest and best of modern rulers; he is esteemed by the Portuguese as the English esteem their King Alfred. In Portugal, to this day, Alfonse I. is another name for all that is high, noble, wise and chivalric.

The grand object of the Christian princes in the peninsula, for

eight hundred years, was to expell the Moors. Eight hundred years of almost continuous war! The reason why this contest lasted so long was that neither party was united in itself. The Moors were divided into a multitude of communities, each governed by its own petty chieftain, so that it was only on great occasions, under the influence of great terror or confident hopes, that they acted in concert; and when, by their momentary union, signal advantages had been won, they soon fell to quarrelling among themselves. It was so with the Christians also. Alfonse, as we have seen, had no sooner grasped the reins of power, than he was involved in war with his own mother. When she was overthrown, her cause was espoused by a neighboring king, which led to another war, in which both Castile and Portugal suffered terrible disasters, each being in turn overrun and devastated by the other. Nothing ended this contest but the terror of a new invasion by the Moors, which threatened the destruction of both belligerents. In view of this great peril, the Pope interposed, and induced each of them to give up all his conquests from the other, and join against the common foe.

The Moors invaded Portugal with a prodigious army. Portuguese historians say that it consisted of two hundred thousand men, commanded by five infidel kings, and that Count Alfonse could only muster a force of thirteen thousand Christian troops with which to oppose them. But, they add, God showed himself clearly on the side of his chosen servants. They relate that when Alfonse saw the mighty host of the infidel, and considered the insignificance of his own army, he faltered, and was half inclined to avoid a battle. Suddenly a holy hermit, who dwelt and prayed in the neighboring forest, appeared before him, and bade him be of good cheer.

"Go forth to the combat in the morning," he said, "when you hear the bell ring for early mass, and turn to the east."

He obeyed the heavenly mandate. "As he was wheeling his troops into line," continued the Portuguese narrators, "he beheld in the sky the image of Christ on the cross, and he heard a voice proceeding from it, assuring him of victory, and promising him a kingly crown, which should be worn by sixteen of

his descendants." All the histories written in that age abound in marvels of this kind.

Alfonse attacked the foe; the battle was long and bloody; the towering form of the Christian commander was seen wherever the fight was hottest. His troops, inspired by his brilliant and inexhaustible valor, did not forget that "they were Portuguese," and fought with a constancy equal to his own. The five Moorish kings were slain, and a vast number of their immediate followers; the Moorish host was broken, at length, and fled in wild panic back to their own provinces, leaving Count Alfonse master of extended frontiers. At the close of this great day the victorious soldiers gathered round their giant-chief and proclaimed him King of Portugal. He accepted the title; and to this day the Portuguese look upon the plain in which this battle was fought as the birth-place of the monarchy. The plain of Ourique is the Bunker Hill of Portugal.

No sooner was Alfonse delivered from this danger, than he was involved in another war with one of his Christian neighbors, in the course of which he was badly wounded, and once defeated. While he was still in the dominions of his Christian foe, news reached him that the Moors were again advancing toward the frontiers of Portugal. Compelled by this intelligence to return home, he fought the Moors with varying fortune, until, in 1145, he again won over them a signal victory, which enlarged his dominions, and gave him a short interval of peace.

During this respite from the toils of war, being then thirty-seven years of age, King Alfonse married Matilda, daughter of one of the Christian princes of the peninsula. She was a woman worthy to be the wife of such a king, and well fitted to govern his kingdom while he was absent defending it. Three sons and three daughters were born to them, whom they educated in a manner far beyond the customs of the age in which they lived. These parents succeeded in impressing their characters upon their offspring, who continued, for several generations, to walk in the footsteps of their ancestors. To this fact, as much as to the personal virtues of Alfonse, the subsequent greatness of Portugal was due.

At the time of his marriage, Lisbon, the present capital of

Portugal, was still a Moorish city. Soon after his honeymoon, he began preparations for its reduction, and in the course of the following year he led an army against it and laid siege to it. Strongly fortified, and numerous defended, Lisbon long resisted his utmost exertions, and at last it was but an accident which enabled him to carry it. A fleet of adventurers, French, English, and Flemings, bound for the Holy Land, chanced to anchor at the mouth of the Tagus. The King of Portugal besought their aid.

"You are going to fight the Infidels of Palestine," said he; "there are Infidels in yonder city."

The crusaders were easily persuaded to lend him their aid, and Lisbon was quickly reduced and added to the possessions of Alfonse. This important conquest brought troops of other crusaders to his assistance. Within a few months, twelve other Moorish strongholds were captured by him.

The reign of this valiant king lasted just sixty years, during which he scarcely enjoyed five years, in all, of peace. Now he warred with the Moors, now with Christians; sometimes with both at once. When he was seventy years of age he was still active in the field against one of his own sons-in-law, by whom he was taken prisoner, but soon after honorably released.

His long reign began and ended in victory. In the seventy-fifth year of his age, the Moors made one more mighty effort to dislodge him from his little kingdom, and win back the provinces of which he had despoiled them. To the Moors of Spain were added vast numbers from Africa, and a countless host swept over the Christian provinces, led on by the king of Morocco himself. Nothing stopped them but one of Alfonse's strongholds, which he had fortified against the day of need. When the Moors had exhausted themselves in vain assaults upon this fortress, Alfonse fell upon them, and gave them a defeat as signal as that which had won him a crown. A year after, the founder of the kingdom of Portugal died, aged seventy-six, leaving to his son, Sancho, tranquil and prosperous dominions, which he governed in the spirit and manner of his father.

Alfonse found Portugal a province, and left it a nation. He defended it by his sword, and founded the institutions by vir

tue of which it became great. His death interrupted not the advance of his kingdom, because he had known how to rear a son who was but another Alfonse. Strength and courage he exhibited in a high degree, and these are usually sufficient for a great personal success. But to found a family, — to be the progenitor of a line of noble kings, — a man must be wise and virtuous, and both in an eminent degree. How many men there are among us to to-day who have made a great fortune; but how few of them have succeeded in the infinitely more difficult task of rearing a son worthy to inherit and able to use it!

BARTHOLOMEW DIAS.

ALL sailors and geographers, I repeat, should pronounce with respect the word, *Portugal*; for it was that little kingdom which led the way in navigating the ocean. But for Portugal, Columbus had never discovered America. It was the example of Portuguese navigators that gave him courage to undertake his great voyage; and it was while living in Portugal and exercising his vocation of map-maker that the conviction grew in his mind of the existence of land in the western hemisphere. Alfonse, the first and greatest King of Portugal, was, as I have said, the progenitor of a noble line of kings, who raised one of the smallest of kingdoms to a rank and importance in Europe scarcely inferior to that of the largest.

The first of the series of events which ended in the discovery of a new world was the introduction of the Mariner's Compass, without which it had never been safe to venture out of sight of land. No one knows who invented this sublime instrument. We only know that it was first used in navigating the seas about the year 1420, — seventy years before Columbus sailed.

The whole of that period of seventy years was filled with events of the highest interest to navigators. Then it was that the science of navigation began to exist. In the court of a Portuguese king the compass was first seriously studied. There, too, were constructed the first tables of the sun's declinations, for sailors' use; and there was first disclosed the modern mode of taking observations of the sun. By Portuguese navigators the islands lying off the African coast — the Azores, Madeiras, Cape Verdes, and others — were discovered. Portuguese sailors first ventured down along the coast of Africa; first visited the negro in his native home; first saw the elephant; first brought

to Europe pepper, ivory, and gold dust, from the shores of Guinea; first planted the cross upon those distant coasts; first saw that remote headland which was afterwards named the Cape of Good Hope; first doubled the cape, and so reached by sea the East Indies. These were great achievements, second in importance only to the discovery of a new continent, and surpassing even that in difficulty and danger.

Of the Portuguese navigators who preceded Columbus, Bartholomew Dias was the most famous and successful. It was in 1486 — six years before the discovery of America — that Dias made the voyage which immortalizes his name. At that time, the principal islands off the northern coast of Africa were paying tribute to the Portuguese king, and the coast itself had been explored to a point within 1,100 miles of the southern extremity of the continent. Beyond that point all was as yet unknown. But there existed then in Portugal such an enthusiasm for explorations and discoveries, that no sooner had one navigator returned and related his adventures than plans were entertained for new attempts. This was the case in 1486. A ship returned in that year which had sailed up the river Congo, and brought home a chief of the country to be baptized a Christian. Religious zeal, the desire of gain and national pride, all concurred to induce the King of Portugal to fit out a new expedition, to ascertain, if possible, how far Africa extended, and what there was at the end of it. They had been working at Africa for many a year. Great and strange things had been discovered; but they had not yet reached the bottom of the mystery.

Two vessels, each of fifty tons burthen, were equipped and armed, and placed under the command of Dias, a man of rank and a member of the king's household. The little vessels put to sea, followed by the ardent wishes of all Portugal. Columbus was not upon the shore to see them off; for, one year before, after having long endeavored to obtain the patronage of the King of Portugal, he had left that country and offered his services to the King of Spain. How bitterly the King of Portugal regretted this six years after!

The two ships sped away before favorable gales, and quickly reached the southernmost point attained by previous navigators.

Beyond latitude twenty-two degrees nothing was known ; and Dias had no guide but the line of the coast. This, however, proved to be a very deceptive guide ; for sometimes it stretched away toward the west, then indented eastward ; so that, in attempting to make short cuts, he often lost the land, sailed many days out of his course, and was then obliged to retrace his steps and grope about, as it were, until he found the continent again. As the ships advanced toward the south, the astonishment of the navigators was unbounded when they found the weather daily growing colder. This was contrary to all past experience. No European had ever before gone far enough south of the equator to discover that the temperature lowers as you go south of the equator in the same proportion as when you go north of it. This fact was the first great discovery of Dias and his followers.

Sailing along the coast, he saw at length the lofty promontory, a thousand feet above the level of the sea, which terminates the continent. He had accomplished his mission, but he knew it not. Still hugging the shore, he soon observed that the line of coast now tended northward ; whence he gradually concluded that he had doubled the southern extremity of Africa.

It is much to the credit of Dias and of the enlightened king whom he served, that, in obedience to his orders, he treated the natives of Africa with all possible kindness. Four negro women, beguiled from their home by previous explorers, he carried back to their country, loaded with presents. He exchanged gifts, also, with the chiefs whose dominions he visited, and treated them with great consideration. They reciprocated his kindness and supplied him with provisions. On one occasion, however, he encountered a hostile tribe. Soon after rounding the great cape, he had occasion to land for a supply of water. On reaching the spring, he found a great assemblage of natives, who attempted to drive away the sailors by a shower of stones, hurled from slings. Dias ordered up one of those enormous bow-guns in use at that time ; by means of which a large stone was thrown into the crowd of howling savages, stretched one of them lifeless upon the ground, and put the rest to flight.

This encounter completed the discouragement of his men. Dias wished to push on, in quest of the rich shores of India ;

but nothing could overcome the unwillingness of his crew to proceed farther, and he saw himself, at length, obliged to yield. Ordering the crews of both ships ashore, he set up, with imposing ceremonial, a wooden cross, rudely fashioned by a ship's carpenter, which bore also the royal arms of Portugal. Beneath this cross mass was said, and the communion administered. When these services were concluded, and Dias was about to return to his ship and sail for home, his heart was overcome with the bitterness of his regrets. The thought that he had come so far only to set up a cross, and that he was turning back just when complete success seemed within his grasp, shook his frame with emotion. It was long before he could tear himself from the spot. "You would have thought," said one of his comrades afterwards, "that he was taking leave of an only son exiled forever to that distant shore."

It was not till Dias had again doubled the cape, that he knew for a certainty that it was indeed the end of the continent. He named it the Cape of Storms.

One strange and melancholy incident occurred on the voyage home. Dias had stationed a small store-ship in one of the bays on the coast of Guinea, which he left in charge of a purser and a small crew. During his long absence, disease had reduced the number of this little band, until none remained but the purser and two or three sick, despairing sailors. When, at last, the purser saw in the distance the well-known vessel of his commander, such was the shock of his joy that he fell dead upon the deck of his vessel.

The return of the expedition was hailed with delight by king and people. John II., comprehending the importance of the discovery, and foreseeing all its probable consequences, would not permit the cape to retain the name given to it by Dias. He called it the Cape of Good Hope, which it has ever since retained. He meant by this appellation to express the feeling that now there was Good Hope of reaching India by sea; Good Hope of Portugal sharing in the commerce which had enriched Venice; Good Hope of making up for the small territory of Portugal by great possessions on another continent; and, not least, Good Hope of adding to the realm of the cross countless

hosts of heathen. All these Good Hopes were abundantly realized ere many years had gone by.

For some reason unknown, Dias did not receive either the honors or the rewards due to so eminent a service. He was never again in command of an expedition, though he lived long enough to see the results of his discovery.

In the year 1500, a fleet of twelve Portuguese ships was voyaging toward India. Dias, who had never yet set foot on the land to which he had shown the way, was in command of one of those vessels. One clear, still afternoon in May, when the fleet was coursing gently along in close company, a hurricane suddenly struck them. The fleet was dispersed, and four of the vessels immediately filled and sunk. Not a man on board of them was rescued. One of the four ships thus engulfed was commanded by Bartholomew Dias.

EARLY LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

It is difficult for an American citizen to realize what it is in England to be a lord. Common people can hardly stand upright or command their organs of speech in the presence of a man who has the legal right to place that little word, *lord*, before his name. One reason is, I suppose, that there are only four or five hundred lords in the whole British empire, so that many people never have a chance to see that a lord is, after all, only a man. Another reason is, that lords are almost always exceedingly rich, live in enormous castles or splendid mansions, and ride about in grand carriages. Then, too, most of them have names and titles which are met with in history, and in Shakespeare, and ignorant people suppose that when they see the Duke of Buckingham, they are looking upon a descendant of "my lord of Buckingham," whose head was cut off by Richard III. at Salisbury. In addition to all this, a lord sits in the House of Lords, and holds a rank in the commonwealth similar to that of senator in the United States.

Of course, the adulation which lords receive, even from their childhood, has an effect upon themselves, — since they are but men, no better and no worse than others. It is apt to make them think that they are composed of a superior clay to that out of which common people are formed. All the foolish part of them fully believe that they differ from ordinary mortals as fine porcelain differs from the red material of flower-pots.

Byron, with all his genius, was infatuated with this ridiculous notion, and the more because the title came to him suddenly, when he was just old enough to be spoiled by it. He was a school-boy, ten years old at the time, living in Scotland with his mother, who had an income of one hundred and thirty-five

pounds a year, equal to about twenty-five dollars a week in our present currency. All at once came news that Lord Byron, the grand-uncle of the boy, was dead, leaving no heirs to his title and estates except this poor widow's son. Imagine the effect upon a forward, sensitive, bashful, imaginative boy, — painfully ashamed because he had a lame foot. It seems that he was puzzled at first with his new lordship. The day after the news arrived, he ran up to his mother, and said : —

"Mother, do you see any difference in me since I became a lord? I see none."

The next morning, when the roll was called at school, the teacher, instead of calling out his name, George Byron, as he had always done before, gave it with the title prefixed in Latin. thus : —

"Dominus George Byron."

The boy could not utter the usual response, "Adsum" (I am present), so paralyzed was he by his emotions. Pale and speechless he stood, with the eyes of the whole school upon him, until he found relief in a gush of tears. The time never came when he could take a rational view of this imaginary honor. His friend and biographer, Thomas Moore, tells us that, in the height of his celebrity, he was more proud of his descent from the Byrons who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, than of being the most admired poet of his time.

Yet his ancestors were not people to be very proud of. To the immense estates granted them by William and his successors, Henry VIII. added others from the spoils of the church; which made the family one of the richest in England. Extravagance and dissipation so reduced its wealth, that the estate which little Byron inherited was small and encumbered with debt, — small, I mean, for a lord. A great number of Byrons, however, fought bravely in the ancient wars; there were as many as seven brothers of the name in the battle of Edgehill, during the civil wars, and it was for services rendered in that long contest, that Charles I. ennobled the head of the house, conferring the title which the poet inherited.

Captain Byron, the poet's father, possessed the worst qualities of his race. He was most recklessly dissolute and extravagant.

Having squandered his own fortune and that of his first wife, and incurred immense debts, he cast his eyes upon Miss Catherine Gordon, a silly, romantic, Scotch girl of ancient family and large fortune, and openly avowed his intention to marry her for the sole purpose of paying off his debts. In money, stocks, and land, the young lady possessed property equal to about a quarter of a million of our dollars; all of which, with her hand and heart, she bestowed upon this handsome, fascinating, and despicable debauchee. Before the honeymoon was over, a crowd of creditors came upon the husband of this fine estate. First, all the ready money was paid away,—three thousand pounds. Next went the bank stock and fishery shares,—a thousand pounds more. Then, fifteen hundred pounds' worth of timber was cut from the estate and sold. Next, eight thousand pounds were raised by a mortgage on the estate, and all paid to creditors. Finally, when they had been married less than two years, the estate was sold, and all the money which it yielded was poured into the bottomless pit of Captain Byron's debts, except a small sum necessary to secure Mrs. Byron the annual pittance named above. When he had wrung from her all that she possessed, and even made away with part of her little annuity, he abandoned her and went off to the continent, leaving to her care their only son, a boy three years of age. Such was the meanness of this contemptible animal, and such the infatuation of his foolish wife, that he actually squeezed out of her slender means the money that paid his expenses to the continent; and when he died, soon after, she had to pay more than a hundred pounds of small debts incurred by him just before his departure. She loved him to the last. When the news came of his death, she threw herself into such a passion of grief that her shrieks could be heard by the passers-by in the street below.

With all these facts before him, the poet could still be proud that he was a Byron. It was because he was himself a Byron.

Soon after his accession to the title and estate of his grand uncle, his mother sold the furniture of her two or three rooms in Aberdeen for seventy-four pounds, and removed with her boy to Newstead Abbey, a fine old mansion in Nottinghamshire.

which Henry VIII. had given to the family when he broke up the abbeyes and monasteries, two hundred and sixty years before.

From this time he lived the usual life of a young lord. He was a wilful, active, inquisitive, affectionate boy, a great reader, an irregular student, and exceedingly ambitious to excel in the sports of the play-ground. Three times before he was fifteen he thought himself in love. When first he imagined himself the victim of the tender passion he was only eight years of age, and he cherished so fond a recollection of his infant flame, that when, at the age of sixteen, his mother carelessly told him that his "old sweetheart, Mary Duff," was married, he was nearly thrown into convulsions, which so alarmed his mother that she avoided mentioning the subject to him ever after. At twelve he thought himself madly in love with a beautiful cousin. "I could not sleep — I could not eat — I could not rest," he afterwards wrote. The last of his boyish passions, which siezed him when he was fifteen, before it was possible for him to have been really in love, was not so violent as his first; but he always spoke of it as something exceedingly serious. The lady was much older than himself, and very properly regarded and treated him as a school-boy.

The worst enemy he ever had was his mother. She was an ignorant, foolish woman, disagreeable in her appearance, very fat and awkward, capricious, and of a violent temper. She indulged him most injuriously, often permitting him to absent himself from school for a week at a time, and when she was angry with him, her rage was such as to render her helpless, and the boy would run away from her and laugh at her. At last Dr. Glennie, the master of his school, appealed to Lord Carlisle, the legal guardian of the boy, and besought him to interfere. Supported by the guardian's authority, he denied him the privilege of going home on Saturday; whereupon Mrs. Byron, indignant at being deprived of the society of her son, would go to the school, and pour out such a storm of invective in the doctor's parlor, that the boys in the school-room would hear her, to the great shame of the young lord. The school-master once overheard a boy say to him:—

"Byron, your mother is a fool."

"I know it," was his sad reply.

When we think of this fatherless boy, with the blood of the Byrons in his veins, subjected to the fondness and violence of this foolish mother, we ought to wonder, not that he was so wild and ignoble a man, but that there was any good in him at all. There was much good in him. One of his school-fellows at Harrow was the great Sir Robert Peel, who used to relate an anecdote of Byron that does him much honor. A great bully was tormenting little Peel most cruelly one day, by inflicting blows with a stick upon the inside flesh of one of his arms, which the brute twisted round for the purpose. Byron chanced to see his little friend writhing under the torture, and was half convulsed with rage and pity. Unable to fight the tormentor, he came up to him, with tears rolling down his face, red with fury, and said in a low, humble tone:—

"How many stripes do you mean to inflict?"

"Why, you little rascal," roared the bully, "what is that to you?"

"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding up his arm. "I will take half."

He was, like his mother, apt to be violent in all things, even in his attachment to other school-boys. We have one of his school letters, in which he reproaches one of his friends for beginning his last letter "My dear Byron," instead of "My dearest Byron." In the defence of his friends he was a very valiant champion. One of them being weak from a recent sickness, was ill fitted to fight his way in a great concourse of rough boys, and Byron said to him:—

"Harness, if any one bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can."

He kept his word, and the two boys remained fast friends for many years.

At college he was still a desultory student, an omniverous reader, an ardent friend, and a devotee of active sports. He became, through incessant practice, an excellent shot, an expert boatman, and one of the best swimmers in Europe, and, as he grew to manhood, he became exceedingly handsome. His col-

lege friendships were more like the romantic passion of a youth for a lovely girl than an attachment between persons of the same sex. At college, too, his old habit of writing verses grew upon him to such a degree that by the time he was eighteen he had enough poems in his desk for a volume. His youthful poetry was pleasing enough, and generally creditable to him, though the fire and audacity of his later productions do not appear in it. As a specimen, the following lines may be given, written when he was about seventeen, on discovering that a tree that he had planted was dying : —

“Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped, that thy days would be longer than mine, —
That thy dark, waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

“Such, such was my hope when, in infancy’s years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride.
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —
Thy decay, not the weeds that surround thee can hide.”

There was no harm in such mild verses as these, and there was some promise of better things.

On leaving college, he again resided with his mother, whose furious temper age had not subdued. In her paroxysms of anger, she would throw at him the poker and tongs, and not unfrequently he had to fly from the house before her. At the age of nineteen his first volume of verses appeared, entitled : —

“Hours of Idleness. A Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon — Lord Byron — a minor. Newark, 1807.”

In his long and egotistical preface, he said that this, his first publication, would also be his last, as it was not at all likely that a man of his rank and expectations would pursue literature any farther. The volume had some success, received some praise in the press, and all was going well with it, until the first day of the year 1808, when that number of the “Edinburgh Review” appeared, which contained the celebrated article that stung the poet so cruelly.

“The poesy of this young lord,” began the reviewer, “be-

longs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. . . . His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water." And so on for three bantering pages, interspersed with specimens of the noble "minor's" stanzas.

This stinging satire, which would have crushed some young writers of verses, fixed Lord Byron in the career of letters. Promptly and vigorously he retorted in his poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he sung thus of the editor of the "Edinburgh Review":—

"Health to immortal Jeffrey! Once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same,
In soul so like, so merciful and just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts, betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw."

He proceeds to say that perhaps, if the whigs come into power, Jeffrey may become a judge, and if so, Jeffries, his predecessor on the bench, might greet him thus, while presenting him with a rope:—

"Hail to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive — for thee reserved with care —
To wield with judgment, and at length to wear."

This witty poem, in which all the noted authors of Scotland were remorselessly lashed, ran through many editions, and sufficiently consoled the wounded self-love of the young poet. The fame, however, of Lord Byron, dates from his twenty-fourth year, when the publication of the first cantos of *Childe Harold* revealed to England the full splendor of his talents.

"I awoke one morning," said he, "and found myself famous."

Such was his popularity at one time, that ten thousand copies

of one of his poems were sold on the day of its publication at a price equal to nearly ten dollars each. But his errors as a man soon lost him the esteem of his countrymen ; he was almost as extravagant as his father, and quite as dissolute, and, like his father, he squandered the fortune of his wife after he had ceased to be a husband to her.

FERNANDO MAGALHAENS.

THIS name, Magalhaens, appears on our maps as Magellan. Every school-boy knows Magellan's Straits and Magellan's Archipelago, so named in honor of their heroic and ill-fated discoverer. They were not so named by himself, however. Good Catholic as he was, he called the passage between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego the Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. But this appellation was more pious than convenient, and, after the tragic death of Magalhaens, navigators called the strait by the name it now bears.

Fernando Magalhaens, a native of Portugal, was a boy about twelve years of age when the news of Columbus' great discovery and safe return reached Oporto, the city of his birth and education. At that time, Portugal, under the rule of an enterprising and fortunate king, was far more powerful and important than she is at present. It was a Portuguese fleet that first found the way to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope; and this led to a great and profitable trade with the Indies, which for many years enabled Portugal to take a leading part in the discovery and exploration of the western world. When Magalhaens came upon the stage of action, the King of Portugal had a numerous fleet, a great revenue, an imposing name, and extensive possessions in Asia. Such was his importance, that the Pope, in deciding rival claims to the newly found lands and islands, gave one-half to Spain and one-half to Portugal.

Magalhaens entered the Portuguese navy at an early age, and served in it with distinction for many years. He was in that famous expedition of the renowned Admiral Albuquerque, which ravaged the coasts of Africa and Asia for five years, and captured an enormous booty. Magalhaens took part in the siege and

sack of Malacca, where Albuquerque took such a quantity of treasure that the king's share, which was one-fifth, amounted to five millions of dollars. In the division of this vast plunder, the leaders of the expedition quarrelled. Magalhaens, conceiving that he was defrauded of his proper share, threw up his commission, and never sailed again under the flag of his native country.

He made his way to the court of Charles V., then the first monarch in Europe, and offered his services to him. He now appears as the enemy of his own king. The great object of desire, on the part of the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, was the possession of the Spice Islands; and it was uncertain to which of those kings the Pope's Bull assigned them. Magalhaens told the ministers of Charles V. that those coveted islands were on the Spanish side of the line fixed by the Pope as the line of division, and offered to reach them by sailing to the west instead of the east. Like Columbus, Cabot, and Fro-bisher, this Portuguese navigator was fully possessed with the belief that there must be a western passage to Asia; and he took this method to enlist in the cause the avarice of the King of Spain.

Charles V. lent a willing ear to his arguments, and was convinced by them. Five vessels—the smallest sixty, the largest one hundred and thirty tons—were placed under his command, and furnished with everything that could conduce to the success of the expedition. The crews of these vessels numbered two hundred and thirty-four, mostly of Spanish birth, and the captains of the ships were all Spanish. I need scarcely remind the reader that there has always been, between the Spanish and the Portuguese, a certain antipathy, the Spaniard being strongly disposed to look down with contempt upon the people of the little kingdom.

August 10th, 1519, Admiral Magalhaens sailed from Seville, and reached the coast of Brazil in the middle of December. He then steered to the south, and, sailing close in shore, looked out anxiously to find a break in the continent which would let him into the great ocean that washed the shores of Asia, and encircled the rich islands of which he was in quest. The broad

mouth of the La Plata lured him in at length. He entered it, but discovering soon that it was only a river, he dropped down the stream, and resumed his run along the coast.

In March, 1520, seven months after leaving Spain, he came to anchor in one of the harbors of Patagonia. Winter had set in, and he was detained there five weary months, during which his Spanish captains became discontented, and at length conspired to resist his authority. In quelling this incipient mutiny, he resorted to the most desperate measures. One of the captains he caused to be assassinated; two others he hanged; the fourth, with a priest who was his accomplice, he set ashore and left them to their fate among the Indians. The winter wore away at length, and on the 20th of August (spring in those latitudes) he resumed his southward course. It was two months later before he entered the strait which now bears his name.

Magellan's Strait, which looks so insignificant on the map, is three hundred miles long, and varies in width from a mile and a half to thirty miles. The shores are lofty, rugged, and precipitous, rising, in some places, to a height of three thousand feet; and the water is so deep that lines sunk to the depth of fifteen hundred feet have not reached the bottom. The navigation, however, is difficult and dangerous, owing to the currents, the reefs, the abrupt turns, and the changeful, boisterous winds. Our clipper ships, on their voyages to California, prefer to encounter the tempests off Cape Horn than to thread this long and perilous defile. At the very entrance one of Admiral Magalhaens' vessels was wrecked. Another turned back when it was half through, and made its way to Spain. The three remaining ships struggled on for five weeks, and then emerged into the broad and tranquil ocean, which the Admiral named the Pacific.

Confident in his theory, he spread his sails and ventured forth upon this unknown sea. Week after week he sailed before the gentle breezes of the Pacific, seeing no land except one or two small, barren, uninhabited islands. His provisions ran low, his supply of water was nearly exhausted, and his men were wasted by disease and hunger. For thirteen weeks he held his course, uncheered by any sign that he was approaching the object of his search, or any land from which he could get food or water.

To turn back, however, had been still more hopeless. He had no choice but to sail on, until he had consumed his last biscuit and his last cask of water.

On the ninety-second day after clearing the strait, land was descried. The joy of those navigators can be imagined, when this land proved to be a group of fertile and inhabited islands, abounding in food. The dusky natives were such arrant thieves, that the admiral named the islands the *Ladrones*, which name they bear to the present day. When he landed there, he had been absent from Spain five hundred and thirty-three days, during most of which he had been in seas never before traversed by man.

After a few days' stay at the *Ladrones*, this intrepid discoverer resumed his voyage. He was now in a part of the Pacific Ocean which is so thickly studded with islands that he could not go far without finding new groups. In a few days he came to the islands afterwards named the *Philippines*. Here his long voyaging was destined to terminate. Not content with taking possession of the islands in the name of the King of Spain, he was anxious to convert the natives to Christianity, and to have them at once baptized. The king of the principal island agreed, it appears, to become Christian, and make his subjects Christian, and pay tribute to the King of Spain, provided Admiral Magalhaens would render him supreme monarch over all the islands of the group. The admiral, in an evil hour, accepted the condition. He landed sixty armed men upon the island of the most contumacious chief, who met this little band with an army of fifteen hundred Indian warriors. A long and fierce conflict ensued, — the Indians unappalled by the Spaniards' firearms. Magalhaens fought on all day, until his men had expended their ammunition, and then ordered a retreat to the boats. This movement was executed in confusion, under a shower of stones. The admiral being in the post of danger, nearest the savages, was knocked senseless by a large stone, when an Indian ran up and thrust a spear through his body, which was fatal.

His followers hastened away from that bloody shore, and made all sail for Spain. In September, 1522, one little vessel of Magalhaens' fleet, with eighteen men on board, entered the

harbor of Seville, — the sole relics of the expedition. This vessel, which was named the Vittoria, was the first which ever sailed round the globe, and the name of her commander was Juan Sebastian Cano. She was three years and one month in making the voyage. Magalhaens ranks very high among the wonderful navigators of his time. In point of courage and perseverance he was surpassed by none of them. But his valor sometimes degenerated into rashness, and his firmness into cruelty.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

IN the spring of 1801 the fashionable world of London was much excited by the appearance upon the platform of the Royal Institution of a new lecturer upon chemistry, who exhibited a singular talent for making science entertaining. It may seem strange to readers of to-day that we should speak of the world of fashion in connection with science. At present, people of fashion, following the lead of Louis Napoleon's wife, appear wholly abandoned to frivolity, and know no nobler pleasures than the exhibition of extravagant wearing apparel. But during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, science was in vogue, and it was common to see brilliant assemblies of the wealthy and high-born in the lecture-rooms of scientific institutions.

Humphrey Davy was the name of the lecturer of whom we have spoken. People who, attracted by his celebrity, went to the hall expecting to see a grave and venerable philosopher in pigtail and powder, were astonished to behold a young man of fresh complexion and chestnut curls, full of youthful vivacity and spirit, with a voice exceedingly musical, and a style in which the facts and the poetry of science found expression equally happy. In reality he was twenty-three, but he looked eighteen. Being slightly undersized, and having a small, boyish face, he was once taken for a boy by a lady who had come to visit him, and who chanced to see him reading before she knew who he was. Great was her astonishment, when she was introduced to the distinguished Mr. Davy, and found him to be the youth "with the little brown head" whom she had carelessly passed on entering the house.

The brilliancy of Davy's debut in London proved to be the

opening of a long and brilliant career. Year after year he continued to lecture, and to attract great assemblies of those who came to be instructed, and those who came because chemistry and Humphrey Davy were in fashion. With all his youthful liveliness, with all his fluency and eloquence, he was an honest and earnest teacher, whose public ministrations were sustained by laborious private study and experiment.

The peculiarity of the life of this eminent man was that he was always fortunate. He appears to have always had just what he wanted, and just when he wanted it.

Six years before his appearance in London he was a fatherless lad, living in a small country town in far-off Cornwall, where his widowed mother kept a little milliner's shop. He had attended the best school in the neighborhood for several years, where he was only known as a bright, forward boy, somewhat studious, very fond of poetry and fishing, but not noted for any particular inclination toward science. He was simply a good, merry, English school-boy, doing his duty in the school-room, but happiest in the fields among his fellows with a fishing-rod or a cricket-bat in his hands. The death of his father, an intelligent, speculative man, who left his affairs in great disorder, consigned his mother to a milliner's shop, and changed him from a school-boy into an apothecary's apprentice. A shade of seriousness gathered over him. He had become a man. His private note-books of the first two years of his apprenticeship have been preserved, and they show us, that when his day's work of compounding drugs was done, and in the morning before it begun, he was a hard student. He went through a complete course of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, besides reading the metaphysical works of Locke, Hartley, Berkley, Hume, Helvetius, Condorcet, and Reid. He also learned the French language.

He was no mere bookworm, however, nor a Hogarth's "good apprentice." He found time, now and then, for a half a day's fishing or shooting, and played many a good game of billiards. Billiard-balls, indeed, were his first known teachers of science. It was his fondness for that game that led him to study the

laws of repulsion; hoping, by getting the true theory, to beat his young friends in practice.

The study of metaphysics had upon his mind the same effect that it had upon Benjamin Franklin's. Unsatisfied with a science which, as then pursued, led to uncertainty and confusion, he was drawn away to one which rewards the faithful student with positive and useful truths. At the beginning of the third year of his apprenticeship, and the nineteenth of his age, he began, with a boy's usual apparatus of tobacco-pipes, tea-cups, wine-glasses, and earthen crucibles, to study and experiment in chemistry.

Everything helped him. His master was a man of much scientific knowledge, and had a considerable library, to which the apprentice had access. A son of the celebrated James Watt came to reside in the town, whose conversation was a great advantage to the young chemist. The copper and tin mines of the vicinity, the sea-weed on the shore, the drugs employed in his profession, all furnished objects of investigation; and he pursued his studies with an ardor and devotion that never fail to produce important results. Chemistry was not then what it is now. He was able in a few months to master all that previous explorers had discovered, and then he struck boldly into untrodden paths.

So passed the last two years of his apprenticeship. At twenty, such was his provincial celebrity, he was invited to a post in a new medical institution at Bristol, founded for the purpose of administering various gases for the cure of disease. His business there was to prepare and administer the gases, — an employment admirably calculated to give him dexterity in experimenting, and familiarity with fundamental principles; for what is chemistry but the science of gases? It was at this institution that he first inhaled the gas now called "laughing gas," but which he then styled "the pleasure-producing air." He was the first man in the world who ever enjoyed this species of intoxication. He used to inhale the gas from a bag, just as it is now administered, and it produced upon him precisely the effects which most of us have experienced or witnessed.

A volume of essays published by him at Bristol, extended his

fame to the metropolis, and led to his being appointed professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution. Hence his appearance, at the early age of twenty-three, upon a London platform, where, as we have seen, his youth, his simplicity, his eloquence, and his dexterity in conducting experiments made him for many years a popular lion.

At the Royal Institution he had everything that a man of science can desire. A liberal income gave him the command of all his time. A complete laboratory afforded him the means of pursuing his investigations. A number of competent assistants were at hand to aid him. Sympathetic friends witnessed and encouraged his labors, and the applause of the public cheered and stimulated him. He went to the laboratory in the morning as a workman goes to his shop, labored all day amid his furnaces, his crucibles, and his retorts, and in the evening resumed his broadcloth, and either repaired to the lecture-room, or went out to dinner.

We cannot, of course, relate his discoveries. We can merely state, that it was Davy who gave the great impulse to agricultural chemistry, — a branch of science which has already revolutionized farming in the Old World, and which is destined to be the farmer's best friend in the New. It was he who applied chemistry to the art of tanning. It was he who discovered that diamond is nothing but crystallized charcoal, and he who found out how to convert whiskey into tolerable brandy. His discoveries in galvanism and electricity were striking and valuable, and they have been further developed by his celebrated pupil and friend, Faraday.

Of all his inventions, the one which he and his contemporaries valued most was the safety-lamp, to prevent the explosion of fire-damp in mines. This lamp, which is merely a lantern made of wire-gauze, was the result of an exhaustive investigation of the nature and composition of the explosive gas.

At the age of thirty-two he married a widow of large fortune. By way of wedding-gift, the Prince Regent dubbed him a knight, so that he was known henceforth as Sir Humphrey Davy. After his invention of the safety-lamp, he was further distinguished by a baronetcy. He died in May, 1829, aged fifty-one,

at Geneva, in Switzerland, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was buried at Geneva, where an obelisk was placed over his remains by his wife.

Two of his biographers assert that such constant and remarkable good fortune had an injurious effect upon his character. They say that he became proud, arrogant, and irritable, neglected his old friends, and paid servile court to the titled and rich. His brother, who was also his biographer, denies this with warmth. Certainly his published letters appear to show that he remained to the last a dutiful son, a generous, affectionate brother, and a steadfast friend to the companions of his early years. It may be, however, that associating with a society which acknowledged George IV. as its chief, he may not wholly have escaped an evil influence which perverted and misled Sir Walter Scott.

The basis of his character, however, both as a man and as a philosopher, was sound. As a man, he was honest, pure, and kind; as a philosopher, he truly loved and laboriously sought knowledge, and prided himself most upon having rendered some service to his species in lessening the perils of honest labor.

The following are a few sentences from a letter which he wrote to his brother, who was just entering college : —

"MY DEAR JOHN, — Let no difficulties alarm you. You may be what you please. Preserve the dignity of your mind, and the purity of your moral conduct. Move straight forward on to moral and intellectual excellence. Let no example induce you to violate decorum — no ridicule prevent you from guarding against sensuality or vice. Live in such a way that you can always say, the whole world may know what I am doing."

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

WHEN Kossuth visited the tomb of Washington, he stood silent before it a for several minutes, and then said, as he turned to leave the place, —

“How necessary it is to be successful !”

A braver man than Martin Frobisher never sailed the sea or trod the land. He exhibited all the grand traits of Columbus in the fullest measure, and possessed some sturdy virtues which the Italian navigator could not boast ; but as no unique success rewarded his heroic endeavors, he is only known to ordinary readers as an adventurous sailor, who discovered and gave his name to Frobisher's Straits, one of the passages leading into Hudson's Bay.

He was born in Yorkshire about the year 1530, thirty-eight years after the discovery of America. Yorkshiremen are the Yankees of Old England ; they are sharper, tougher, more enterprising and persevering, less amiable and polite, than the people of the more southern counties of England. Some of them are exceedingly hard bargainers, and very rough in their manners. Take them for all in all, however, they are the people that contribute most to the strength and prosperity of the British empire ; and it is not uncommon to meet among them men in whom are happily united the force of a Yorkshireman with the suavity of a man of Kent or Sussex.

During the early years of this man's life, the one topic that absorbed the minds of intelligent men was the progressive discovery of the Western World. Geography was the favorite and the fashionable study ; maps were among the most precious of possessions ; and navigators who had taken part in the voyages to America were held in universal honor. Frobisher, being

himself a sailor, was naturally drawn to the consideration of what sailors were achieving.

Like Sebastian Cabot, and all other Englishmen of that day, Captain Frobisher attached small importance to the territory discovered in the West. The grand object of solicitude was to find a shorter way to the rich countries of Asia, — the lands of spice, gold, diamonds, and the rich fabrics which adorned the palaces and persons of kings. So possessed was Captain Frobisher of the importance of discovering a north-western passage to Asia, that he felt it was the only thing remaining to be done by which a "notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

Not having himself the means of fitting out an expedition, he endeavored to interest the merchants and nobles of England in the scheme; but for fifteen years he strove in vain. At length he found a patron in the powerful Earl of Warwick, by whose assistance and that of his friends three vessels were prepared, and Captain Frobisher was placed in command.

Nothing is more startling to the modern reader than the smallness of the vessels employed in the early voyages of discovery. Here was an expedition fitted out for a voyage of many thousand miles in unknown seas, and the largest of the three vessels was thirty tons burthen; the next twenty tons; and the smallest *ten*.

The boat carried on the deck of an emigrant ship is sometimes of twenty or thirty tons burthen; and ten tons is, I believe, about the capacity of a frigate's largest boat, such as we often see moving about the harbor, rowed by ten or twelve men. Frobisher's ten-ton pinnace was only decked in the forward part. She was, in fact, a great lubberly sail-boat, and nothing more.

In the month of June, 1576, the little fleet dropped down the Thames, past the royal palace of Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth waved her hand to them as they glided by, and sent a message of good cheer to the commander. They cleared the channel in safety, and stood out on the broad Atlantic.

June, as sailors well know, is a treacherous month. The hardest blow I ever experienced on the ocean was in the month of June, and it was not far from the very spot where, two hun-

dred and eighty-nine years ago, the courage of Captain Frobisher was put to as severe a test as any man's ever was. A fearful storm arose, during which his pinnacle of ten tons was overwhelmed by the waves, and all on board were lost. The crew of the vessel next in size, appalled at this disaster, turned their prow toward England, leaving Frobisher's own ship alone in the waste of waters. If Frobisher had faltered and turned back, what mortal could have blamed him? Alone, but undaunted, this hero held on his course until the shores of Labrador barred his farther progress to the north-west. Skirting the coast, he entered, at length, the strait that bears his name, which, for a time, he thought might be the passage to Asia of which he was in quest. He spent some weeks of the summer in fruitlessly exploring those waters, landing here and there, and returned to England in September, having been absent less than three months. He took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and, in token of her sovereignty, brought away some stones and earth.

Captain Frobisher's career as an American voyager would have probably ended with this expedition but for an accident. Among the spoils brought from the frozen regions of Labrador was a large, dark-colored stone, which, falling into the hands of the London gold-assayers, was found to contain gold. A furor arose among the merchants of London. Two ships were fitted out for the purpose of bringing to England large quantities of the precious ore, to which the queen added a ship of two hundred tons from the royal navy. In May, 1577, Captain Frobisher and his men, having first gone in solemn procession to church, and partaken of the communion, set sail, and soon reached the scene of their first explorations. Icebergs covered the sea, and continually threatened the vessels with destruction, and they were saved only by the light of the endless northern day. Inhabitants were discovered on the shore. One of these, a "man of large corporature and good proportion," they seized and carried off. Another, an ill-favored old woman, they took for a devil or a witch, and actually pulled off the skins that covered her feet, to see if they were not cloven. The ships were freighted at length with ore, the captain himself toiling

at the work like a galley-slave, and away they sped to England, which they reached late in September, after four months' absence.

We are informed by the old chroniclers that enough gold was smelted out of the mass of black ore to pay the whole expense of the voyage. This statement derives probability from what followed; for in the spring of the next year, Admiral Frobisher again set sail, with a fleet of fifteen ships, a great part of the expense of which was borne by the queen, who was too fond of money to risk it except with a good prospect of its bringing back more. This was a terrible and disastrous voyage. Icebergs were encountered of such enormous size, that torrents of water ran down their dissolving sides in foaming and glistening cascades. One of the ships was caught between two of these ice-mountains, and crushed to pieces, the crew narrowly escaping. Having lost its way in a fog, the fleet drifted into the strait since named Hudson's, and Frobisher again believed he had found the long-sought passage to the Pacific Ocean. But, compelled by his orders to confine himself to the main object of the expedition, he turned back and made his way, with inconceivable difficulty, to the islands containing the black, gold-bearing stone. It had been intended to found a settlement there; but his men, disheartened by the perils they had undergone and the cheerless aspect of those ice-bound shores, could not be induced to remain. Hastily loading their ships, they sailed for England, where the ore was found to be of little value. All parties were discouraged, the illusion was dispelled, and Frobisher sailed no more to the desolate regions of the North.

For the next seven years he disappears from history. In 1585 we see him accompanying Sir Francis Drake in his famous expedition to the West Indies. Three years after, every valiant sailor in England was summoned forth to battle with the Spanish Armada. Martin Frobisher commanded a ship on the great, decisive day, and fought her with such splendid courage and skill, that the lord high admiral came on board after the action, and conferred upon Admiral Frobisher the honor of knighthood.

It was his destiny to join in one more world-renowned contest, — that which ended in seating firmly on the throne of

France the great Henry IV. Queen Elizabeth was an active ally of Henry, and sent him powerful succors. In an attack upon a strong position near Brest, Sir Martin Frobisher, commanding the English fleet, received a mortal wound. He survived long enough to conduct his fleet in safety to England, and died, a few days after, at Plymouth, mourned by every true sailor and loyal heart in the realm.

ALFONSE D'ALBUQUERQUE.

THIS is a grand-looking name to put at the head of an article. Little known as it now is, the time was when the world resounded with it. Three hundred and fifty years ago it was as familiar and famous as the names of Napoleon, Wellington, and Washington now are. He was generally spoken of as the *great* Albuquerque; sometimes as the "Mars of Portugal;" and to this day the Portuguese regard him as the greatest man of their greatest age. He was certainly one of the most successful of conquerors, and excelled all the commanders of his time, except Pizarro and Cortez, in battering down other people's towns, and carrying off their gold, silver, and diamonds. On one occasion, we are told, his booty amounted to a sum equal, in greenbacks of to-day, to one hundred millions of dollars; but no historian has taken the trouble to inform us what offence the people of Malacca had committed, that they should be subjected to this heavy fine.

At that day, all Christians appear to have been fully convinced that the heathen had no rights which Christians were bound to respect. Pizarro, Cortez, and Albuquerque took this for granted; and all we can say in favor of the eminent robber last named is, that he was much the most humane and high-minded of that immortal trio of plunderers. When once he had completely subjugated an Indian city, and shipped to Portugal the cream of its wealth, he governed it thenceforth in a very exact and superior manner, and extorted from the people only a small part of the fruits of their industry. Despite his plundering, too, he personally despised wealth, kept little of it for himself, and was animated by a strong desire to extend the empire of the cross. It is difficult to decide which was his

ruling motive, a desire to enhance the glory and greatness of Portugal, or to bring the people of India into the pale of the Catholic Church.

Alfonse d'Albuquerque, born in 1453, near Lisbon, was of the highest rank in the nobility of his own country, and was connected by ties of blood with the royal families of three kingdoms, — Portugal, Spain, and France. He was reared at the court of Alfonse V., King of Portugal, — a most able and learned monarch, — where he enjoyed the best advantages for education then attainable in Europe. He spoke and wrote Latin with perfect fluency and considerable elegance, and took part with the king in those mathematical and nautical studies which were then the favorite pursuits of Portuguese men of learning. The Portuguese, in their unending contest with the Moors, were accustomed to "carry the war into Africa," and Albuquerque learned the profession of arms by serving in Morocco for many years. He became an accomplished sailor, too, by accompanying several of the expeditions which the King of Portugal was accustomed to send out for the purpose of exploring the coast of Africa.

In these arduous services by land and sea he passed the prime of his manhood. In 1495, when he had attained the age of forty-two years, he saw a beloved brother mortally wounded at his side in a desperate conflict with the Moors in Africa. Dejected at the loss of his brother, he sought a respite from the toils of war, and returned to Portugal, where the king appointed him to a high office in the royal household.

He remained eight years in retirement. The Portuguese, meanwhile, had continued to voyage to the East Indies, and bring home its valuable products; but, as yet, they had no fortified port in India upon which they could implicitly rely. Albuquerque's first service in that part of the world was to conduct a fleet thither, and build a fort at Cochin, on the coast of Malabar. He performed this duty well. The remains of the fort built by him three hundred and sixty years ago are still visible, and the town of Cochin, thus secured to the Portuguese, contains to this day a large number of costly churches and convents, which attest the zeal of those early navigators for the

spread of their faith. Albuquerque saw, during this visit, the vast importance to Portugal of securing a firm footing in India, and he returned home to fire anew the ambition and the zeal of his king.

The king, entering warmly into his views, gave him a secret commission as Governor-in-Chief of the Indies, with powers almost absolute, and with orders to go out merely as captain of one of the ships of a fleet, and, on reaching India, to produce his commission and assume the supreme command. He set sail in 1506, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, commanding one vessel of a fleet of fourteen sail. His commission expressly stated that the king's first object was the spread of Christianity, and that to this end all others were to be strictly secondary.

On the long and eventful voyage, the genius and courage of Albuquerque were so signally displayed that he seemed much more the admiral of the fleet than its real commander. They stopped on their way to build a fort for the protection of the Nestorian Christians, and to explore the great Island of Madagascar. At Madagascar, taking under his command six ships, he left the admiral to pursue his voyage to India for cargoes of spice and fabrics, and proceeded himself on an expedition of a very different character.

From that moment his career as a conqueror begins.

Ormuz, a barren rock in the Persian Gulf, was, for centuries, the seat of the pearl fishery of those waters, and one of the chief commercial cities of Asia. "The world is a ring," said the orientals of that time, "and Ormuz is its precious stone." Guided by two skilful African pilots, Albuquerque anchored off that populous and wealthy island in 1507, and won over it a complete, though bloodless conquest. By skilful management, he gained such an ascendancy there as to place in power a rajah entirely devoted to the Portuguese, who permitted him to construct in the very heart of the city a fortress for the protection of Portuguese merchants trading or residing at Ormuz. His followers, however, still ignorant of his secret commission, clamored to be led to the rich coasts of Malabar; and two of his ships abandoned him at the moment of his triumph. He was

compelled to leave Ormuz unguarded ; but not the less did he regard it as his own.

He reached India at length, and exhibited to the Portuguese viceroy the royal commission which named him his successor. The viceroy and all his court laughed him to scorn, insulted him on the highway, pretended that he was either an impostor or a madman ; and, finally, Albuquerque was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with chains. . Soon after, one of his kinsmen reached India, in command of a numerous fleet, who promptly espoused the cause of Albuquerque, released him from prison, and assisted him to put in force the king's commission.

Wielding now the whole power of the Portuguese in India, Albuquerque entered forthwith upon the realization of those schemes of conquest and spoliation which he had meditated for so many years. Calicut, a city which then held the rank among the cities of India now enjoyed by Calcutta, he besieged, captured, sacked, and held subject and tributary to the King of Portugal, to whom he sent an ample share of the booty. Here, for a century, Portuguese merchants grew rich, and Portuguese priests labored to convert the heathen ; and here the warehouses of the former and the churches of the latter still exist. All along that wealthy coast he continued his ravages, and made the whole region tributary to the king whom he served, reducing it to a subjection almost as complete as it is now under to the Queen of England.

The city of Goa, on the coast of Malabar, was his next conquest. It was a place of vast population, immense commerce, and prodigious wealth, and it made a defence proportioned to its power and importance. After spending a year in its siege, after having once captured and lost it, Albuquerque finally remained master of the city, and drew from it the booty before alluded to, equal to about one hundred millions of dollars in our present currency.

From Goa he sailed, with a fleet of nineteen ships, to Malacca, the chief city on the large island of the same name. This city, which then contained a population of one hundred thousand inoffensive people, he attacked and carried, and held it as a possession of the King of Portugal, with all the territory apper-

taining to it. The historians of this conquest mention, as a proof of the magnanimity and disinterestedness of Albuquerque, that he only took from Malacca, for his personal use, the iron lions which marked the tomb of the royal family; although he carried away a large ship loaded deep with gold and silver, for the use of the king and the needs of the public service. Not a man in that age of the world appears to have questioned the right of a strong Christian to seize the gold of a weak heathen; nor did any one see anything wrong in the robbery of a heathen king's family tomb. I am happy to inform the reader that the ship containing both the treasure and the iron lions went to the bottom of the sea a few days after leaving Malacca.

Having thus reduced the shores and cities of two of the great peninsulas of Southern Asia, he next undertook the conquest of all the vast regions watered by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. He bombarded the cities commanding those waters, with varying success. Meditating the conquest of Egypt, he conceived a scheme for diverting the river Nile from its course, so as to leave Egypt a desert, and destroy its whole population. He designed to extend the power of Portugal even to Constantinople, and, in short, to reduce under the power of his king all of Asia and Africa which were accessible and worth having. Such were the genius, the energy, and the administrative talent of this man, that if he had lived ten years longer he might have executed this scheme.

But death arrested him in the full tide of his career. The climate and the toils of war had undermined his constitution, and some ill-wishers at home had misrepresented him to the king, who sent out to circumscribe his power. This proved to be a mortal stroke to Albuquerque.

He died in the odor of sanctity, committing his soul to God and his son to the king. The last days of his life were spent in hearing read his favorite passages of the New Testament, during which he held in his hands and clasped to his heart a small crucifix. His last words showed, not merely that his conscience acquitted him for what he had done against the people of India, but that he regarded himself as an eminent soldier of the Cross, as well as a faithful servant of his king. Nay, more; his con-

duct toward the Indians had never occurred to him as a case of conscience at all; so completely was it taken for granted that no people except Christians had any rights. The earth was the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and did it not therefore belong to the Pope, and to Christian kings, who were the Lord's vicar and vicegerents? It is impossible to make a modern reader realize how entirely the people of that age believed this. It was not because the Africans were black, that Queen Elizabeth encouraged Sir John Hawkins to carry them away into slavery, but because they were idolaters.

Albuquerque died at Goa, in 1515, aged sixty-two years. The family of Albuquerque is, to this day, one of the most respectable in the Spanish peninsula. Members of it figured in public life as late as Napoleon's day.

HERNANDO CORTEZ.

IN the year 1502, at the small country town of Medellin, in Spain, there lived an idle, dissolute youth of seventeen, who was the torment of his parents, and the leader of all the mischief going in that neighborhood. His parents were of the highest respectability, though reduced in circumstances, and they had given their son the best education within their means. During his infancy and childhood he had been so sickly that no one expected he would live to mature age; but as he grew older he grew stronger, and at seventeen he was a man in stature, and sufficiently robust. He was then at home, having left the college of Salamanca without permission, and was passing his time in love intrigues and dissipation, regardless of the remonstrances of his father and the entreaties of his mother. When, therefore, he declared his intention of joining an expedition about to sail for America, the good people of Medellin, especially those who had daughters, were not sorry to hear it. His father had intended him for the legal profession, which the youth disdained. No career attracted him, except one of adventure in the New World, which had been discovered ten years before.

A few days before the time appointed for the sailing of the fleet, the young man had a love affair in the true Spanish style. In those days, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded, and guarded almost as carefully, as the ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, instead of ringing the door-bell and sending in his card, he often made a rope ladder, and surveyed the residence of the young lady, with a view to ascertain the best mode of getting upon her balcony or into her window. Our adventurer proceeded in this manner. In

scaling the wall of the garden which enclosed the house wherein lived the object of his passion, he fell to the ground, and injured himself so seriously that he could not sail with the expedition. It was long before he recovered his health, and still longer before another good opportunity occurred of going to America.

This is the first recorded adventure of Hernando Cortez, the renowned conqueror of Mexico. History introduces him to us falling from a wall, in the dim light of a Spanish evening.

Two years after, being then nineteen, he took passage in a merchant vessel, and, after a most tempestuous passage, reached the island of Hispaniola, then the seat of Spanish power in America. He was at that time a very handsome young man, graceful, self-confident, a superior swordsman and horseman, and highly accomplished in all warlike exercises. On leaving the ship, he went at once to the house of the governor, a friend of his family. The governor being absent upon an expedition, his secretary received Cortez with politeness, and, by way of encouraging a new comer, assured him that the governor, upon his return, would doubtless allot to him a liberal tract of land.

"Land!" said Cortez. "I come to find gold, not to plough the ground like a peasant."

Nevertheless, when the governor offered him a portion of land and a number of Indians as slaves, there being nothing better to take at the time, Cortez accepted them, and became a planter. The governor also named him notary of the town, — an office of some little emolument. Without entirely neglecting his business he now resumed his dissolute habits, and spent most of his time in love intrigues, which involved him in several duels. After seven years of a life like this, he joined the forces destined for the conquest of Cuba under Velasquez, and displayed, in that affair, so much dash, activity, courage, and gayety, that he became a favorite of Velasquez, who named him his secretary.

This friendship was soon changed into fierce hostility. Cortez, in the course of his amorous adventures, had given a promise of marriage to a young lady, which he was not inclined to keep. Governor Velasquez insisted on his fulfilling the promise. Cortes, angry at this interference with his pleasures,

joined himself to the enemies of Valasquez, and prepared to go to Spain to intrigue for his recall. The governor, discovering the plot, arrested Cortez, and would have hanged him, it is said, but for the intercession of friends. He threw him into prison, and caused him to be chained. Twice Cortez escaped, and was twice re-captured, and at length was glad enough to accept his liberty on condition of marrying the girl he had betrayed. The governor endowed the young couple with an extensive tract of land in Cuba, and a large number of Indians. Being now a married man, he carried on his plantation with great vigor, imported cattle from Spain, and raised better crops than his neighbors. Gold having been discovered upon his land, he kept many of his Indians at work in mining it, and so gradually became a man of considerable wealth. He is said to have been a hard task-master. "God alone knows," writes a Spanish historian, "how many Indian lives his gold cost him, and God will hold him to an account for them." In such labors his life passed, until he was thirty-three years of age, and there was no prospect, at that time, of his ever emerging from obscurity. So far as we know, he expected to live and die a planter and miner.

But in 1518 there returned to Santiago, after an absence of seven weeks, a small fleet which Velasquez had sent out to explore the coasts of the adjacent continent. This fleet brought wonderful and most thrilling intelligence. Mexico had been discovered!—a land inhabited, not by poor and ignorant savages, but by a people considerably civilized, who possessed spacious and costly edifices, temples, rich garments, ornaments of gold; a people, too, who were ruled by a powerful monarch, with a disciplined army, and yet were so debased by superstition as to appease the imaginary wrath of their idols by sacrifices of human beings. How all this appealed at once to the cupidity and religious zeal of the Spaniards can be imagined by those who know anything of the character of the Spaniards of that day. Governor Velasquez proceeded immediately to organize an expedition for the settlement and conversion of Mexico. There were two things wanting, — money, and a man fit to command such an enterprise. On looking around, the governor thought he saw, in Hernando Cortez, a man rich enough to de-

fray, in great part, the expense of the expedition, and endowed with the requisite energy and talents to conduct it.

He sent for Cortez, revealed the project to him, and offered him the command. Cortez accepted it, and agreed to embark his fortune in the enterprise. Six large vessels were speedily equipped, and three hundred men eagerly volunteered to follow a leader already known for his courage and skill. The orders given by Velasquez to the commander of the expedition, enjoined it upon him to deal gently and liberally with the Mexicans, since the grand objects in view were, first, and above all, to convert them to Christianity; secondly, to open with them a peaceful, honest commerce; and, lastly, to get such a knowledge of the country and its waters as would be of use to future navigators. He was directed, however, to impress upon the Mexicans a lofty idea of the goodness and greatness of the King of Spain, to invite them to conciliate that monarch by presents of gold and pearls, and acknowledge him as their sovereign lord.

When the fleet was ready to sail, Velasquez awoke to the danger of trusting with an important, independent command a man so ambitious and resolute as Cortez, and he determined to remove him. Cortez, notified in time, hurried on board, raised his anchors, and put to sea; so that when Velasquez ran down to the beach at the dawn of day, November 18, 1518, to execute his intention, he saw the fleet standing out to sea, beyond the reach of his orders.

Touching at several places on his way for recruits, Cortez found himself, five months after, near the port now named Vera Cruz, with one hundred and ten sailors, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, and two hundred Indians, fourteen pieces of artillery, and sixteen horses. Disembarking, he established himself in an entrenched camp, and opened relations with the cacique of the district, who treated the strangers with the utmost hospitality. Their first interview began with the celebration of the Mass, after which Cortez invited the cacique and his attendants to a collation, which being ended, conversation began. Having learned from the cacique that Montezuma, the king of the country, resided at a great city two hundred miles distant,

Cortez asked permission to visit him; to which the cacique replied that he would send his request to the king. A week after the messengers returned, bearing to the Spaniards magnificent presents, and a message from Montezuma, declining the proffered visit. A second request elicited other costly gifts, and a positive order from the king for the strangers not to approach the capital.

Cortez hesitated not a moment. Feigning submission, he prepared at once to march to Mexico. Some of his followers, however, not as bold as himself, murmured, and plotted against him. Then it was, that besides repressing the mutiny with the strong hand, he resolved to make all turning back impossible. He caused all his vessels, except the smallest, to be scuttled and sunk. From that hour there was no safety except in the total conquest of the country. Leaving at Vera Cruz a sufficient garrison, he began his immortal march, August 16, 1519, with the following forces: four hundred foot soldiers, fifteen horsemen, thirteen hundred Indian warriors, one thousand Indians to draw the cannons and carry the baggage, and seven pieces of artillery.

To relate the conquest of Mexico requires volumes. That great empire fell, like Peru, because it was divided against itself. At what an enormous sacrifice of life the conquest was made, what perils Cortes escaped, what an amazing energy and genius he displayed, how much wisdom and humanity were united in him with bigotry and cruelty, — to know these things, the reader must repair to one of the many works which relate to the conquest of Mexico.

For twenty-one years, if we deduct one short, triumphal visit to Spain, Cortez lived in Mexico, and for Mexico; fighting, organizing, governing, exploring, evangelizing. He explored the Isthmus of Darien, and discovered California. He acquired incalculable wealth, and expended the greater part of it in explorations and establishments, from which he neither received nor expected any return. Falling into disfavor with the king, he returned to Spain, and, after living in obscurity for seven years, died in 1547, aged sixty-two years. He left large sums for the establishment in Mexico of three great institutions, a

hospital, a college for the education of missionaries, and a convent. His will contained one passage so curious, that I will conclude by copying it. After recommending his heirs to treat the Indians with humanity, he proceeds thus :—

“It has been long a question whether we can, in good conscience, hold the Indians in slavery. This question not having yet been decided, I order my son, Martin, and his heirs, to spare no pains to arrive at a knowledge of the truth on this point, for it is a matter which interests deeply their conscience and mine.”

Who would have thought to find such a passage in the will of a Cortez? Nothing is more certain than this, that Cortez, in all that he did in Mexico, fully believed that he was an instrument in the hand of a benevolent God ; for he found Mexico pagan, and left it Catholic. Massacre, rapine, devastation, the betrayal and murder of a king, the fall of an empire, — these were as nothing in view of a result like this ! So thought all good Spaniards of that age.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

IN former times the farmers of Spain let their pigs roam in large droves in the forests, attended by a boy, who kept them from wandering too far, and drove them at night to an enclosure near home. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was one of these pig-tenders when Columbus discovered America in 1492. He was then seventeen years of age, — a rude, tough, wilful lad, ignorant of everything except the manners and customs of the animals he drove. To his dying day he could not write his name, nor read a sentence.

His father, who was a captain in the Spanish army, — a married man with children, — had formed a connection with a peasant girl, who bore him three sons, of whom Francisco Pizarro was one. It appears that he brought up his illegitimate offspring in his own house, — keeping them, however, in ignorance, and employing them in the most menial and disagreeable labors. Thus it was that Francisco Pizarro, the son of a man of noble rank, passed the days of his youth as a keeper of pigs. Here was a strange piece of timber to make a conqueror of, — a swineherd, an illegitimate son, ignorant, living in a secluded rural region, and regarded by his own father as the meanest of his servants!

One day a pig strayed from the herd and could not be found. Pizarro, dreading his father's anger, dared not go home. He made his way to a recruiting station, enlisted in the Spanish army as a private soldier, and served for a while in Italy. Attracted by the marvels related of the New World, and being naturally fond of adventure, he, too, joined at length an expedition to America, and, arriving at Hispaniola, served under Columbus, and soon won distinction. He had every quality that fits a man for a life of daring adventure. His frame was

capable of enduring anything that can be borne by man, and in point of resolution, fortitude, and courage, he has never been surpassed since the world began.

From his landing in America, to the time of his setting out for Peru, fourteen years elapsed; during which he was employed wherever there was most of difficulty or peril. Having done good service under Columbus in Hispaniola, he took part in the conquest and exploration of Cuba. Under Balboa he climbed the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien, and was with him when first he beheld the Pacific Ocean, and ran down into its waters exulting, taking possession of it in the name of the King of Spain. He assisted in the conquest of the Isthmus, and in the founding of the city of Panama.

In 1524, Pizarro was residing at Panama, a bronzed and battered veteran, fifty years of age, retired from the service, cultivating, with the aid of a few slaves, a small plantation. After so many years of hard service, he was still far from rich. There was also living at Panama another soldier of fortune (a foundling, too), Diego Almagro, a little older and not much richer than Pizarro; likewise, Fernando de Luques, an aged priest and school-master, who was a man of considerable wealth. These three men, the youngest of whom was fifty, conceived the project of conquering the powerful and wealthy tribes that were supposed to inhabit the western coasts of South America. They were to do this by their own resources, asking nothing from the Governor of Panama except his sanction of the enterprise. It was as though three men in New York should now undertake the conquest of the Japanese empire. Pizarro was to command the first body of adventures; Almagro was to raise, as soon as he could, a second company, and join Pizarro on the coast; the priest was to remain at Panama to watch over the interests of the partnership.

The confederates having bought a ship, and enrolled a hundred and fourteen men, Pizarro set sail, and ran down the coast for some hundreds of miles; landed, now and then; ascended some rivers; had a fierce conflict with natives, in which he was beaten and put to flight; suffered extremely from hunger, bad food, ceaseless rains, fatigue, and wounds; and, after three

months of hardship, and losing eleven men, sought refuge on an island off the coast of Ecuador.

Joined there by Almagro with sixty-four men, he resumed his attempt to get footing upon the mainland. Some slight success cheered his men at length; for, in a village which they surprised, they found a supply of provisions and a large quantity of gold. But this good fortune only lured them on to new fatigues and brought upon them sufferings beyond mortal fortitude to endure. When one hundred and forty-one men, out of one hundred and seventy-eight, had sank under fatigue, privation, and the poisoned arrows of the Indians, the rest demanded to return to Panama. Pizarro would not consent. He calmed the discontent of his men, and sent Almagro back to Panama for reinforcements. The tale of the sufferings of the adventurers had such an effect at Panama that Almagro could only induce eighty recruits to follow him.

Strengthened by this body, Pizarro renewed his endeavors, and, at length, reached the fertile and populous empire of Peru. Every inhabitant wore ornaments of gold, and vessels of the precious metals were seen in every house. The Spaniards, inflamed at the sight of these treasures, attacked the Peruvian troops; but, after several severe and disastrous encounters, Pizarro perceived that a country, inhabited by millions of people and defended by disciplined armies, could not be conquered by a hundred men. Again he withdrew to an island on the coast, and again sent Almagro to Panama for more troops.

But now the Governor of Panama interfered. The great quantity of gold exhibited by Almagro could not shake his determination to order Pizarro home; and, accordingly, Almagro returned bearing an order for Pizarro to abandon the enterprise. On receiving this order, Pizarro refused to obey it. A tumult arose. His followers ran down to the ship and demanded to be conveyed to Panama. Pizarro joined them, gathered them around him, and, drawing a line in the sand with his sword, addressed them thus:—

“Comrades, on that side,” pointing to the South, “are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, battle, and death. On this side,” pointing to the North, “are ease and safety. But on

that side lies Peru, with its wealth. On this side is Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South."

Having said these words, he stepped to the southern side of the line, and there stood, eying the homesick crowd. Twelve soldiers, one priest, and one muleteer joined him. The rest went on board the ship and returned to Panama.

With these fourteen companions he withdrew to a rocky island, and there remained five months waiting for Almagro to join him with reinforcements. Their provisions being consumed, they lived upon shell-fish, sea-weed, reptiles, and fish, and drank brackish water from the hollows of the rocks. At length, to their inexpressible joy, a sail hove in sight. It was a ship sent by Almagro, not to reinforce his confederate, but to bring him back to Panama. The indomitable Pizarro, however, so wrought upon the cupidity of the captain of this vessel, that he induced him to join him in continuing his explorations. Once more their eyes were dazzled and their passions kindled by the evidences of the boundless wealth of Peru; but they saw, too, such indications of strength and discipline, that Pizarro himself perceived that for the conquest of such a country a score of exhausted men would not suffice. He now returned to Panama to organize the enterprise anew. He reached that capital, after an absence of three years.

He was now without resources — a ruined man — and the governor placed an absolute veto upon any farther attempt to conquer Peru. Pizarro, still undaunted, borrowed a small sum, took passage to Spain, made his way to the court of Charles V., told that able monarch what he had done and seen, and asked his aid and authorization to resume his attempts. The emperor gave him the fullest authority, raised him to the rank of noble, and supplied him with a part of the money required.

In January, 1531, the fifty-seventh year of his age, with three ships, one hundred and thirty-four foot soldiers and thirty-six cavalry, he sailed from Panama. Joined on the coast of Peru by seventy-two more horsemen and twelve infantry, he hesitated not to march into the interior and confront a large army of Peruvians. Before attacking this army, Pizarro sent a

priest to explain to the Peruvian monarch the Christian religion ; to demand his immediate acceptance of the same, and his submission to the King of Spain.

The priest, crucifix in hand, approached the inca, and, by the aid of an interpreter, delivered a wonderfully extravagant harangue. He began by relating the creation of the universe, the fall of man, the coming of Jesus Christ, his death, resurrection, and ascension, the selection of St. Peter as his vicar on earth, the succession of the popes, and their universal power. He then stated that one of these successors of St. Peter, namely, Pope Alexander VI., had conferred upon the King of Spain the sovereignty of all the countries in the New World. Finally, he called upon the inca to recognize the sovereignty of the king, submit to the pope, lay down his arms, and pay tribute.

"What tribute," asked the inca, with a sneer, "am I to pay to this Charles, who, you say, is himself inferior to God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and even to the pope? I desire to be a vassal of the gods alone. I know nothing about the pope, nor his pretended right to dispose of my kingdom ; and as to renouncing the religion of my ancestors, it will be time to do that when you have proved to me the truth of yours."

As soon as the priest returned with this reply, Pizarro ordered his artillery to open. A short, but desperate and bloody battle ensued. Rushing, himself, upon the litter of the inca, Pizarro overturned it and took the monarch prisoner. Then the Peruvians fled, leaving behind them their king, two thousand killed, three thousand prisoners, and an immense booty. Pizarro was wounded in the hand, but he lost not a man of his little army.

This single battle made Pizarro master of Peru, which he ruled for the next eight years with sovereign sway. How he ruled it every school-boy knows. He betrayed and murdered the captive inca. He quarrelled with Almagro over the division of the spoils, and finished by putting him to death. He accumulated a greater amount of treasure than was ever possessed, before or since, by an individual. Spoiled by prosperity without parallel, he was cruel to the Peruvians, capricious and tyrannical to the Spaniards, and, at length a rebel against his

king. A conspiracy, headed by the son of the murdered Almagro, was formed against him. On a Sunday afternoon, in 1541, at the hour when the tyrant was accustomed to sleep, a band of the confederates burst into his palace, killed or dispersed his servants, and attacked him. Armed only with a sword and buckler, he defended himself with the most desperate courage. Four of his assailants he slew; five more he wounded; and still he fought on. At last, one of the band engaged him and drew his attention from the rest; and, while Pizarro dealt a furious blow at his chief assailant, the others succeeded in giving him a mortal wound. He fell at the feet of an image of Christ, which, it is said, he kissed at the moment of his death.

So perished, in his sixty-eighth year, the man who was, perhaps, the most resolute of all the sons of men. In mere strength of purpose, it is questionable if his equal ever lived; but, though this is one of the most valuable of qualities, and accomplishes very great things, a man must have much more in order to turn to good account the prizes won by it. Pizarro was little more than a magnificently gifted brute.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

IN 1493, when the news of Columbus' great discovery was making its way over Europe, there was living at Bristol, in England, an old Italian merchant named Giovanni Cabota, which his English neighbors corrupted into John Cabot. This old gentleman had been so much a wanderer that the place of his birth is now unknown. He had lived fifteen years in Venice, then the first commercial port in Europe; and from Venice had removed to London, and from London to Bristol, where he was living, in 1493, in some opulence, and in high repute. It is not known whether, up to that time, he had ever been a mariner; nor, indeed, is it quite certain that he ever in his life made a voyage on the ocean.

John Cabot had three sons, one of whom was named Sebastian, born probably in Bristol, where he grew to man's estate, and exercised the craft of map-maker. All maps were then drawn by hand, as all books had formerly been written with the pen. Map-making was a considerable business in commercial ports, and one that was held in high esteem. Columbus was a map-maker at one period of his life, and it was while plying this vocation that the conviction grew in his mind that there *must* be some land in the western hemisphere to balance the great continent in the eastern. Sebastian Cabot, as a maker of maps, had a peculiar interest in the news that came from Spain in the summer of 1493. He had shared in the general impression that there was land in the western hemisphere, and he was now obliged to place the islands discovered by Columbus on his maps.

In September of this year Columbus sailed again for the New World with a fleet of seventeen vessels and fifteen hundred

men,—all Europe, so to speak, looking on with amazement and admiration. He returned in June, 1496, with accounts of discoveries still more extensive and alluring. We can easily imagine what were the feelings of the avaricious Henry VII., King of England, when he reflected that all this glory and wealth might have been his but for an accident. Columbus had sent his brother, Bartholomew, to England, to solicit the patronage of Henry VII.; but on the voyage Bartholomew was taken by pirates and carried away into captivity.

In these circumstances, it was not difficult to interest the English king in a scheme of western discovery. Sebastian Cabot, young, and fired with ambition to follow the career of Columbus, was probably the prime mover of the enterprise; but the patent granted by the king conferred the requisite authority upon "John Kabotto" and his sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius. The king took care not to risk any capital in the proposed voyage; for the patent authorized the adventurers "to sail to all parts, countries and seas of the East, of the West, and of the North, under our banners and ensigns, with five ships, etc., *upon their own proper costs and charges.*" The wealthy Bristol merchant, in all probability, furnished the capital of the enterprise which gave to England all her rights in North America; and that merchant was not an Englishman.

John Cabot, unable or unwilling to fit out five ships, caused one to be made ready at Bristol. The name of this vessel—the first ever within sight of the *continent* of North America—was the *Matthew*; and she sailed from Bristol in May, 1497.

The voyage made in this ship is always spoken of as the voyage of "John Cabot and his son Sebastian;" but some recent investigators have doubted whether the father really sailed in the ship. Their reasons are not convincing. The old man probably accompanied his son, leaving to the young man the toils and responsibility of command.

The *Matthew*, leaving Bristol in May, sailed westward twenty-one hundred miles; and on the 24th of June, 1497, at five in the morning, Sebastian Cabot descried the lofty and dismal shores of Labrador. This was fourteen months before Columbus saw the main land of America. The Cabots,

therefore, were the discoverers of North America; and the British claim to the possession of the thirteen colonies rested primarily upon this fact. Sebastian Cabot was more surprised than pleased with his discovery. Up to this time Columbus and all the world supposed that the newly-discovered countries were parts of the eastern continent, and the prime motive of the Cabots and Henry VII. was to discover a north-west passage to India. Young Cabot, therefore, when he saw those cliffs of Labrador blocking his way, was disappointed rather than gratified. Undaunted, however, he ran along the coast, as if expecting to find somewhere an opening, and continued to sail northward until the sun was visible almost all the twenty-four hours. He landed on the rock-bound coast, but found no inhabitant. Having taken formal possession of this unknown country (which they supposed to be an outlying portion of Tartary), the adventurers turned their prow toward England, which they reached in August, after an absence of about three months.

All England was filled with the renown of this marvellous adventure; and the king rewarded the Cabots with honors and money. It is related in the old chronicles that John Cabot was named the great admiral; that he dressed in silk; and that whenever he went abroad crowds of people followed him.

The aged merchant now vanishes from history. In May of the next year, Sebastian Cabot, with two ships and a large company, sailed again from Bristol in quest of a shorter passage to the rich countries of the Eastern World. He was then little more than twenty-one years of age, and his family defrayed the greater part of the expense of the voyage. Starting with the notion that the pathway to the East was to be found far to the North, he continued his northern course until he had gone far beyond the point reached on the previous voyage. Icebergs began to obstruct his passage; but he pushed on, ever hoping to discover an opening in the coast; until, at length, the whole ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with masses of floating ice. Fortunately, there was no night in that region during the month of July, and he could see before him at all times. Despairing of reaching

India by a northern cut, he changed his course to the southward, and sailed along the coast until he reached a region inhabitable by animals and men. He landed at several points. He found deer larger than those he had seen in English parks. He discovered men clad in the skins of beasts, and using implements made of copper. Such dense shoals of codfish played about the bows of his vessels that he supposed they lessened their speed, and he gave the fish a name expressive of this idea, -- *bacallaos*. He saw bears spring into the water and catch codfish with their paws.

The fact of his seeing the Indians using copper is interesting. When I visited the copper mines of Lake Superior, a few years ago, I was shown many signs that those mines had been worked long ago, by some unknown race. Deep holes in the earth, in which trees two hundred years old are growing, may still be seen; and at the bottom of such holes there is always plenty of copper. To this day these cavities are the "prospector's" best guide. A large number of round stone mallets, used by the Indians in breaking off pieces of copper from the mass, have been found, and are shown in the hotels along the coast. It is remarkable that the Indians having once used copper should have ceased to use it. No Indians within the memory of man have worked the mines, or possessed any of the metal.

Captain Cabot, always keeping in mind the main object of his voyage, skirted the coast as far as Florida, but, finding no break in the shore that promised a passage to the Eastern World, he turned his course toward England, and entered Bristol harbor late in the autumn, after an absence of six months.

He considered his voyage a failure. England so considered it. He had added a continent to the British empire, and no one valued the acquisition. So little did Cabot himself appreciate the importance of his discoveries, that, though he and his two brothers possessed the exclusive right to trade with North America, he never attempted to avail himself of that right, either by himself or through others. He was probably left in easy circumstances by his father, and the prospect of mere gain

was not a sufficient inducement for him to brave the perils of the deep.

For the next twenty-eight years of his life we catch hardly a glimpse of him. In 1526, however, we find him in the service of the King of Spain, in command of a powerful expedition, destined to attempt once more to discover a *back way* to the Indies. This time he kept to the South, and explored the shores of South America, as far as the Rio de la Plata, which he discovered, named, and ascended several hundred miles. He spent five years in this expedition, during which he displayed a valor, address, and humanity never surpassed in all the history of discovery. There were three Spanish grandees on board his ship, who gave him infinite trouble by their intrigues and insubordination. After exhausting every peaceful expedient, he ordered a boat to be manned, had the troublesome gentlemen placed in it, and caused them to be set ashore on a pleasant spot on the South American coast. From that hour he was obeyed without a murmur by every man in the fleet. The mutineers found their way to Spain, and filled the court with their complaints; but the king justified and rewarded Captain Cabot.

This voyage, also, Cabot regarded as a failure. The object of his life was to discover a western passage to India, and he continued to employ his talents and his influence in aid of similar expeditions as long as he lived. Of all the heroic men who took part in the discovery of the Western World, there is not one—not Columbus himself—who exhibited nobler qualities of heart and mind than Sebastian Cabot. He was as gentle and affectionate as a child; but in moments of difficulty and peril he rose with the occasion, and displayed a talent for command and a lion-like courage rarely equalled. He lived to a great age; but neither the time nor the place of his death has been discovered. As Mr. Bancroft has remarked, "He gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial-place."

PAUL JONES.

PAUL JONES was the first man that ever hoisted the stars and stripes on a ship of war. When the revolutionary war broke out he was living at Philadelphia, in extreme poverty. Indeed, he was almost penniless, and had scarcely a friend in the colonies. He was born on the southern coast of Scotland, where he lived till he was twelve years old, and then, having a passion for the sea, he served a regular apprenticeship of seven years on board a ship trading to America. He learned his business thoroughly, as great men always do. There never lived a better sailor than Paul Jones, and he knew the British coast as familiarly as a newsboy knows Nassau Street. After following the sea till he was twenty-two years old, he settled as a merchant in the West Indies, where he acquired a little property, and had good prospects of making a fortune. But in 1774, when he was still but twenty-four years of age, he was obliged, for some reason he would never tell, to suddenly leave the island of Tobago, and he sailed for Philadelphia with just fifty pounds in his pocket; and that was all the money he ever received from his property in Tobago. There is said to be a woman at the bottom of every mischief. This, as our readers well know, is a slander upon the fair sex. But the intimate friends of Paul Jones always supposed that it was some affair of love that caused him to abandon his home and property in the West Indies. He was always noted for his chivalric and respectful devotion to ladies.

In Philadelphia he lived a year and eight months on his fifty pounds, since commerce was nearly suspended by the refusal of the colonists to consume British manufactures, and he could get no berth on ship or shore. Just as he was getting to his

last guinea, living almost on bread and water, Congress resolved to have a navy. Then he came forward and made known his situation and past history to a member of Congress, who saw the stuff he was made of, took up his cause in earnest, and got him a lieutenant's commission in the navy of the United States. Let us say, however, that Paul Jones was no mere needy adventurer. He was wholly devoted to the cause of his adopted country. He understood the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country, and embraced the right side of the dispute with all his heart and mind.

His success on the sea was wonderful. In one short cruise on the American coast he took sixteen prizes, of which he burnt eight that were not worth saving, and sent in eight. He did not refuse battle even with the king's ships, one of which he captured that had on board a company of troops and ten thousand suits of clothes, which were worth to Congress, just then, their weight in silver. In about eight months he had made a fortune in prize money, and had absolutely swept the coast clear of all British vessels sailing without a powerful convoy.

Congress was prompt in rewarding him. July 14th, 1777, when he was not yet thirty years old, he was appointed to command the *Ranger*, the best vessel of our infant navy, ranking as a sloop of war. It was from the masthead of this immortal ship that the stars and stripes were first flung to the breeze; and it was on this ship that the ensign of the Union first received a salute from the guns of a friendly nation. This occurred in the French harbor of Brest in February, 1778, just one week after Dr. Franklin had signed the treaty of alliance with France.

A new and brilliant scene now opened in the career of this heroic sailor. Closing the ports of the *Ranger*, and removing every other trace of her warlike character, he sailed boldly into the Channel, and made his way to that part of the coast upon which he was born, and to the town from which he had sailed ten years, every wharf and lane of which he knew. It was Whitehaven, a place of several thousand inhabitants, and the harbor of which contained three hundred vessels, fastened close

together. At daybreak, with two boats and thirty-one men, he landed on a wharf of the town, provided with a lantern and two tar-barrels. He went alone to a fort defending the town, and, finding it deserted, climbed over the wall, and spiked every gun, without alarming the garrison, who were all asleep in the guard-house near by. Then he surrounded the guard-house, and took every man prisoner. Next, he sprang into the only other fort remaining, and spiked its guns. All this, which was the work of ten minutes, was accomplished without noise and without resistance. The ships being then at his mercy, he made a bon-fire in the steerage of one of them, which blazed up through the hatchway, while Jones and his men stood by, pistol in hand, to keep off the people, whom the flames had alarmed, and who now came running down to the shore in hundreds. To the forts! was the cry. But the forts were harmless. When the fire had made such headway that the destruction of the whole fleet seemed certain, Captain Jones gave the order to embark. He was the last to take his place in the boat. He moved off leisurely from the shore, and regained his ship without the loss of a man. The people, however, succeeded in confining the fire to two or three ships. But the whole coast was panic-stricken. Every able-bodied man joined the companies of patrolmen. It was many a month before the inhabitants of that shore went to sleep at night without a certain dread of Paul Jones.

The next day he landed near the castle of the Earl of Selkirk, intending to take the earl prisoner, and keep him as a hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners in England, whom the king affected to regard as felons, and who were confined in common jails. The earl was absent from home. The crew demanded liberty to plunder the castle, in retaliation for the ravages of British captains on the coast of America. Captain Jones could not deny the justice of their demand; yet, abhorring the principle of plundering private houses, and especially one inhabited by a lady, he permitted the men to take the silver plate only, forbidding the slightest approach to violence or disrespect. That silver plate he himself bought when the plunder was sold, and sent it back to the Countess of Selkirk, with a polite letter of explanation and apology. The

haughty earl refused to receive it; but Captain Jones, after a long correspondence, won his heart, and the silver was replaced in the plate closet of Selkirk Castle eleven years after it had been taken from it. Such was the persevering and chivalric generosity of Captain Jones.

The day after his visit to Lady Selkirk was that of his great fight with the British man-of-war, the Drake. The Drake, he heard, was lying at anchor in the harbor of Carrickfergus. As he was running in with the fixed intention to fight her there, he saw her standing out to sea in quest of him. They met. The fight was short and furious. In an hour and four minutes (about the time it took the Kearsarge to demolish the British ship Alabama, Captain Semmes), the Drake struck, having lost her captain, first lieutenant, and forty men. The Ranger's loss was nine.

The victory electrified Europe. The audacity, the valor, the skill, and the success of Paul Jones were the admiration of the world. Old Dr. Franklin, who had planned the enterprise, and had sent out to America for a captain to come and execute it, was enchanted. In Paul Jones's subsequent troubles, he always had a staunch friend and protector in Franklin.

A very successful man generally has enemies. Paul Jones experienced the truth of this remark. Nevertheless, after much delay and some mortifications, Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting him another ship, the ever famous Bon Homme Richard, thus named by Captain Jones in honor of the venerable editor of Poor Richard's Almanac. She was a large, slow, rotten, old ship, carrying forty guns, and manned by three hundred and eighty sailors and landsmen of all nations, — French, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Malays, Maltese, and a sprinkling of Americans. It was in this ship that the indomitable Jones fought the Serapis, a new British ship of forty-four guns, one of the stoutest vessels in the English navy. This was perhaps the most desperate and bloody contest that ever took place between single ships. It was fought in the evening of September 23d, 1778, so near the Yorkshire coast that the battle was witnessed by hundreds of spectators on the shore. Captain Jones perceiving the superior strength of the enemy, saw that his only chance

was to come to close quarters, and, early in the fight got alongside and lashed his ship to the side of the Serapis. By this time, however, the Bon Homme Richard had received eighteen shots below the water line, had four feet of water in her hold, had had four guns burst and all the rest disabled but three, had lost a hundred men in killed and wounded, and was on fire. Almost any other man would have given up, for the Serapis was still uninjured. Captain Jones, however, fought on with an energy and resolution undiminished. With his three guns, all aimed by himself, he kept thundering away at the foe, while a force of sharpshooters aloft swept the decks of the Serapis with musketry. Such was the vigor of this fire of musketry that at length no man was seen on the enemy's deck. Then the men of the Bon Homme Richard formed a line along the main yard, and passed hand-grenades to the man at the end, who dropped them down into the hold of the Serapis, doing tremendous execution. For three hours the battle raged. The Bon Homme Richard was still leaking faster than the pumps could clear her. The Serapis was on fire in three places. The pump of the Bon Homme Richard was shot away, and then a new danger threatened her. She had gone into action with nearly five hundred prisoners in her steerage, and when the pump was shot away, the officer in charge of the prisoners, supposing the ship sinking, released them. At the same moment a boarding party from the Serapis sprang up the sides of the Bon Homme Richard. This was the crisis of the battle. Captain Jones never faltered. The boarders were gallantly repulsed; the prisoners were driven below, and the fight was renewed. At half-past ten in the evening, the British ship being on fire in many places, her captain struck his colors. The Bon Homme Richard was so completely knocked to pieces, that she could not be kept afloat. She sank the next day, and Captain Jones went into port in the captured ship, with seven hundred prisoners.

This great victory raised his fame to the highest point. The King of France gave him a magnificent diamond-bilted sword, and Congress voted him a gold medal. After the war was over, the Empress of Russia invited him to join her navy with the rank of Rear-Admiral. He accepted the post, but the jealousies

and intrigues of the Russian naval officers disgusted him to such a degree that he resigned and returned to Paris. The last years of his life were passed in obscurity. He died at Paris in 1792.

Paul Jones was a short, thick-set, active man, of great strength and endurance. He had a keen, bright eye, with a look of wildness in it. His voice was soft and gentle. In his dress, and in the equipage of his boat and ship, he was something of a dandy. In bravery and tenacity of purpose he has never been surpassed, but in the intercourse of private life he was one of the most amiable and polite of men.

GUSTAVUS III.

IN February, 1771, two Swedish princes, young, handsome, and intelligent, were at Paris, enjoying the hospitality of the French Court, and the various pleasures of the gay metropolis. Gustavus, the heir to the Swedish throne, was one of them, and his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, was the other. They were the more welcome in France, because they shared the skeptical opinions that were then so fashionable on the continent. The French philosophers, excluded from the presence and the favor of their own king, gathered round these princes, and celebrated their affability and liberality in prose and verse. Gustavus and his brother were preparing to visit Voltaire, in his retreat at Ferney, on the borders of Switzerland, when the news of the death of their father called them suddenly home. Voltaire, in one of his poetical epistles, expresses his disappointment at not having received them "in his desert, and in his humble home," as he pleased himself to style his elegant chateau and its magnificent grounds.

Gustavus became king, under the title of Gustavus III., in his twenty-sixth year. There is no doubt that he was a considerably enlightened and well-intentioned monarch, who desired to reform and elevate his country. Being the nephew of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and his character having been formed at the time when Frederick's renown was at its zenith, when he was styled, "the Solomon and the Alexander of the North," it was natural that Gustavus should accept him as his model, both as a king and as a man, and that he should desire to govern Sweden as his uncle governed Prussia. But there was an obstacle in his way. Sweden was a very limited monarchy. The real authority of the State resided in a legislature,

composed of four orders of the kingdom, nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, — a large and somewhat unmanageable body, which left to the king little more of royalty than the name and the external decorations. This legislature, like all representative bodies, in all ages, was divided into parties, whose conflict sometimes disturbed the country, and often retarded necessary legislation.

In such circumstances, there are two courses open to a chief magistrate.

One is, to use all his power, and the great *influence* which a virtuous head of government can scarcely fail to possess, to improve or reform the constitution of his country. This is a slow and difficult process, but it is one which outlasts the lifetime of him who worthily does it, and confers benefits that sometimes endure for a thousand years. There are Roman laws, legal methods and institutions, which to-day are serving all Christendom.

The other is, to destroy the constitution and found upon its ruins a despotism.

Gustavus III., young and impatient to begin his kingly work, chose the easier, the shorter, the ignoble course.

August 19th, 1772, the second year of his reign, a number of military officers, and other persons known to be disaffected toward the senate, were summoned to attend the king at his palace in Stockholm. While they were assembling, the king rode through the streets on horseback, bowing as he went, with particular affability, to the people, acknowledging the salute of the humblest person. He visited his regiment of artillery, to whom he was all condescension and politeness. Returning to the palace, he invited the officers and civilians whom he had summoned into the guard-room, where he delivered to them a long address, in which he displayed talents for oratory that would have powerfully aided him if he had sought to save liberty, instead of destroying it.

He began by hinting that, amid the dissensions of the time, his own life was threatened, and that he was compelled to seek safety in the counsels of the faithful officers and friends then in his presence. He painted in exaggerated colors the unhappy

condition of the kingdom, accusing the nobles of being bribed by foreign gold, of selling offices for money, of hindering all needed reforms by factious disputes and mean contentions for the supremacy. He then declared that it was now his design to put an end to the disorders of the senate, to banish corruption from the State, restore true liberty and the ancient lustre of the Swedish name. He solemnly disclaimed forever absolute power. "I am obliged," said he, in conclusion, "to defend my own liberty, and that of the kingdom, against the aristocracy, which reigns. Will you be faithful to me, as your forefathers were to Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus? I will then risk my life for your welfare and that of my country."

As all the assembly appeared to acquiesce in the king's design, which they little understood, he instantly proposed to them an oath of unqualified obedience, which all but three as instantly took. One of the three, Frederic Cederström, a young captain of the king's guards, said that he had very recently taken an oath of fidelity to the senate, and consequently could not take this new oath, which was inconsistent with it.

"Think of what you are doing," said the king, sternly.

"I do," replied the young officer; "and what I think to-day I shall think to-morrow; and were I capable of breaking the oath by which I am already bound to the senate, I should be capable of breaking that which your majesty now requires me to take."

The king demanded the sword of Captain Cederström, and ordered him in arrest. Upon second thoughts, the king changed his tone, offered to return the sword and to excuse him from the oath, on condition of his attending him during the rest of that day. The young man remained true to his principles, and said that his majesty could not confide in him, and asked to be excused from the proposed service. He therefore remained under arrest with his two companions.

The officers being gained, it was an easy task to secure the co-operation of the soldiers and the good will of the people, by whom the young king was enthusiastically beloved. A guard of soldiers surrounded the senate-house, and locked in the members. The next morning the king presented himself be-

more that body and announced to them the changes he designed to make in the government. He declared that, in future, the king alone should have power to convene and dissolve the legislature; that the king should have the absolute command of army and navy, and the power to appoint and remove all officers, military, naval, and civil; that, in case of necessity, of which the king alone was to be the judge, he should impose taxes without consulting the senate; that the senate should discuss no subjects except those proposed by the king; but that no offensive war should be undertaken without their consent. He then declared the senate dissolved, and its members dismissed from all their employments. He concluded by taking a psalm-book from his pocket, and gave out a thanksgiving hymn, which the whole assembly rose and sang.

The king's triumph was complete. In two days, Sweden, from being the most strictly limited monarchy in Europe, became one of the most absolute.

The despotic power thus gained by lying and audacity, was employed by the king both for good and for evil. Many old abuses were reformed. Offices were no longer sold. On the other hand, a new and dangerous importance was given to the military and naval forces, both being greatly increased, better disciplined, better paid; so that the elite of the nation sought a career only in arms. The strength of his army and navy tempted the king to engage in foreign wars, in which he displayed an ability and courage which threw a veil of "glory" over fields of carnage and desolated provinces. Under the peaceful sway of the constitution, Sweden had enjoyed such a long period of repose that she had recovered from the exhausting wars of Charles XII. Under the rule of a despotic king, ambitious to make himself of consequence in Europe, she was plunged again and again into strife. When, in 1792, the eleventh year of his reign, the kings of Europe leagued themselves against republican France, Gustavus, too, remote as he was from the scene, was true to the instincts of despotism, and prepared to join in that gigantic raid upon the rights of a suffering, terrified, and distracted nation.

The nobles, meanwhile, excluded from their share in the

government, had never ceased to plot against him. In 1790, twelve of the nobility bound themselves by an oath to kill the king and restore the ancient constitution. They cast lots to determine which of them should execute the deed, and the lot fell upon Johann Jacob Anckarstroem, — a young man who had been one of the king's pages, and who had already been once tried for treason and acquitted. He was a man of fiery and determined spirit. His trial had been conducted, as he thought, with unjust severity, and he burned with resentment against the usurper.

Two years passed, after this compact had been formed, before an opportunity occurred for its execution.

March 16th, 1792, the fashionable world of Stockholm was preparing for a grand masked ball, to be given in the evening at the opera house, which the king had recently completed. The king, the royal family, the court, the nobility, officers, and all who could pretend to social or official rank were to be present.

In the morning an anonymous note was handed to the king, warning him of the plot, advising him to attend no balls for a year, and assuring him that if he went to the ball that evening he would be assassinated. The king read this note, and tossed it aside with an expression of contempt.

At a late hour in the evening the king entered the magnificent saloon, and sat, for a while, in a box, looking on. He there spoke carelessly of the note, saying that he was evidently right in despising it, for if there had been any design upon his life, what better opportunity could there be than at that moment, when he was sitting apart with only one person near him? He then descended to the floor and mingled freely with the gay crowd until a late hour. As he was preparing to leave the ball, a number of masked men gathered about him, one of whom fired a pistol at his back. The king fell, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The doors were closed; every one was unmasked and searched; but upon no one was discovered anything indicative of guilt, for the assassin had dropped his pistols and his dagger on the floor near where the deed was done.

The king died on the thirteenth day after receiving his wound. As he was dying, he ordered that all the conspirators should be pardoned except the perpetrator. His son being a boy of fourteen, he had named his brother regent of the kingdom, who at once set on foot the most vigorous measures for the discovery of the conspirators. Anckarstroem confessed that he had done the deed, and declared that he had done it to deliver his country from a tyrant and a monster. The regent, less humane than the revolutionary rulers of France, was not content merely to deprive this misguided man of life, but caused him to be executed with the cruelty characteristic of menaced and apprehensive royalty.

The death of Gustavus III. did not change the policy of the Swedish government, nor restore to Sweden any degree of freedom. Gustavus IV. was as absolute a king as Gustavus III., and all the strength and influence of Sweden continued to be employed against France. Some years later, the new king showed symptoms of insanity, and he was deposed. The Duke of Sudermania, brother of Gustavus III., succeeded; and under him the senate was restored to some of its ancient powers, and there was again in Sweden a semblance of constitutional government. But under the next king, Bernadotte, there were real improvements in the government, one of which was, that the nobility, who had been exempt from taxation and military service, were compelled to relinquish both those odious privileges.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

COLONEL PETER JEFFERSON, father of President Jefferson was a Virginia planter and surveyor, of Welsh descent, who hewed out a plantation for himself on the outskirts of civilization, one hundred and thirty years ago. When his son Thomas was born, there were still but three or four white settlers within a circuit of several miles of his farm; the primeval woods still flourished luxuriantly all about him, and the house was a favorite stopping-place for the chiefs of friendly tribes of Indians on their way to and from Richmond. This Peter Jefferson was a giant in stature and strength. It is said of him, that he could lift from their sides to an upright position two hogsheads of tobacco at once, each of a thousand pounds' weight. He was a man of eminent courage and wisdom, of singular firmness, and of an honesty so established and conspicuous, that he was executor and trustee for half his neighbors. A few sterling books were to be found in his house, — Addison, Swift, Pope, — but especially, and best-beloved, Shakespeare, his well-worn edition of whose works is still preserved.

Thomas Jefferson, born in 1743, was the third child and eldest son of this wise and stalwart planter, and enjoyed the benefit of his instructions until his fourteenth year, when Colonel Jefferson suddenly died, in the fiftieth year of his age. He learned from his father to be a bold rider, and a skilful hunter. He acquired from him, also, an elegant penmanship, a taste for reading, a knowledge of accounts, habits of self-help, punctuality, and perseverance. It is probable, however, that his mother exerted the paramount influence over his mind. From her he probably inherited his aptitude for composition, his affectionate disposition, and his abhorrence of strife. At seventeen he en

tered William and Mary College, where his early education was completed.

Thomas Jefferson became one of the best educated men who ever lived in America. His mind and his body were equally nourished and developed. He was one of the best riders in a State where every man was a rider as a matter of course. He was an accomplished performer on the violin. Having a strong aptitude for mathematics, he became a proficient in that science, both in the theory and the practice. In addition to the knowledge of Latin and Greek, which so diligent a student could not fail to acquire in college, he afterwards added a familiar knowledge of French, a considerable acquaintance with Italian and Spanish, and some knowledge of the Anglo Saxon. I think it is safe to say, that, of all the public men who have figured in the United States, he was incomparably the best scholar, and the most variously accomplished man.

Upon the completion of his college course, he studied law for five years, with an assiduity most unusual in the heir to a good estate. He had a clock in his bedroom, and his rule in summer was to get up as soon as he could see the hands, and in winter he rose uniformly at five. Including the time passed in music and reading, he usually spent fourteen hours of every day at his studies; three of which, he tells us, were sometimes spent in practising on the violin. There has seldom been a young man of fortune who lived more purely than he. He neither practised the vices, nor indulged the passions, of his class in the Virginia of that day. He never quarrelled; he never gambled. His mouth was innocent of tobacco. He never drank to excess. Occupied continually in the improvement of his mind, except when he indulged in manly and innocent recreations, he appears to have led an absolutely stainless life. The American Democrat can point to the life of the apostle of his political creed, and boast that his conduct was as admirable as his intelligence was commanding.

On being admitted to the bar, in 1767, which was the twenty-fourth year of his age, he appears at once to have obtained a considerable share of business. From his own books we learn that, during the first year of his practice, he was employed in

sixty-eight cases ; the next year, one hundred and fifteen ; the next, one hundred and ninety-eight ; and, until he was drawn away into public life by the stirring events of the time, his business as a lawyer continued to be extensive. In due time, he was happily married to a lady suited to him in character and in fortune, with whom he lived in happiness only alloyed by the anxiety caused him by her declining health.

Jefferson, like his father before him, was eminently and peculiarly a man of the people. He was a Democrat by nature. He was a Democrat because he was a truly intelligent man ; because he saw things as they are, and not as they seem. He was a Democrat because he could not be taken in by the shows and traditions which once deceived the majority of educated mankind. His heart would have told him that all men are brothers and equals, even if his great mind had not discerned it. Therefore, during the whole contention between George the Third and the people of the American Colonies, he sided naturally and warmly with the people.

After taking a leading part in organizing resistance in Virginia, he was elected to represent that province in the Congress which met in Philadelphia, in 1775. He was no orator. He never spoke longer than ten minutes in his life, and such addresses as he did deliver were entirely in the tone of conversation. Nevertheless, there was something in his demeanor and character which gave him a commanding influence in every deliberate body to which he ever belonged. His colleagues saw that his heart was in the cause, and that his grasp of the principles involved in it was complete and strong. We find him serving on the most important committees in Congress, though he was almost the youngest man in the body ; and he received, at length, a striking proof of the confidence of members when his pen was employed to write the Declaration of Independence. That immortal document was, with the exception of a few words, entirely his work.

We owe to Mr. Jefferson's diary two or three amusing anecdotes relating to the acceptance of this paper. When the members were signing the Declaration, Benjamin Harrison, of

Virginia, an enormously corpulent man, looking at the slender, withered form of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, said : —

"Gerry, when the hanging comes, I shall have the advantage ; you'll kick in the air half an hour after it is all over with me."

It was about this time, too, that Franklin achieved one of his celebrated witticisms.

"We must all hang together in this business," said one of the members.

"Yes," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

In 1779, being then thirty-six years of age, at the gloomiest period of the Revolution, Mr. Jefferson was elected Governor of Virginia. Twice, during his tenure of this office, he was obliged to fly at the approach of the enemy, and on one occasion his whole estate was laid waste and all his cattle destroyed or driven off. It was, doubtless, the fatigues and anxieties of this period that hastened the death of Mrs. Jefferson, — an event which changed all the subsequent life of her husband. It was his intention and strong desire, after the revolutionary war, to spend the rest of his days in literary labors upon his Virginia farm, but the death of his wife weaned him from this project and rendered him willing to accept, once more, a public trust. In 1783, he went to France to represent his country at the French Court. Franklin, whom he succeeded there, had won unbounded popularity, and it was an arduous task to take his place.

"You replace Doctor Franklin, I hear," said the French minister for foreign affairs to him, at their first interview.

"No," was Mr. Jefferson's apt reply ; "*I succeed*, — no one can *replace* him."

It was during the years immediately preceding the French Revolution that Mr. Jefferson represented the United States in France. He saw and foretold the coming storm. In his journeys about the country it was his custom to visit the hovels of the peasants, and he saw mothers endeavoring to extract sustenance for their children from thistles and weeds ; and he marked, too, with the indignation becoming a man, the heartless indifference of the nobles to the sufferings of their country-

men. During the first period of the Revolution he was much consulted by its leaders, and he is supposed to have suggested some of their most important measures.

Before the Revolution had degenerated into riot and massacre, while it still seemed a noble and hopeful movement, he returned home, and was immediately invited by General Washington to accept the place of secretary of state in his first cabinet. In this office, he was the colleague of Hamilton, and a wide difference of opinion speedily manifested itself between these distinguished men. Jefferson was a hearty Republican; Hamilton was, with equal sincerity, a believer in the necessity of privileged orders. Jefferson was opposed to everything in the government which savored of monarchical form and state. The contests between these two able persons spread to their friends and followers, and thus originated in the United States the two great parties which have ever since striven for the supremacy.

Twelve years passed. General Washington had passed away from the scene. John Adams had served one term in the Presidency, and failed to be re-elected. The Democratic party triumphed in 1801, and that triumph placed Thomas Jefferson in the presidential chair.

But there was a "tie" between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, each of them having received seventy-three electoral votes. Not that any single voter had expected or desired the elevation of Aaron Burr to the first office. The difficulty arose from the law, which provided that the person receiving the greatest number of electoral votes should be president, and that the person who received the number next to the highest should be the vice-president. Jefferson and Burr were the Republican candidates for president and vice-president, and as each chanced to receive the same number of electoral votes, neither of them was elected to either office, and the choice devolved upon the House of Representatives. Then it was that the Federalists conceived the notable idea of electing Burr to the presidency, and thus frustrating the dearest wish of the Republican party.

Excitement and alarm prevailed in the country during the interval, and it seemed for some days as if civil war was imminent. It is interesting to observe the demeanor of Thomas

Jefferson in such trying circumstances, when he had been fairly elected president, and his political opponents were conspiring to cheat him of the office and the people of the gratification of their desires. As Mr. Jefferson then held the office of vice-president, he presided daily over the Senate, and thus lived in the midst of the strife and intrigue. Coming out of the senate chamber, one day, he was stopped by Gouverneur Morris, a leader of the Federalists, who began to converse with him on the alarming state of things around them.

"The reasons," said Morris, "why the minority of the States are so opposed to your being elected is this: they apprehend that, first, you will turn all Federalists out of office; secondly, put down the navy; thirdly, wipe off the public debt. Now, you only need to declare, or authorize your friends to declare, that you will not take these steps, and instantly the event of the election will be fixed."

Mr. Jefferson replied, with the dignity becoming his position, that he should leave the world to judge of the course he meant to pursue by that which he had pursued hitherto, believing it to be his duty to be passive and silent during the present scene.

"I shall certainly," continued Mr. Jefferson, "make no terms; I shall never go into the office of president by capitulation, nor with my hands tied by any conditions which would hinder me from pursuing the measures which I deem for the public good."

When it seemed probable that no election would take place, the Federalists proposed to pass a law placing the government in the hands of some individual until the people themselves could decide the question by another vote.

"But," says Mr. Jefferson in one of his letters, "we thought it best to declare openly and firmly, one and all, that the day such an act passed, *the Middle States would arm*, and that no such usurpation, even for a single day, should be submitted to. This first shook them, and they were completely alarmed at the resource for which we declared, to wit: a convention to reorganize the government and to amend it. The very word 'convention' gives them the horrors; as, in the present demo-

cratical spirit of America, they fear they should lose some of their favorite morsels of the constitution."

This was written after the balloting in the House of Representatives had continued for four days. Although a word from Mr. Jefferson would have ended the struggle, he refused to speak that word. To every one who approached him, he said : —

"I will not receive the government in capitulation ; I will not go into office with my hands tied."

The Federalists yielded at length, and on the thirty-sixth ballot Mr. Jefferson was elected president and Aaron Burr vice-president, according to the wish and intention of the majority of the people. A few days after, Mr. Jefferson retired from the chair of the Senate, after addressing them a brief speech of farewell. President Adams, exasperated by his unexpected defeat, would not bring himself to remain in Washington long enough to witness the inauguration of his successor, but, about daylight on the morning of the 4th of March, he left Washington ; and thus, for a few hours, there was actually no head to the government. To us, reading coolly of the events of those times, such conduct appears undignified and silly. We can, however, but faintly realize the madness of party spirit at that day, and the distrust and bitterness with which the elder Federalists regarded the victorious Republicans.

According to custom, Colonel Burr first entered the senate chamber. He was sworn into office and took his seat in the chair. The usual multitude was present, and among those who looked upon the spectacle were two persons, the dearest in the world to the new vice-president, — his daughter, Theodosia, and her husband, married a few days before at Albany, and now pausing, on their way to South Carolina, to witness the ceremony.

Mr. Jefferson was extremely desirous that the inauguration should be conducted in the simplest manner possible. It is interesting to us, familiar with the grandeur and pomp with which the heads of other governments surround themselves, to read the note which the president-elect wrote to Chief-Justice Marshall two days before his inauguration : —

"I propose," he says, "to take the oath or oaths of office as President of the United States on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at twelve o'clock, in the senate-chamber. May I hope the favor of your attendance to administer the oath. . . . Not being yet provided with a private secretary, and needing some person on Wednesday to be the bearer of a message or messages to the Senate, I presume the chief clerk of the Department of State might be employed with propriety. Permit me through you to ask the favor of his attendance on me at my lodgings on Wednesday, after I shall have been qualified."

This is all very simple and republican. We are used to it now; but at that day it was new, strange, and captivating. An English gentleman, who was then passing some days in Washington, recorded in his diary a few particulars of this occasion, of much interest. The president-elect, he says, was dressed in plain cloth, which was very unusual at that time, as we may see in old portraits. He came out of his lodgings unattended, and mounted his horse, which had been waiting for him before his door. He rode to the capitol, unaccompanied by any friend, and without a servant, and when he had reached the building he dismounted without assistance, and with his own hands tied the horse to a paling of the fence. He was received at the steps of the capitol by a large number of his political friends, who absolutely would not permit him to carry out his intention of going alone to the senate-chamber to take the oath of office. A kind of procession was formed, and they walked together to the apartment.

When the president-elect was seen at the door, the audience rose and saluted him with the heartiest cheers. Colonel Burr left the chair usually occupied by the president of the Senate, and took his seat in another at the right. On the left of the central chair sat the chief-justice. Every one remarked the absence of the late president from the scene. After the delay of a minute or two, Mr. Jefferson rose and delivered that fine inaugural address which is still so cheering and instructive to read. Several phrases and sentences of this address have

passed into proverbs. One of the most noted passages was the following :—

"Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. *We are all Republicans—we are all Federalists.* If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of *the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.*"

Another happy touch was this :—

"Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question."

The following phrase has passed into common speech, and ought forever to guide the diplomacy of America :—

"Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none."

The following passage produced an excellent effect at the time :—

"I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right I shall often be *thought* wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional, and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not if seen in all its parts."

At the conclusion of this brief address, which did not occupy more than fifteen minutes, the oath was administered. The assembly then broke up, and the politicians of both parties proceeded to the presidential mansion to make the usual calls upon the president and vice-president.

Instantly, everything in the government which looked like monarchy was abolished. Instead of delivering a speech to Congress, President Jefferson sent a written message. The rule was promulgated that, in society at Washington,—and especially at the president's house,—there should be no such thing as *precedence*, but all persons should stand upon a perfect equality. On two days of the year—the First of January and

the Fourth of July — the President received the visit of every man, woman, and child who chose to call upon him; and, at other times, all who had business with him were admitted with no more ceremony or delay than would be ordinarily employed by any man whose business was extensive and whose time was valuable. When the president had occasion to visit the capitol — which is two miles distant from the presidential mansion — instead of riding thither in a coach-and-six, as previous presidents had done, he went on horseback, unattended, and tied his own horse to a rail when he had reached the building. In more important matters, his administration, I believe to have been among the wisest and the purest the world has ever seen. Without adding any new tax, without a land tax, an excise or a stamp tax, the government was supported properly, and the public debt was diminished seven millions a year. The army and navy were reduced, Louisiana was purchased, and the payment was so arranged that by the time the purchase-money became due the new territory had added the amount to the national treasury. Peace was preserved with all nations, and the credit and character of the republic were perfectly sustained. So satisfied were the people with republican rule, that Mr. Jefferson and his intimate friends continued to preside over the government for a period of twenty-four years. James Madison and James Monroe were pupils of Thomas Jefferson, and heirs of his prestige and popularity.

Retiring from the presidency in 1809, when he was sixty-six years of age, Mr. Jefferson passed the rest of his days upon his plantation at Monticello, — the most august, beloved, and venerated character upon the continent of America. He continued to serve the public in various ways, and his last care was to perfect the organization of the University of Virginia, of which he was the founder. To the age of eighty-three he retained his intellectual powers little diminished, and he appears to have died from old age rather than from disease. On the 3d of July, 1826, it was evident to those around him that he had not many hours to live, and there arose within them a great desire that his life might be spared, so that he could die on the day which his own hands had signalized.

"As twelve o'clock at night approached," wrote one of his grandsons, "we anxiously desired that his death should be hallowed by the anniversary of independence. At fifteen minutes before twelve we stood noting the minute-hand of the watch, hoping for a few minutes of prolonged life. At four in the morning, he called the servants in attendance with a strong and clear voice, perfectly conscious of his wants. He did not speak again. About ten he fixed his eyes intently upon me, indicating some want which I could not understand, until his attached servant, Burwell, observed that his head was not so much elevated as he usually desired it, for his habit was to lie with it very much elevated. Upon restoring it to its usual position, he seemed satisfied. About eleven, again fixing his eyes upon me and moving his lips, I applied a wet sponge to his mouth, which he sucked, and appeared to relish. This was the last evidence he gave of consciousness. He ceased to breathe, without a struggle, fifty minutes past meridian, July 4th, 1826."

So passed from the scene of his earthly labors the man who, in my opinion, was the model American citizen, whose life and writings contain more to instruct and guide his countrymen in the duties of citizenship than those of any other man. His very faults had more of virtue in them than the good deeds of some men. I wish I was rich enough to place a copy of his writings in every school district of the United States.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

THINK of a boy of eighteen owning and commanding a ship ! This was the case, we are told, with Drake, — another of those Heroes of the Sea whose deeds shed such lustre upon the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth. The ship was small, it is true, and the voyages it made were short ; still it was a ship, and it was sailed (successfully, too) by a lad of eighteen. The way it came about was this : —

Francis Drake, born on the southern coast of England, about the year 1545, was one of the twelve sons of a chaplain in the navy. The father of this fine family of boys began life as a farmer ; but having renounced the Catholic religion, and joined the Church of England, Queen Elizabeth, who liked to encourage such conversions, made a naval chaplain of him, and afterwards gave him a small living on shore. Francis, the eldest of his sons, was educated at the expense of a relative of the family, that valiant seaman, Admiral Sir John Hawkins. It was probably the success and renown of this admiral that induced Francis Drake and most of his brothers to take to the sea.

He did not, however, get into a ship, as the sailors say, "through the cabin windows." When he was about twelve years old he was regularly apprenticed to the captain of a small vessel trading with Holland and France, in which he took the place of cabin-boy. The cabin-boy of a ship, in former times, like the youngest apprentice in a shop, was required to do all the odd, disagreeable jobs, such as greasing the mast, washing the dishes, furling the topmost sail, coiling up the ropes, tarring the cable, and feeding the pig. Young Drake performed his duties so well, learned his business so thoroughly, and won the confidence and affection of his captain to such a degree, that the

captain, dying when Drake was eighteen, bequeathed him his vessel. The young man soon proved his fitness to command. Having made one successful voyage to the western ports of France, he sailed next to Africa, and brought home a good share of the gold dust and elephants' tusks of Guinea.

On his return to England he found his kinsman and patron, Sir John Hawkins, preparing a fleet, aided by Queen Elizabeth, for a grand trading voyage to Guinea and the West Indies.

This Admiral Hawkins will be long remembered, as the Englishman who began the African slave-trade. Twice already he had visited the coast of Guinea, and, partly by purchase and partly by artifice, had filled his ship with negroes, whom he sold to the Spaniards in the West Indies at an enormous profit. No one then saw anything wrong in the traffic; on the contrary, the whole world applauded it, and the queen herself bestowed upon Hawkins unusual marks of approbation. She permitted him to add to his coat-of-arms the figure of a bound African; she received him at court, and gave every encouragement to his continuing the trade in slaves. Captain Drake, too, discovering what was afoot, sold his own vessel, invested all his property in the new expedition, and was appointed to the command of one of its largest ships.

Having reached the coast of Guinea, five hundred negroes were quickly procured, and the fleet sailed to Spanish America for the purpose of selling them. An unforeseen difficulty arose: Orders had come from Spain forbidding all trade between the Spanish colonies and foreign nations. At another port, however, Hawkins succeeded in selling his miserable cargo; but on his way home he was attacked by a Spanish fleet, and he escaped but with two of his six vessels, and with the loss of all the property invested in the enterprise. Captain Drake succeeded in rescuing his ship from the foe; but he reached England a ruined man.

Although the King of Spain was already meditating the conquest of England, the two nations were still at peace, and Captain Drake therefore applied to the Spanish government for the restoration of the property unlawfully seized. His demands

being disregarded, he swore to take by force what had been denied to his solicitations.

Never was an oath better kept. In 1572 he contrived to equip and arm two small vessels, and obtained from the queen a commission such as was requisite for his purpose. Joined by a third vessel in the South American waters, he suddenly descended upon the coasts of New Granada, plundered the settlements, burnt the Spanish shipping, and held the whole region at his mercy. He returned to England laden with a prodigious booty,—enough to make him one of the richest private persons in Europe. This sudden attack upon a defenceless people was hailed in England as a most heroic and proper act, and the queen received him with distinguished favor. We must not, however, judge of those times by modern standards. Spain and England, though technically at peace, were really at war, and so remained until the total destruction of the armada, in 1588, reduced Spain to the rank of a second-rate power.

Captain Drake had not yet done with the Spaniards. While he was upon the Isthmus of Darien he had seen from a mountain-top the Pacific Ocean. He now laid before the queen a project of sailing round South America, by way of the newly discovered Straits of Magellan, and falling upon the unprotected coasts of Peru, whence the Spaniards were drawing cargoes of gold. Elizabeth, we may almost say, jumped at the proposal. With six vessels and one hundred and sixty-four men, this bold adventurer set sail, and made his way to Patagonia. He was five weeks in getting through the straits, and when he emerged into the broad Pacific, he had but the ship commanded by himself, named the *Golden Hind*. Two vessels he had himself emptied and turned adrift, and three others had turned back and gone to England. On board his own ship he had fifty-seven men, and three casks of water.

Undaunted, he held to his purpose, and reached in safety the shores of Peru. He plundered the Spanish settlements; he captured a Spanish ship loaded with gold and silver; he sailed along the coast to California, of which he took formal possession in the name of the Queen of England. Then, laden deep with booty, he thought to find a northern passage back into the

Atlantic. Northward he sailed until he reached the region of eternal cold, but found no gap in the ice-bound coast. Desirous, above all things, to avoid the Spanish cruisers, he came to the resolution to sail westward, and endeavor to reach England by completing the circumnavigation of the globe. He accomplished his purpose, and reached England in 1580, after an absence of two years, nine months, and thirteen days. This was regarded as an immense achievement. The queen knighted Captain Drake, and came on board his ship, where she partook of a banquet; and when the Spanish king demanded his surrender, as a buccaneer, she refused to give him up.

Drake soon had an opportunity of glutting his vengeance against the Spaniards. Such exploits as his, sanctioned and rewarded by the Queen of England, led, finally, to open and declared war between the two powers. Again, in command of a powerful fleet, he ravaged and plundered the Spanish towns in America, and, visiting Virginia, brought away to England the settlers planted there by Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1587, with a fleet of thirty armed ships, he sailed boldly into Cadiz, and there destroyed a hundred Spanish vessels, which he called "singeing the beard of the King of Spain." Next year, the Invincible Armada approached the shores of England. On the great, immortal day which saw that mighty armament defeated and dispersed, Sir Francis Drake was second in command of the British fleet, and bore a man's part in the tremendous conflict. In the year following he was again on the coast of Spain with a great fleet, desolating every point which he attacked, and keeping the whole peninsula in terror.

There was then a short interval of peace between the two countries, during which Admiral Drake represented the town of Plymouth in parliament. War being renewed in 1594, we see him once more in the West Indies, under his old patron, Sir John Hawkins. This was the last of his services. Hawkins dying from a wound received in action, Drake assumed command of the forces, and committed great havoc among the Spanish settlements; but part of his troops having met with a reverse, he took it so much to heart that he fell sick of a fever.

He died on board his ship, aged fifty years, and his remains were committed to the deep.

It thus appears that this brave man spent his life in warring upon the Spaniards. What ought we to think of him? Was he a buccaneer, or a patriot sailor waging legitimate warfare? I answer the question thus : —

The worst man of whom history gives any account, and the most formidable enemy modern civilization has had to encounter, was Philip II., King of Spain. He was a moody, ignorant, cruel, sensual, cowardly hypocrite. So long as that atrocious tyrant wielded the resources of the Spanish monarchy — then the most powerful on earth — the first interest of human nature was the reduction of his power. To do this was the great object and the almost ceaseless effort of Queen Elizabeth and the protestant powers in alliance with her. In lending a hand to this work, Francis Drake was fighting on the side of civilization, and preparing the way for such an America as we see around us now ; for, in limiting the power of Philip, he was rescuing the fairest portions of America from the blight of Spanish superstition, Spanish cruelty, and Spanish narrowness. That he fought his share of this fight in a wild, rough, buccaneering manner, was the fault of his age, more than his own. His voyage round the world, too, marks an era in the history of navigation.

HENRY HUDSON.

Not Heindrick Hudson, as it is sometimes printed, and as it was painted on the sides of a large steamboat that plied on the river which Hudson discovered. Captain Hudson was no Dutchman; he was an English sailor, with an English name, and that name was Henry.

The reason why his name is so frequently spelt in the Dutch manner is, that, when he discovered the Hudson river, he was sailing in the service of a company of Dutch merchants. This was the reason, too, why Manhattan Island and the shores of the Hudson river once belonged to Holland and were settled by the Dutch, and why, to this day, many of the old families of New York have Dutch names, Dutch faces, a Dutch build, and a comfortable Dutch disposition. Down to the time of the revolutionary war there was more Dutch spoken in the streets of New York than English, and Albany was almost as Dutch a town as Amsterdam itself. All this was because an English sailor chanced to make *one* of his many voyages in a ship belonging to Dutchmen.

Henry Hudson lived in this world about fifty years, but nothing whatever is known of his life except of the last four years of it. Born about the year 1560, when Queen Elizabeth was still in the bloom of young womanhood, he does not appear in history until 1607, in the spring of which year we discover him captain of a vessel anchored in the Thames, about to sail on a voyage of discovery. The idea still haunted the minds of all geographers that there *must* be a way of getting to China and the East Indies nearer than by going round the Cape of Good Hope, — a voyage of sixteen thousand miles. They thought that, somewhere in the northern part of one of the continents, there *must*

be an opening through which those rich countries could be reached by a short cut, that would save, at least, one-half the distance. The wish was father to the thought. Kings and merchants, for three hundred years, poured out their treasures freely in expeditions to discover this imaginary opening. The vessel lying in the Thames, below London, in April, 1607, of which Henry Hudson was master, had been fitted by a company of rich London merchants to continue the search.

It was a small vessel, with a crew consisting of the captain, ten men and a boy. Sailing on the 1st of May, Captain Hudson directed his course toward the north-west, and, after sailing forty-three days, saw what he concluded to be the eastern coast of Greenland. A month later he had reached Spitzbergen isles, where he landed, and found traces of cattle, as well as of seals, and some streams of fresh water. He pushed northward until he was within eleven hundred miles of the north pole, where he was stopped by mountains of ice. He struggled with the ice for a while, skirting along the glittering barrier, seeking a passage, but finding none. He was compelled, at length, to turn his prow southward, and he reached England in September, baffled, but not discouraged. He had been absent four months and fifteen days.

In the April following, in the same little ship, and in the service of the same English company, he sailed again to the seas north of Europe, and spent another summer in an arduous but fruitless attempt to pierce the ice that had blocked his way the year before. Late in the month of August, after an absence of four months, he returned to England, again defeated, but as resolute to continue the search as ever. But the gentlemen who had to pay the expenses of the voyage now lost faith in the enterprise, and declined to bear the charge of another attempt.

Then it was that Henry Hudson repaired to Holland, one of the great sea powers of the world; perhaps the first of the maritime nations in 1608.

A company of Dutch merchants furnished him with a ship, and, in the spring of 1609, he was ready once more to sail for the frozen seas. His crew was composed of Dutch and English sailors. Early in April he sailed from Holland, and directed

his course to the northernmost point of Europe, which he doubled and then pushed westward, along the northern coast of that continent. Fearful was his wrestle with the ice, and the cold was most intense. His crew, part Dutch and part English, had not lived well together from the beginning; but when difficulty and suffering had soured the temper of both parties, all the crew became discontented, and demanded to have the course of the vessel changed to more temperate climates. Captain Hudson, a man too gentle and yielding for the situation, instead of silencing this clamor at the pistol's mouth, and putting the mutineers in irons (the old Portuguese fashion), parleyed with the men, and agreed, at last, to sail over to the coast of America, and try for a break in that continent. Hudson had been acquainted with Captain John Smith, of Virginia, and had received from him maps and charts of the coast of North America, as well as verbal explanations.

To this change of course, extorted by a sulky and mutinous crew, Captain Hudson owes the immortality of his name. Having reached the coast of America in July, 1609, he crept along the shore, until he discovered the gap so familiar to New Yorkers, now called the Narrows, which conducted him into New York harbor, and thence into the Hudson River. He sailed up this majestic stream as far as the head of navigation, and explored it in a boat many miles more, — to a point, probably, as high as Troy. Much time having been consumed in this exploration, he had difficulty in procuring provisions, and his crew were again in a mutinous disposition. He had a world of trouble with them, — as every captain will have who has not in him the true spirit of a *master*, — and he thought it best to return to Europe. He reached home in November, having been gone seven months.

Despite the perils and difficulties of those three voyages, Hudson was as eager as ever to renew the quest, and again offered his services to the English company for whom he had first sailed to the North. They agreed to provide him with a ship, but demanded that he should take with him, as mate, a man named Colebrune, who was supposed to be a navigator of great skill. Colebrune came on board while the ship was getting

ready for sea, and Hudson perceived that if that man sailed with him the ship would have two captains. Instead of stating the case frankly to the owners of the ship, and requiring them to choose between him and his rival, and say which of the two should stay behind, he got rid of Colebrune by a stratagem. The ship being ready for sea, and lying at Blackwell, seven miles below London, Captain Hudson sent Colebrune to the city with a letter ; and, as soon as the unsuspecting mate was well on his way, the captain hoisted his anchors, slipped out of the Thames and put to sea. This act lessened the respect of the crew for him, weakened his authority, and gave a pretext for mutiny.

It was about the middle of April, 1610, that he set sail on this his last and lamentable voyage. He had not been a month at sea before he discovered that his crew were plotting to remove him from command, alleging as a reason that the sending away of Colebrune was an act equivalent to usurpation. He managed, though with difficulty, to suppress this conspiracy ; and, after two months of voyaging, he reached that wide opening into North America which leads to what is now called Hudson's Bay, — the largest bay of the whole continent. He now thought that he had accomplished the great object. He supposed that *this* was the long-sought passage to the Pacific. We can imagine his disappointment when, after sailing into the great bay as far as he could go, and coasting around its sides for nearly three months, he was compelled at last to come to the conclusion that this vast interior sea had no outlet into the Pacific.

It was now near the first of October, and the ice was hemming him in. It was, indeed, already too late for the ship to regain the Atlantic, and he saw himself obliged to winter in that region of desolation, with a crew in the worst possible temper with him and with one another. Their provisions were running low, and it was only by incessant hunting of wild birds and animals that the crew were saved from starvation. Eight months rolled wearily by before the ice showed signs of breaking up. June came in, and the icy surface began to heave.

By the middle of June the ice was loose around the ship, and Captain Hudson prepared for the voyage home.

Something told him that he should never see his native land again; and, before sailing, he made his dispositions, as if in expectation of a speedy death. It was doubtful in the extreme if the provisions left would keep them alive till they could reach England, and, accordingly, he divided the remaining biscuit equally among the men. He gave to each of them a certificate of his services, and a statement of the wages due to him. During these last preparations he was sometimes so affected by the ruinous failure of all his endeavors, and so touched with compassion for the sufferings of his crew, that he was often seen to shed tears.

There was a captain's party and an opposition party among the crew. Those who adhered to the captain were his son (who was only a boy), Mr. Woodhouse (a scientific volunteer), and five sailors, — eight persons in all, — among whom there was scarcely a man who was not lame and weak from the scurvy. The party hostile to the captain consisted of fourteen men, most of whom were still in tolerable health. The chief of this faction was a young man, named Henry Green, a protégé of Hudson, who owed all to the captain's bounty, and whose life he had saved. This man excited his comrades to revolt, and wrought them up to commit one of the most hellish crimes on record.

It was June 21, 1611. The ship was all ready to begin her homeward voyage. The water of Hudson's Bay, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with fragments of floating ice. The sails of the ship were hoisted, and one of her boats was floating at her side. At a signal, the fourteen mutineers rose upon the faithful eight, seized them, thrust them into the boat, threw in some ammunition, a fowling piece, an iron pot, and a bag of meal. That done, they cast off the rope, made all sail, and left the captain, his boy, and his friends, to their fate. Nothing was ever heard of them. Doubtless they all perished miserably within a few days; for at that season birds cannot be found in the frozen regions. The mutineers knew this well;

for, in that very month, a party had been out hunting eight days without getting a single ounce of food.

A few days after, Green and his chief abettor were killed in a fight with some Indians. Another of the chief mutineers died of hunger. A miserable remnant of the crew, emaciated to the last degree, reached England in September, where two of their number revealed what had been done. I cannot discover whether or not the mutineers were punished for their perfidy after they reached England.

In the following spring, two vessels were sent out by the same company, for the twofold object of rescuing Hudson and his party, and of continuing the search for a passage through the continent. Neither of these objects were accomplished, nor was any trace discovered of the abandoned mariners. The foul treachery of which Hudson was the victim probably rescued his discovery from oblivion; since, had not he and his seven comrades been destroyed, it is certain that the whole ship's company would have died of starvation before they could have navigated their vessel across the Atlantic. Thus, one mutiny made him the discoverer of the Hudson River, and another, which cost him his life, preserved to mankind his discovery of Hudson's Bay.

JAKES CARTIER.

READER, do you happen to know why the great river of Canada was named the St. Lawrence? Probably not. But let me assure you, that knowledge of that seemingly unimportant description is not to be despised, for the whole history of America is contained in the names on its map. The man that could open the map of the western continent, and, putting his finger on every name, tell why and when it received that name, would know the history of America better than any man has ever known it, or will ever know it. Take this word Lawrence, for example, which occurs on the map of North America forty-four times.

Probably thirty-five of the places named Lawrence, Lawrenceville, or Lawrenceburg, were so named in honor of Captain James Lawrence, whose dying words thrilled every patriotic heart in the war of 1812. Others were named after the great Boston merchants, Amos and Abbott Lawrence. The river St. Lawrence received that designation because the day on which the gulf into which it empties was discovered, was the day dedicated in the Roman Catholic Church to the memory of the martyr, St. Lawrence. Thus, in that single name is summed up: 1. The history of the discovery of Canada; 2. The history of the war of 1812; 3. The history of American manufactures; 4. The history and genius of the Catholic Church.

Gold lured the Spaniards to South America and Mexico; but the humbler bait which attracted the French to Northern America was codfish. In Catholic countries there are so many days on which meat may not, and fish may be, eaten, that fish is an article of very great importance; and this was perhaps the reason why the French, as early as 1525, only thirty-three years

after the discovery of America, had a considerable fleet of fishing vessels on the Banks of Newfoundland. There is a letter in existence, written in 1527, to Henry VIII., King of England, in which the writer says, that he counted at one time, in one harbor of Newfoundland, twelve French fishing ships. At present you may sometimes see two or three hundred schooners on the Banks in one view. I have myself counted one hundred and fifty, all hailing from New England. But at that early period a fleet of twelve vessels so far from home was something marvellous, and indicates a very profitable enterprise. Indeed, we know from many of the old books that there was a "codfish aristocracy" in France three hundred and twenty years ago. Many of the proudest nobility of Europe did not disdain to increase their revenues by taking shares in a Newfoundland fishing-smack.

Francis I. was King of France then, and Charles V. was King of Spain. Charles was a man of force and ability, who pushed his conquests in the New World as well as in the Old. Francis was a vain, weak king, whom Charles signally defeated, and in every way surpassed.

Now, observe how the most trifling things produce sometimes the greatest consequences, and how the meanest motives suggest the grandest achievements. The Admiral of France, Chabot, had the right to levy a small tax, for his own benefit, on every vessel going to sea for fish. This made him acquainted with and interested in the new fisheries of North America. He knew how much they needed protection against the ships of other nations claiming the exclusive right to fish in those seas. He endeavored to interest the king in the subject, dwelling much upon the glory to be acquired in causing to be explored and colonized the vast regions of the New World. The king, impoverished by his wars with Charles V., would naturally have declined to enter upon so costly an enterprise, had not the feeling of rivalry, inflamed by those wars, gained the mastery over his prudence.

"The Kings of Spain and Portugal," said he, "are taking possession of the New World, without giving me a part. I

should like to see the article in Adam's last will which gives them America."

Thus it was the little tax, which swelled the income of a great lord and the vanity of a foolish monarch, which set on foot the voyages of discovery that resulted in revealing North America to the Old World, and opening it to the uses of civilized mankind.

In the spring of 1534, two ships of sixty tons each (large vessels for that time) were made ready at St. Malo, a port in the north of France, to which most of the Newfoundland fishermen belonged, and which, to this day, sends to the fishing-banks a considerable number of vessels. The command of the expedition was given to Jaques Cartier, a native of St. Malo. Cartier, a sailor of great experience and renown, who had probably visited the fishing-banks, was forty years of age when he took command of these vessels, which contained one hundred and twenty-two sailors and adventurers.

Setting sail on the 20th of April, 1534, favorable gales wafted Cartier so swiftly on his course, that in twenty days he descried the western extremity of Newfoundland. He arrived too soon, and he was compelled to wait awhile for the melting of the ice which stopped his way to the north. After some delay, he sailed northward, entered the Straits of Belle Isle, and touched at many points on the extensive coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the shores of bleak and sterile Labrador he placed a cross, and at a more inviting spot on the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence he erected a very lofty one, to which was attached a shield, bearing the arms of the King of France, with the inscription, *Vive le Roi de France*. He continued his course until he was near enough to the great river to see land on both sides; yet, as the summer was drawing to a close, he turned back without suspecting the existence of the river. This is not to be wondered at, for the mouth of the St. Lawrence is one hundred miles wide and after ascending two hundred miles, it is still so broad that an explorer might well suppose he was navigating a strait or a gulf.

On his voyage home the same good fortune attended him. A pleasant sail of thirty days brought him to St. Malo, to the

great wonder and delight of his townsmen and all France. The remarkable pleasantness of this summer voyaging, together with the narratives of the adventurers respecting the strange scenes they had witnessed, prompted a new expedition.

In the following spring, three ships lay in the harbor of St. Malo, ready for a voyage of discovery. In those simple old days no man was audacious enough to venture out upon the broad ocean without first going to church and commending his soul and his enterprise to God; and the man who, on his return home, neglected to repair instantly to church to offer thanks, was regarded as a graceless wretch. This custom prevailed as late as a hundred years ago in almost all countries, and still prevails in some Catholic nations. So, brave Captain Cartier and his companions went in solemn procession to the Cathedral of St. Malo, where the bishop said mass, and gave them his parting benediction.

This voyage was no pleasant summer cruise. To avoid the ice, Cartier sailed as late as May 19; but storms of unusual violence for the season soon separated the three ships, and they came to the rendezvous in the Straits of Belle Isle, one after the other, after buffeting the billows for seven weeks. This was a trifle, however, to what was in store for them. Cartier entered the broad St. Lawrence, sailed by the rugged Saguenay River, passed the lofty projection upon which now glitter the tin-covered spires of Quebec, and, leaving his ships, pushed his way in a small boat, with three companions, until the mountain on the island named by him Mont-real came in sight. He climbed the mountain, and, as he looked out upon the majestic stream and the beautiful country, he predicted that this island would one day be the site of a great city. He conversed much with the Indians, who were gentle and hospitable, and from them he obtained some rude notions of the great lakes beyond.

It was October 3d when he reached Montreal, and the lateness of the season forbade his further exploration. After three days' stay, therefore, he descended the river again, and hastened to a harbor near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where he had determined to winter. Far better had it been if he had returned then to France. All unused to such an extremity of cold, and

unprovided with vegetables, the scurvy soon broke out among them, and laid low nearly the whole company of a hundred and thirty-five men. By mid-winter, twenty-five had died, and of the rest, scarcely one was free from the disease, while fifty were disabled by it. In these distressing circumstances, shut in by leagues of impenetrable ice, the simple and devout Cartier appointed a day of humiliation and prayer; and vowed that if it should please God to permit him to return to his native land, he would make a pilgrimage to a famous shrine consecrated to the Holy Virgin. Relief was speedily afforded them. Cartier learned that the Indians, who were also suffering from the scurvy, were cured by drinking the sap of a tree, supposed to be a kind of spruce. This medicine was so immediately beneficial, that the cure seemed miraculous, and no Catholic of them all doubted that the miracle was wrought in answer to their prayers and in recompense of their vows. The whole company were soon restored to health.

When the spring came, their numbers were so much reduced, that Cartier abandoned the smallest of his ships, and returned to France in the two others. That abandoned vessel was actually discovered, imbedded in the mud, in 1848, three hundred and twelve years after.

The terrible sufferings experienced on this voyage deterred Frenchmen from renewing their explorations for four years; but at the expiration of that period a fleet of five vessels was fitted out, which Cartier accompanied. This was an attempt to plant a colony in the newly discovered regions; but a divided command caused the speedy failure of the enterprise, and Cartier returned to St. Malo.

As nothing is known of this valiant mariner's early life, so nothing is known of its close. He appears in history at the age of forty in command of an expedition of discovery, and, at fifty disappears and is seen no more. There is a tradition, however, that he lived at St. Malo after retiring from the sea, and died there at a very advanced age.

THE POET HORACE.



How strange that so many American parents should name their boys Horace! I suppose that in New England there are a hundred Horaces to one Virgil; while there are a hundred people who enjoy the poetry of Virgil to one that keenly relishes that of Horace. Leaving this mystery to be cleared up by philosophers, I will endeavor to relate in a few words the interesting story of the poet's life; our knowledge of which is chiefly derived from the innumerable allusions to himself and to his affairs in his own works.

His father was a Roman slave, who, some years before Horace was born, obtained his freedom. "Everybody has a fling at me," he says in one of his satires (the sixth of book first), "because I am a freedman's son." He owed his name to the fact that his father's master belonged to the Horatian tribe; though it was long supposed that he was named Horatius because his master was a member of the celebrated family of the Horatii, three of whom had a great fight one day with the Curatii, — as school-boys remember.

Having become a free man, the father of the poet established himself as an auctioneer, which was then, as it is now, a profitable business, especially in times of general distress. The elder Horace by the exercise of his vocation acquired a considerable fortune, with which he bought a mountain farm in the south of Italy, in the midst of the rugged and romantic Apennines. Here, sixty-five years before Christ, Horace was born; and, amid the grandeur and loveliness of this mountain region, he grew up, and nourished that love of natural beauty which appears in so many of his poems. It was here, he tells us, that when he was a young child he wandered far from his father's

house, and, being tired at length, lay down under a thicket of laurel and myrtle, where he was found by anxious friends fast asleep, with his little hands full of the wild flowers he had gathered on the way.

His father, he assures us, was a man of noble disposition and fine understanding; but of his mother he never speaks; from which we may infer that she died before he was old enough to know her. He pays a tribute to his father's virtues in a passage that has been read millions of times with pleasure.

"If," he says, "my faults are few and not heinous (like moles upon a beautiful skin, perfect but for them); if no man can justly accuse me of avarice, meanness, or of frequenting low haunts; if, indeed (to speak in my own praise), I am chaste, innocent, and dear to my friends, I owe it all to my father; who, though far from rich, living on an unfertile farm, would not send me to school under the pedantic Havius, where boys of rank, sprung from great centurions, with their satchels and tablets slung over their left arms, used to go with their school money in their hands on the very day the term was up; but had the energy to bring me, a child to Rome, to be taught the accomplishments which Roman knights and senators teach their children. And yet, if any one had looked at my clothes, and at the slaves who waited upon me in a city so populous, he would certainly have thought that the cost of all this was supplied from the revenues of an hereditary estate. My father himself, of all guardians the most faithful, was continually looking on when my teachers were with me. But why multiply words? He it was who kept me chaste (the first of the virtues); preserving me not only from actual transgression, but even from the appearance of it; nor did he fear lest, by and by, some one should make it a reproach to him that a son, educated at so much cost, should turn out only an auctioneer. And if I had been only that, I should never have complained. The narrowness of his fortune renders his conduct the more admirable, and calls for more gratitude on my part. As long as I am a sane man, never can I be ashamed of a father such as mine was."

This is a rough translation for poetry; but the charm of the passage lies in its meaning. Horace was twelve years of age

when this generous father, unwilling to subject his boy to the taunts of the young aristocrats of his own neighborhood, took him to Rome, where he could pursue his studies and live on terms of equality with his fellows. His father, however, always discouraged any inclination the boy may have had to aspire to a higher rank than his own. He appears to have supposed that he could give his son the education of a man of rank, and then make him content to spend his life as an auctioneer. Many fathers have indulged a dream like this; but I never heard of one who realized it.

At seventeen, Horace, after having enjoyed a rigorous drill in the rudiments of knowledge under severe teachers at Rome, repaired to Athens (which was only a few days' sail from his father's house) to continue his studies. There he began to write verses in the Greek language; but soon discovering the impossibility of equalling the Greek poets in their own language, wrote thenceforth only in Latin.

Great events transpired in Italy while Horace was growing to manhood. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, overthrew Pompey, reigned, and was killed by Brutus, while Horace was a student. After the death of Cæsar, Brutus went to Athens, where the young poet was then residing, along with a great number of Roman youth completing their education. Among the young men who joined the forces of Brutus at this time, with the design of restoring the republican constitution, was Horace, to whom Brutus assigned a rank about equal to that of a colonel in a modern army. Under Brutus he served with gallantry and general approval, until the disastrous battle of Philippi, when the republican cause was irretrievably ruined. Horace was borne away, he says, by the torrent of fugitives, and lost his shield in the flight. Brutus and Cassius having committed suicide, he gave up the struggle and made the best of his way home.

Arriving among his native mountains, worn with the toils of war, and saddened by defeat, he found his father dead, his inheritance confiscated, and his head in danger. His life, however, was spared; and he went soon after to Rome, a poor young man of letters, in search of the means of subsistence. He tells us himself what vocation he entered into:—

"My wings being clipped, and deprived of house and land, audacious poverty drove me to the making of verses."

He earned his living at this occupation for some time, and even acquired property by it, — sufficient to buy an under-clerkship in the Roman treasury, — an office of small salary but smaller duties.

While he was plodding on, writing verses for hire, young Virgil came to Rome, with the laurel of the successful poet on his brow; welcomed and fêted by high and low; a guest even in the imperial palace, and in the house of Mæcenas, the favorite and minister of the Emperor Augustus. Virgil, discovering the great genius of Horace, mentioned him to Mæcenas, who sent for the unknown poet. Long after, he reminded Mæcenas, in one of his satires, of their first interview: —

"When first I came into your presence, I spoke but a few words with a stammering tongue, for I was as bashful as a child."

Mæcenas, he adds, took no further notice of him for nine months; but at the expiration of that time he sent for him, and "ordered him to be enrolled among the number of his friends." By Mæcenas he was presented to the emperor, and both remained his cordial friends as long as he lived. Mæcenas gave him a villa a few miles from Rome, and Augustus bestowed upon him a tract of land, which yielded him an income sufficient for his wants, with which he was perfectly contented.

He divided his time henceforth between the country and the town. When cloyed with the pleasures of the imperial city, he had but to mount his mule and ride fifteen minutes, to reach his farm. His land, well covered with forest, and lying on both sides of a sparkling river, was tilled by five free families and eight slaves, and produced grain, wine, and olives. It abounded in pleasant, secluded scenes, fit for a poet's leisure; and there, too, he delighted to receive his friends from Rome; Mæcenas himself being glad to repose there from the toils of government. To this day, Horace's farm is continually visited by travellers residing in Rome, especially by English and Americans. So many of the visitors, indeed, speak the English language, that the peasantry of the neighborhood suppose Horace to have been

some illustrious Englishman, and that the visitors come there to pay homage to the tomb of their countryman. Knowing that Horace was not one of the saints, they cannot conceive of any other cause for such a concourse of visitors to so remote a spot.

Secure in his fortune, Horace enjoyed life in a moderate and rational manner, bestowing upon his poems an amount of labor which would surprise some of our easy verse-makers. He was a poet for thirty-five years, yet the whole of his works could be printed in one number of a newspaper, and leave room besides for this sketch of his life. No man has better followed the advice which he himself lays down for authors :—

“You that intend to write what deserves to be read more than once, correct and erase much.”

His poems, light and chatty as they seem, are the quintessence of all that he thought, felt, observed, and experienced during the whole of the fifty-seven years that he lived ; and, besides being that, they throw a flood of light upon the life of the Roman people. He knew well that his works would endure for ages. In a little poem on his works he says, with the noble confidence of patient genius :—

“I have constructed a monument more lasting than brass, and grander than the pyramids’ royal height ; which not the wasting rain, nor the powerful north wind, nor an endless succession of years, nor the round of the seasons, shall be able to destroy. I shall not wholly die ; but a large part of me shall not be entombed at my funeral. Posterity will renew my praises from age to age, as long as the priest shall ascend the steps of the capitol with the vestal virgin silent at his side.”

Yes ; and longer ! The Roman priest ascends no more the capitol steps ; the capitol itself has disappeared ; the language of Rome has become, in Rome itself, an unknown tongue ; and still the well-wrought poems of Horace are enjoyed wherever on earth there are educated minds more than forty years of age. Virgil is the poet for youth ; Horace is the treasure of men.

The learned and public-spirited Judge Daly, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, who has in his possession the papers and correspondence of Chancellor Kent, says that the chancellor knew Horace almost by heart, having read all his poems eight

times over, and never going out without a little Horace in his pocket. The poet Wordsworth was exceedingly fond of Horace, and so was a man as unlike Wordsworth as can be imagined, — the fat Louis XVIII., King of France after Waterloo. This king, it is said, did actually know very many of the poems of Horace by heart.

It was the strong desire of Horace that he might not live longer than his beloved friend Mécænas. His words, expressive of this wish, have been well translated : —

“ Ah! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence, —
Thou, of my soul a part, —
Why should I linger on with deadened sense
And ever aching heart, —
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no! one day beholds thy death and mine!”

This desire was destined to be gratified. The two friends did not, indeed, depart this life on the same day, but in the same year. Mécænas died in July, bequeathing Horace to the friendship of Augustus. Horace died in November of the same year, which was the eighth before the birth of Christ.

Horace was a short man, inclining to corpulency, of a happy disposition, and much disposed to innocent merriment; simple in his habits; not less pleased when mingling with the people in the market-place, or supping at home upon bread and onions, than when reclining in the banqueting room of the emperor's palace. And again the question occurs, Why should so many of the grave people of New England name their children after this merry poet?

CAPTAIN COOK.



It is of not much consequence in what station of life an able man is born. If he has it in him to rise, rise he will, and nothing can keep him down.

The father of James Cook, the famous navigator, was a farm-laborer in Yorkshire, England, who had a family of nine children and earned about fifteen shillings a week. The employer of the father sent the son to school long enough for him to learn to read and write; and this was all the instruction the boy ever received. At thirteen (which was in the year 1741) he was apprenticed to a dealer in dry goods near one of the seaport towns of Yorkshire. and passed his time in carrying home parcels and waiting upon customers. He did not like this occupation; and the sea, the open sea, was ever before his eyes, alluring him to a life of adventure. His father dying, he persuaded his master to give up his indentures, and restore him to liberty. He hastened to the port, and binding himself apprentice to the owner of a coal vessel, he went on board in the capacity of cabin-boy. Certainly, if a dandy naval officer had cast his eyes upon this coal-blackened cabin-boy, and had been told that that boy would die a post-captain in the royal navy of Great Britain, he would have laughed the prediction to scorn.

Nevertheless, it came to pass. The cabin-boy was rapidly advanced until he was first mate of a vessel, and he acquired such a knowledge of the construction and rigging of a ship that he was frequently entrusted by his master with the building of his coal vessels. Every one connected with this youth felt that he was to be trusted, that he understood his business, that his judgment was sound, his hand expert, and his will that of a master. He lived such a life as this — commanding and build-

ing coal ships — until he was twenty-seven years of age, when a second time he struck into a new career.

In 1755 that long war among the powers of Europe and the races in America broke out, which is now known as the Seven Years' War. James Cook, expecting to be forced into the king's service by the press-gang, thought it best to enlist in the navy as a sailor. His merit as a seaman was instantly recognized, and he was promoted from one rank to another, until at length his captain procured for him a commission as master, — a rank just below that of lieutenant. In the summer of 1759 he was master of a ship which belonged to the fleet that was supporting General Wolfe in his designs against Quebec; and it was he who was entrusted with the important duty of sounding the river, drawing charts of the locality, and placing beacons for the guidance of the disembarking troops. So well did he do his work, though he had never learned drawing, that his maps of that region continued to be used as late as 1830. He was present at the disembarkation, and rendered invaluable assistance to the young hero who was about to scale the heights of Quebec and lay down his life on the summit.

During the long winter following these operations, being still retained in Canada, he set about preparing himself for a higher rank in the navy, by studying geometry and other branches of mathematics connected with navigation. He served eight years in America, during which he was frequently employed in exploring coasts and sounding channels, drawing charts and plans, and in making and recording astronomical observations. He sent some papers of a scientific nature to the Royal Society, in London, which were much admired, and he was known in the navy as an excellent astronomer and geographer, as well as a most efficient officer.

During one of his visits to England he married a girl fifteen years of age, whom he had held at the baptismal font in her infancy, and whom he had then said he would marry. He was nineteen when he made this vow, and thirty-four when he fulfilled it. He was a sailor in a coal ship when he held the baby in his arms at the altar; he was a rising naval officer when, to the same altar, he led the blooming bride.

In 1768, when James Cook was forty years old, the Royal Society prevailed upon the government to fit out an expedition to make certain highly important astronomical observations in the Pacific Ocean. The Secretary of the Admiralty, whose office had made him acquainted with Cook's talent and peculiar knowledge, recommended him for the command of the expedition. The king promoted him to a lieutenancy, and, in July, 1768, the ship *Endeavor*, three hundred and sixty tons, Lieutenant Cook commanding, dropped down the Thames, bound for the Pacific, having on board Sir Joseph Banks and many other men of note in the world of science. In nine months and ten days after leaving London he cast anchor in the harbor of Otaheite, the largest of the Society Islands, where the astronomical observations were to be made.

There he remained three months. The observations were successfully recorded. In their intercourse with the natives, the crew of the *Endeavor* did not always obey the humane orders of their commander, and there was much stealing and violence committed on both sides. The Indians, nevertheless, professed the utmost regard and veneration for "Captain Tooty," who, in his turn, pronounced them to be the most audacious and persevering thieves in the world. Desiring to give the savages an idea of the Christian religion, he invited them to attend service on a Sunday morning. A cloud of naked Indians, men, women, and children, gathered about the group of Englishmen, the chaplain in the centre. They behaved with the most perfect decorum. When the white men knelt, or stood, or sat, the natives followed their example, keeping strict silence till the service was over, and then went away without asking a question, or manifesting the least curiosity to know what it all meant. In the afternoon they returned the compliment by inviting the strangers to witness their religious ceremonies, which were of so very primitive a character as to be unfit for description here.

The charms of this island life induced two of the marines to desert and attach themselves to two of the dusky beauties. Captain Cook hit upon a very simple expedient to get them back: he took the king and royal family prisoners, and gave notice

that he should keep them in confinement until the sailors were brought to him. In a very short time the men were produced. The hostages were released, and the two amorous adventurers expiated their offence under the cat-o'-nine tails.

From Otaheite the Endeavor sailed away in search of the great island, then called New Holland, now named Australia, which had been discovered some years before, but had never been explored or circumnavigated. Captain Cook spent six months upon the coasts of that great continent, and made many important discoveries. It was he who discovered that it was divided into two portions by a strait; and he sailed through the strait. In one of the bays in which he anchored, the botanists of his ship found so many new plants and flowers, that he named it Botany Bay. The native inhabitants of Australia were so untamably savage as to prevent his extending his observations into the interior; and so addicted were they to eating human flesh that he long supposed they did so because they preferred it as food, and went to war for the purpose of getting a supply of sustenance. He discovered afterwards that the eating of the flesh of an enemy was a rite of their religion, and was supposed to guard them from the vengeance of his tribe. It was while sailing about Australia that the Endeavor had a most strange and narrow escape from destruction. She struck a rock one day with great force, but immediately floated off; and, although she leaked badly, the crew managed to keep her afloat until they reached a harbor. What was their astonishment, on docking the ship, to find a large rock stuck in the cavity, which alone had kept her from going down!

At the Dutch settlement of Batavia, where he repaired his ship, the crew suffered fearfully from the fever caused by the malaria of the country. Death was so common there, he relates, that if a man announced to another the death of an acquaintance, the remark which the news usually called forth, was, "Good, he owed me nothing;" or, "Is he? then I must go and collect my account of his heirs." The ship was a mere hospital for many weeks, and a large number of the crew died. After three years of most adventurous and skilful voyaging, the Endeavor cast

anchor in an English port, having lost one-half her company, and being herself quite worn out.

The return of Captain Cook created a wonderful excitement in England. The king at once promoted him to the rank of commander; the newspapers were filled with the marvels of those distant regions, and in society nothing was spoken of but Captain Cook and his voyage. When the narrative of his adventures appeared, it was the great book of the season. Dr. Franklin, who resided in London then as the agent of some of the colonies, was exceedingly interested in these discoveries, and joined some benevolent persons in a scheme to send a ship to the Pacific laden with domestic animals and seeds, some of which were to be left on each large island for propagation.

At this time there was a general belief in the existence of a great continent far to the south of Asia and America. Cook's second voyage was to ascertain whether there was such a continent. After two years of exploration, he returned to England with the certainty that no such continent existed; and he was rewarded for this intelligence by being raised to the rank of post-captain, to which a pension was added.

While he was absent on this voyage the government had been projecting an expedition to search for a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, around the northern part of the American continent. Captain Cook, having volunteered his services, sailed in command of two ships, and never again saw his native land. While wintering at the Sandwich Islands (which he discovered), one of the ship's boats was stolen, and to recover it he resorted to his usual expedient of seizing the king and royal family, and holding them until the stolen property was restored. In carrying out this measure he encountered unexpected resistance, and was obliged to order a retreat to the boats. Being himself the last to retire, he received a blow which prostrated him, and the savages running up soon overpowered and despatched him. This event occurred in February, 1779, in the fifty-second year of his age. In a similar manner Magellan lost his life in those seas two hundred and fifty years before.

It had been the intention of Captain Cook to retire from active life if he had returned to England. He said one day to his offi-

cers : "The spring of my life was tempestuous, and its summer has been painful ; but I have laid up at home a fund of joy and happiness for my autumn."

Captain Cook was an able commander, — very strict, and sometimes severe, in enforcing discipline, but constantly attentive to the health, comfort, and honor of those under his command. A finer piece of manhood has seldom trodden a quarter-deck.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PARRY.

IN order to be very much distinguished in this busy world, it is necessary to do something that nobody else ever did. Admiral Parry could boast that he had been nearer the North Pole than any other human being. It is doubtful if a polar bear ever went nearer, or even a seal. Four hundred and ninety-five miles more would have brought him to the pole itself, and he would have lived forever in history as the first man who ever performed that feat. Let us see how he came to go to that uncomfortable region, and why, having gone so far, he did not go all the way.

There are still living in Connecticut a few old people who remember a certain day in the spring of 1814, when half a dozen British man-of-war's boats, filled with armed men, suddenly appeared at the mouth of the Connecticut river, and rowed twenty miles up it, to a place where a whole fleet of American privateers and blockade-runners had taken refuge. Twenty-seven of these vessels, all unprepared for resistance, were captured and burnt. The British boats then descended the river with equal celerity, and got off with only a loss of two men. Before the alarm had been spread widely enough to attract the local militia to the river's banks, the enemy were out of the river and safe on board the blockading ship. The officer who commanded one of the smartest boats of this dashing expedition was no other than Lieutenant William Edward Parry, afterwards so famous as an arctic navigator.

A few months later another officer, destined to mournful celebrity as a northern voyager, fought bravely in the gun-boat battle that preceded the landing of British troops below New Orleans. It is not generally known that Sir John Franklin

commanded one of the English boats in that battle, and was badly wounded. He captured one of the American gunboats, and was promoted for his gallantry.

Lieutenant Parry, born in 1796, was the son of an eminent physician of Bath, several of whose works upon medicine and kindred subjects are still known. At thirteen he entered the British navy as midshipman, and, during the long wars with Napoleon, fought and studied his way up, until, at the peace of 1815, he was first lieutenant of a ship. Compelled then to retire upon half pay, he fretted for two years on shore, always longing for active service. In 1817, in a letter to an intimate friend, he happened to write a good deal about an expedition, then much talked of, for exploring the river Congo, in Africa, and expressed a strong desire to make one of the party. When this letter was finished, but before it was put into the post-office, his eye fell upon a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that the government were about to send vessels in quest of a passage round the northern coast of North America, which would shorten the voyage from England to India from sixteen thousand miles to about seven thousand. Parry reopened his letter, and, mentioning the paragraph, concluded a short postscript with these words: —

“Hot or cold is all one to me, — Africa or the Pole.”

His correspondent showed this letter to a friend, who was the man in England most devoted to the project in question, — Mr. Barrow, secretary to the admiralty. Within a week from that time, Lieutenant Parry was thrown into an ecstasy of astonishment and delight by receiving the appointment to command one of the two ships preparing for the enterprise, the other being under the command of the chief of the expedition, Captain Ross. The orders were; “To explore Baffin’s Bay, and ascertain the probabilities of a north-west passage.”

This expedition was a ridiculous failure. The two ships sailed in April, 1818, and made their way, without much difficulty, to Baffin’s Bay, which they entered, and, to some slight extent, explored. Soon, however, there appeared above the horizon what Captain Ross insisted was a range of mountains, barring the way against the further progress of the ships. Ho

accordingly returned to England, and reported those impassable mountains to the admiralty. Lieutenant Parry, however, told them, and told the people of England, that what Captain Ross took for a range of mountains was only a deceptive mirage, common in polar regions. The admiralty and the people believed him. A second expedition was prepared, of which Lieutenant Parry was placed in command.

At midsummer in 1819, Lieutenant Parry, with his two vessels, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, had the pleasure of sailing over those imaginary mountains; and, pushing on, he discovered and named Barrows Straits, Wellington Channel, and Melville Island. He was then about half way through the "North-West Passage." Twelve hundred miles more of straight sailing would have brought him through Behring Straits, and out into the broad Pacific. But no ship has ever sailed those twelve hundred miles, and it is safe to say that no ship ever will. At Melville Island Lieutenant Parry's two ships were caught by the early winter, and, for ten months, remained locked in the ice, immovable. Here we see the impossibility of sailing round from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The distance is about three thousand miles, and the summer of two months is not long enough to navigate a vessel so far in waters obstructed by fields and mountains of ice.

Ten months in the ice! If this had happened a hundred years before, two-thirds of the crew would have died of scurvy. But Captain Cook and other navigators had discovered that the antidote to scurvy is vegetables and fruit; and, accordingly, these ships had an abundant supply of onions, potatoes, lemon-juice, lime-juice, and other fruity preparations, which kept the men in excellent health. In such forlorn circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to preserve a ship's company from falling into home-sickness and melancholy. Lieutenant Parry showed great talent in keeping the men both employed and amused. Hunting parties relieved the tedium of the day, and, for the evening, a theatre was prepared, where plays, written by Parry himself, were performed. Nothing puts such animation into a winter camp of soldiers, or an ice-bound ship's crew, as a series of dramatic entertainments. There is such a bustle of prepa-

ration — so many can take part in the performance — and the performance itself is so pleasing, that all hands are busy and expectant. Besides the theatre, the officers published a weekly paper, which criticised the performances and recorded the events of the week.

The ice broke up at length, and Lieutenant Parry deemed it best to return to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm. His discoveries had been numerous, and were considered important, and it was agreed on all hands that he had displayed unusual talents and humanity as a commander. He made two other voyages in search of a north-west passage, and added to geography the names of many lands and waters hitherto unknown. He also established the fact that, whether there is a north-west passage or not, it can never be of any practical use in the navigation of the globe. These services procured him just promotion. In 1826 he was a post-captain, and held a lucrative place in the admiralty.

One of the mysteries of science is the magnetic needle. Captain Parry, in all his northern voyages, watched the needle of his compass closely, and recorded its every variation, — curious to know if nearness to the pole made any change in its direction or in the amount of force by which it was attracted. In 1826, while he was living on shore, he conceived the project of carrying a compass to the North Pole itself, and ascertaining in what direction the needle would point there. His plan was to sail a small ship as far north as possible, and then, taking with him vehicles that could be used both as sleds and as boats, push on northward to the Pole. The government consenting, he sailed in the *Hecla*, in March, 1827, and anchored in a harbor of Spitzbergen early in June.

This harbor is just six hundred and sixty-seven miles from the North Pole. On the 21st of June, Captain Parry, with two sled-boats, each containing two officers and twelve men, left the *Hecla*, bound for the Pole. The first eighty miles was pretty plain sailing, over a sea little obstructed by ice. Next they came to a vast expanse of loose, broken ice, as difficult to walk upon as to sail through. To avoid the danger of snow-blindness, they travelled only by night; and such were the difficulties

of traversing this broken ice, that after five nights of intense exertion they found that they only advanced ten miles. The ice gradually became harder, and they got on faster; but, at the end of a month, they were little more than a hundred miles from the ship.

They plodded on. At last, however, a difficulty arose which was wholly insurmountable by mortal power. Soon after they had reached tolerably firm ice, over which they could draw their sleds with comparative ease, a strong, steady, north wind met them, which rendered their march exceedingly fatiguing. This they could have endured; but imagine their dismay when they discovered that this wind was blowing the whole mass of ice toward the south faster than they could march northward. As long as possible Captain Parry concealed this crushing fact from the men; but when, at the end of laborious and distressing days, he found that they were actually further from the Pole than in the morning, he was compelled to disclose the secret, and retrace his steps. They had travelled, since leaving the ship, six hundred and sixty-eight miles, and had only made one hundred and seventy-two miles. They reached the ship sixty one days after leaving her, and soon after sailed for England.

This was the last of Captain Parry's arctic voyages. He continued to serve his country in various places and capacities, showing himself in all a man of worth and ability. He died in 1855, aged sixty-five years. He was a rear-admiral at the time of his death, and had been knighted several years before by George IV. To the last of his days he was deeply interested in northern explorations, and watched with intense solicitude the efforts made to rescue from those frozen regions his old friend and comrade, Sir John Franklin.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THERE was a great deal of talent in the family of this famous and unfortunate navigator. His father inherited a large farm, which had been the property of the Franklins for several generations, but which came to him so heavily mortgaged as to be hardly worth owning. Instead of letting those mortgages hang about his neck all his life (the usual way in Europe), keeping him miserably poor and anxious, he sold his patrimony, and having thus acquired a capital, he went into business, brought up his family comfortably, and made a fortune. In other words, he behaved like an American instead of a European.

This vigorous Franklin had twelve children, four of whom were sons. The eldest, following his father's business, became an eminent merchant. The second went to Oxford University, studied law, and died a judge in the East Indies. The third rose to the rank of major in the forces of the East India Company, and became a proficient in the languages and natural history of India. The fourth son was John, whose melancholy and mysterious fate kept the whole civilized world in suspense for many years.

He was born in 1786. His father, intending him for the church, sent him to a grammar school at the usual age. Almost from infancy the boy had shown a fondness for sea stories, and had often said that he meant to be a sailor. This was regarded as a boy's fancy, that would soon pass away; but when he was but eleven years old a circumstance occurred which gave reason to suppose that his taste for the sea was something more than this. He had never yet beheld the ocean, though it was but twelve miles from his school. One day, when the school had a holiday, he and one of his school-fellows walked that twelve miles to the shore, for no other purpose than to gaze upon the

sea. All that he had ever heard or dreamed of the grandeur and charm of the ocean was more than realized, and he sat, hour after hour, entranced with the magnificence of the view. From that day he was never shaken in his resolve to spend his life upon the sea.

As he was deaf to the dissuasions of his friends, his father resolved to give him a taste of a sailor's life, which, he felt sure, would sicken him of it forever. He procured for him the post of cabin-boy in a merchant vessel bound for Lisbon, and the lad made the voyage in that capacity. It was one long festival to him, and he came back to his father's house enthusiastic for the delights of "a life on the ocean wave." His father now yielded to the boy's unconquerable instinct, and procured for him a midshipman's place on board of a seventy-four gun ship of the royal navy.

This was in the year 1800, when he was fourteen years old. His love for an ocean life was soon put to severe tests. In 1801, when he was fifteen, his ship took part in the battle of Copenhagen, under Nelson, — Nelson's hardest fight, many sailors think. A few weeks after, he was ordered to the *Investigator*, fitting out to explore and survey the coasts of Australia. It was on this long and perilous voyage that he acquired some of that knowledge of navigation, astronomy, and mathematics which fitted him for his subsequent career as a discoverer. The *Investigator* was so completely worn out in this service, that her captain pronounced her unfit for the voyage home, and accordingly he and young Franklin set sail for England in a returning storeship, to procure another vessel in which to continue their surveys. They had sailed one hundred and eighty miles from the Australian coast, when the ship struck a coral-reef, and sunk. The same fate befell a companion vessel. The crews of both ships, ninety-four persons in all, succeeded in getting upon a strip of sand twelve feet wide, two hundred feet long, and four feet, at the highest point, above the level of the sea. Luckily, the provisions of the vessel were accessible, and a boat was rescued from the wreck. On this strip of sand they lived for fifty days, while Franklin's captain went in the boat to

the port whence he had sailed, and returned with vessels to bring them off.

From this sand-bank, Franklin and a brother officer found passage to Canton, where they joined an English fleet of sixteen sail, just starting for England. On the voyage home this fleet was attacked by a French squadron, commanded by one of the ablest of the French admirals. In this action Franklin volunteered as signal midshipman, and won high praise by the coolness which he displayed in the performance of a very trying duty. The French fleet was repulsed, and the voyage was pursued without further interruption.

After a holiday at home, he joined one of the ships of that great fleet which Lord Nelson was preparing for a cruise against the fleets of France. At the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805, Midshipman Franklin again performed the perilous duty of signal officer. His comrades in the poop fell fast about him on that bloody day, until all were dead or wounded except four; but, amid the horrors of the scene, this youth of nineteen displayed an attentive intrepidity which established his character as a trustworthy officer. He was promoted, not long after, to the rank of lieutenant. By the time our war of 1812 broke out, he had fought his way up to the first lieutenancy of a seventy-four.

It was while holding that rank in the ship Bedford, that he took part in the celebrated gun-boat battle near New Orleans. The approach to that city was guarded by five American schooners, each carrying several guns. The moment the British admiral perceived this little fleet riding at anchor right in his path, he saw that the obstacle must be removed, or the British troops could not be landed. Fifty open boats advanced upon them; the boats of the Bedford being commanded by Lieutenant Franklin. The gun-boats were so well defended, that they were only captured after a battle of two hours, and a loss to the English of seventeen killed and seventy-seven wounded, and to the Americans of sixty killed and wounded. Lieutenant Franklin leaped on board one of the gun-boats and led the hand-to-hand fight which resulted in its capture. He was wounded in

this encounter, for the first and only time during so many years of active service.

Peace blessed the earth once more in 1815. Lieutenant Franklin employed the leisure of the next three years in studying those branches of science which navigators specially need to know; and when, in 1818, the attention of his government was turned to Arctic exploration, he was among the first to volunteer his services. During the next four years he was chiefly employed in navigating the polar seas and traversing polar lands. No discoveries of the first importance rewarded his exertions; but his fortitude, audacity, nautical skill, scientific knowledge, and his admirable treatment of the men under his command, gave him a high place in the affections and esteem of his countrymen.

At thirty-six, being then a post-captain in the navy, he married Miss Porden, a young lady of some note in the literary world as a poetess. Three years later his wife was dying of consumption, and an expedition under his command was ready to sail to the Arctic seas. She besought him not to delay his departure. Yielding to her entreaties, he set sail, and the very next day she died. This voyage was so successful that, upon his return two years after, he was knighted, received a gold medal from France, and was elected to most of the learned societies of Europe. Not long after his return he married Miss Jane Griffin, the lady who displayed such remarkable perseverance in attempting his rescue from the northern snows.

As Governor of Van Dieman's Land—an office which he held from 1836 to 1844—he won the profound esteem and gratitude of every public-spirited inhabitant of the island. It was he who founded the college there which the good Dr. Arnold seriously thought of going out to take charge of. From his own purse he contributed most liberally to the endowment of several useful institutions, and exerted the whole of his talents and influence in raising the standard of civilization in that part of the world. When he left the island to return home, he was followed to the ship by a concourse of all that was best and highest in the colony.

It was in 1845, May 26th, that Sir John Franklin sailed from England on that voyage of northern discovery from which he

has never returned. He was then fifty-nine years of age, — too old for such a service, — though he appeared then to have lost little of his pristine vigor.

The *Erebus* and the *Terror*, the vessels commanded by Sir John on his last voyage, were built for sailing ships, but were furnished, for this expedition, with small steam-engines and screw-propellers, to be used in dead calms and in narrow ice-gorges and channels. They were small vessels, built as strongly as it is possible for ships to be, and were packed as full of stores and fuel as they would hold. The whole number of persons that sailed in them was only one hundred and thirty-eight; and yet, with the most skilful packing, there could not be got into the ships a three years' supply of provisions. As it was thought advisable to provide a full three years' supply, another small vessel was loaded, which was to accompany the ships as far as Davis' Strait, where the ice begins, there transfer her load of stores to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and return to England.

The commander of the expedition was ordered by his government to enter the northern waters by Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound; thence, through Barrow's Strait, to the ocean washing the northern coast of North America, keeping as far south as possible, and so make his way to Behring Strait and the Pacific. He was ordered not to remain in the arctic regions more than two winters. Therefore, as he sailed in the spring of 1845, he was due in England in the autumn of 1847. He was specially ordered to return in that year, unless powerful reasons should induce him to prolong his stay. In fact, although he was furnished with orders for form's sake, his own discretion was made the final arbiter of his conduct.

The two ships and their tender sailed from Sheerness, May 19, 1845. In Davis' Strait the tender was unloaded and sent home, where she arrived in August. July 26, 1845, two months after the ships had lost sight of England, they were seen by a whaler about the middle of Baffin's Bay, moored to an iceberg. As that was where they ought to have been at the time, it is concluded that all had gone well with the ships thus far.

Nothing further was heard of the expedition. The whole of the year 1846 passed without exciting much apprehension, ex-

cept among the friends of the adventurers; but when the year 1847 came to an end without bringing any tidings of them, the most serious alarm was felt, since the supplies must by that time have been nearly exhausted. At the beginning of 1848 measures were taken for beginning that search for the missing men which is unique in the annals of the world, and which the latest posterity will read with admiration, if the story shall be gathered up and told by a competent narrator.

First of all, two vessels, the *Herald* and the *Plover*, were despatched, early in 1848, around Cape Horn to Behring Strait, with orders to remain there, ready to succor and receive Sir John Franklin and his men in case they should succeed in getting through. If they got through at all, after a three years' struggle, it was well known that they would reach the straits with empty beef-barrels and bread-lockers.

About the same time; two other ships, under the command of Captain Sir James Clark Ross, started for Baffin's Bay, with orders to pursue the course designed to be taken by the missing ships, to explore the coasts for signs of encampments and winter quarters, and to push on as far as the ice permitted in the way Sir John Franklin intended to go. Captain Ross, who appears to have been a very enterprising and competent officer, penetrated as far as he could during the short summer of 1848, and continued his search during the next winter by sending out sledding parties in all directions. Not a single trace of the lost mariners was discovered, though it is now known that the *Erebus* and *Terror* passed that very winter on the coast explored with so much care. Some of Captain Ross' parties may have passed within ten miles of Sir John's winter quarters, or even nearer.

In the spring of the same year, 1848, Sir John Richardson, of the British navy, and Dr. John Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, men of splendid physical powers, as well as of high intelligence, left England with the design of penetrating to the Arctic Ocean by means of the Mackenzie River, which empties into it, and then exploring the coast on foot, as far as the season admitted. Boats were constructed in England and sent to the head of Mackenzie River by way of Hudson's Bay, and the two

adventurers came to New York, early in the year, and travelled by land and water to the beginning of navigation on the Mackenzie. They reached the Arctic Ocean in safety, and then leaving their boats advanced on foot along the shore to the distance of eight hundred miles,—as far as the Coppermine River,—leaving traces and mementos of their presence everywhere, with directions to the lost mariners how to proceed so as to meet the searching parties. Discovering no signs of them, they retraced their steps, and passed the winter on the shores of Great Bear Lake. When the summer opened, Sir John Richardson returned to England, but the untiring Rae continued the search for two summers more, but without success.

Thus, during the year 1848, the arctic regions were penetrated, so to speak, at each end and in the middle, without any result whatever. The ships in Behring Straits discovered nothing, and remained at their station. The ships under Sir James Clark Ross, after passing a summer and winter in the search, started at the beginning of the second summer to renew the attempt, but were caught in an immense ice-drift and carried away into the Atlantic, and were not released until it was too late to return. They were obliged, therefore, to sail for England. The marching party under Richardson and Rae had accomplished nothing, and Dr. Rae was still pursuing the search.

These costly failures, so far from discouraging the government and people of England, wrought up the whole nation to an enthusiasm for renewing the search on a scale to insure success. In March, 1849, the government offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling to any man or party who should give Sir John Franklin's men any effective succor. Lady Franklin, at her own expense, despatched a supply of coal to be deposited on the coasts of Lancaster Sound. The most extensive preparations were pushed forward during the year 1849, and, early in the following year, not less than twelve vessels sailed for the Arctic world to join in the search. The *Enterprise* and *Endeavor*, under Captain Ross, went round Cape Horn to Behring Straits, and, passing through the straits, made an extensive exploration of that portion of the Arctic Sea. Two solid sailing ships, attended by two steamers, as tugs and tenders, the whole under

Captain Austin, of the royal navy, entered Baffin's Bay, and pushed on through Lancaster Sound to Barrow's Strait. The Hudson's Bay Company despatched their schooner, *Felix*, to cruise in the same waters. Lady Franklin equipped the *Albert*, and sent her to the same region in command of Captain Forsyth. Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, contributed thirty thousand dollars toward the despatch of two ships from New-York, under Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States Navy. Besides these, there were two merchant vessels, under Captain Penny, in the same seas; making twelve vessels in all, without including the boats under Dr. Rae.

It is now believed that if all the fleet cruising from Lancaster Sound inwards, had been under the orders of one efficient man, some of Franklin's men would have been saved; but, as each commander pursued his own course, some portions of the coasts and seas were not gone over at all. The results of all these efforts in 1850 were as follows:—

1. Captain Ommaney, commanding a steam-tender, discovered on Beechy Island the traces of an encampment, which he concluded to be Franklin's.

2. Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States navy, landed at the same spot, and confirmed Captain Ommaney's discovery.

3. Captain Penny, arriving at the same place, made a thorough examination of the whole vicinity, and made discoveries of the highest interest. He found the site of an encampment which had evidently been one of Franklin's winter-quarters. There were plenty of empty meat-cans and birds' bones scattered about; there was the site of a tent paved with flat stones, the embankment of a house, the traces of a garden, and three graves, each marked by a head-board, bearing the name of one of Franklin's party. The dates upon these boards showed that the three men had died during the winter of 1845-6, that is, the *first* winter after leaving England.

On the supposition that Sir John Franklin had abandoned these winter-quarters in July, 1864, four entire years had elapsed since he and his men had been upon Beechey Island. Four years in such a region, with provisions for just half that period! The men who explored this encampment felt that it gave

them small hope of finding any of their missing friends alive. The neighborhood was most minutely searched for some writing that should indicate what direction Sir John had taken on leaving that spot; but, excepting the inscriptions upon the headboards, not a syllable was found. The total result of the discoveries up to the end of 1850 was, that all had gone well with Sir John during the first year of his exploration.

This numerous fleet wintered in the arctic waters, and sent out marching-parties and sledding-parties, which made many discoveries of a geographical nature, but added nothing whatever to our knowledge of Sir John Franklin's fate. Not another trace of him was discovered that winter. In the summer of 1851, one after another, all the vessels returned home.

The public was still unsatisfied. The news of the discovery of the encampment inflamed anew the zeal of the people, which was further increased when it became known that dissensions had existed among the various independent commanders, and that, in consequence, the search had been unsystematic and incomplete. And now arose a theory that, around the Pole, there is a vast open sea, into which Sir John had sailed, and from which he could not escape. Nonsensical as this idea now seems, it had many vehement advocates in the press, and led astray several of the able commanders who were determined to continue the search. Lady Franklin was not deceived by it, because she knew two things: first, — that her husband was ordered to keep to the South; and, second, — that her husband was a man whose religion it was to obey orders. Her ship, the *Albert*, sent out by her in 1852, was almost the only vessel that attempted to look for Sir John where alone he was likely to be found.

Immense preparations were made to renew the search in 1852, although seven years had then elapsed since the departure of Sir John Franklin from England. Captain Sir Edward Belcher, in command of a fleet of five thoroughly equipped vessels, sailed from England, and proceeded through Baffin's Bay to the waters beyond it. After the short summer ended, Captain Belcher set on foot a system of sledding expeditions, which were kept up during the whole of the arctic winter.

Lady Franklin's two vessels were in the same region, from one of which a marching party went out and performed a journey of sixty-three days, in a temperature that varied from 50° to 90° below zero. All these exertions were fruitless. The only result of this year's search was the finding of a piece of iron and a part of a door, which *might* have belonged to one of the lost ships. They were in possession of a party of Esquimaux, who could give no intelligible account of how they came by them. Meanwhile, Dr. Rae had been exploring the coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, but he found nothing except a portion of a ship's ice plank, which, he *believed*, had belonged to one of the missing vessels.

Through 1853 the search was vigorously continued. This year was signalized by Dr. Kane's brilliant but fruitless attempt to get into that imaginary polar sea of which mention has just been made. Dr. Kane spent a winter farther north than any of the explorers, and experienced, at one time, a temperature of 99° below zero. He spent two winters in the arctic world, and only escaped at last by abandoning his ship, and marching to one of the Danish settlements in Greenland, a distance of thirteen hundred miles.

It was reserved for Dr. John Rae, a mere pedestrian, to reveal to the world all that is ever likely to be known of the fate of his countrymen. Having totally failed in his explorations between the two rivers, Mackenzie and Coppermine, he started, early in 1854, on foot, to examine a certain part of the coast of Regent's Inlet. In April, at the end of this inlet, he met a party of Esquimaux, who had in their possession various articles of silver ware, such as were known to belong to officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He eagerly questioned these men. He learned from them that, early in 1850, a party of Esquimaux, who were killing seals on King William's Land, had fallen in with a party of white men, about forty in number, who were slowly and wearily dragging sleds toward the south. None of the white men could speak Esquimaux, but they learned, by signs, that the ships of this party had been crushed by ice, and that they were then going south to shoot deer. They further assured Dr. Rae, in answer to his repeated questions, that there

was *no old man* in the party — no man sixty-four years of age, which Sir John Franklin would have been in 1850. The white men, they said, were very thin and tired, and all of them had hold of the sled rope except one. The Esquimaux further stated, that as late as the month of May, 1850, some of their tribe had heard shots in the direction in which the white men had marched, and that late in the same season, they had found thirty-five unburied bodies of white men, and some graves, as well as a great number of guns, watches, vessels, and other articles, fragments of which they still had and exhibited. They believed that these men had starved to death, and that, before all had perished, they had begun to devour one another. They inferred this from the condition of some of the bodies.

Dr. Rae, being unable to follow up this important clue, sent home the news, and, early in 1855, Mr. James Anderson and a party were despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to the spot designated by the Esquimaux as the scene of the final catastrophe. He was unable to reach it, but he found abundant confirmation of the story related to Dr. Rae by the Indians. Among a great number of articles known to have belonged to the lost ships, he found a plank with the word *Terror* painted upon it, and a stick on which was carved the word *Stanley*, the name of the surgeon of the *Erebus*. The natives all made signs that these articles had belonged to a party of white men who had starved to death several years before.

Here the search would have been discontinued but for the zeal and energy of Lady Franklin. She could not be content with this vague and traditional information, and, under her auspices, Captain M'Clintock, in a yacht of one hundred and twenty tons, made his way to the scene, and brought home a large number of relics of the ill-fated expedition. She could no longer doubt that the report originally brought by Dr. Rae was the truth, and nothing of much importance has since been added to it.

This prolonged search for a handful of men presents a curious contrast to the recklessness with which human life is frequently risked and destroyed. We kill forty thousand of one another in a great battle without the slightest remorse; but if a poor little child goes astray in the woods, the population of half

a dozen towns engages eagerly in the search for it, day and night, till its fate is ascertained. Thousands of England's people are permitted to perish every year for want of food and care, and no one regards the fact; but let a few men be lost in the polar ice, and the resources of the empire are lavished in the endeavor to rescue them. Such a creature is man!

The search, I may add, was more creditable to the heart than to the head of England. Nine-tenths of the force employed was wasted. The ships sent through Behring Straits, and those which sought to enter the imaginary Polar Sea, might as well have remained at home. The only vessels which came near accomplishing the object of their voyage were the two or three which pressed on in the course marked out in Sir John Franklin's orders, and which all who understood the man must have known that he would adhere to as long as possible. Those orders, in fact, were nothing but the formal or official statement of his own convictions as to the course which he ought to take.

VOLTAIRE AND CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

NEXT to Frederick the Great, Catherine II., of Russia was the most renowned monarch of her time. Eighty years ago the world was filled with her fame, and the Russian people to this day regard her as the true successor of Peter the Great.

She had not a drop of Russian blood in her veins. She was the daughter of a poor German prince, who, at the time of her birth, was a major-general in the Prussian army. Her baptismal names were Sophia-Augusta-Frederika, and she was usually styled the Princess Sophia. Born in 1729, she lived until her fourteenth year at the little German city, the garrison of which her father commanded. She was educated in a very simple and rational manner, and associated familiarly with the children of the respectable families of the town. Her mother, who was a woman of spirit and eminent good sense, took care to stifle in her young mind the family pride so common in the princely houses of Germany. She required her to salute the ladies of her society by kissing their robes in the fashion of the time, and caused her to be thoroughly instructed in useful knowledge. At the age of fourteen, when she was residing at the court of Frederick, she was merely remarked as a lively, robust, and well-behaved girl. No one could have supposed it probable that she was destined one day to reign over the most extensive empire in Europe, and by her arts and arms to make it still more extensive and powerful.

The ruler of Russia at that time was the Empress Elizabeth, a woman sunk in vice and debauchery, and without any lineal heir to her crown. She had selected as her successor her nephew, a young German prince, whom she had brought to Moscow, and was educating in the Greek religion. Upon this

prince, who bore the name of Peter, nature had fixed the stamp of inferiority. He was dissipated, vulgar in his manners, and totally destitute of the sagacity, courage, and firmness necessary to the head of a barbarous empire. Nevertheless, he was the heir to the throne; and when he had attained the age of sixteen the empress looked about among the courts of Europe to find him a wife.

She first solicited for him the hand of the Princess Amelia, the youngest sister of Frederick the Great; but Frederick valued his sister too much to consign her to a court so corrupt and debauched as that of Russia. Politely refusing the alliance, he suggested his relation, the Princess Sophia, then aged fourteen. Elizabeth approved this choice, demanded the hand of the young princess, and obtained without difficulty the consent of her parents. It was, indeed, considered a splendid match for the daughter of a German prince. On arriving at Moscow, in her fifteenth year, she was presented to her future husband, and, it is said, conceived for him so profound a disgust that she fell sick, and was unable to reappear in public for several weeks.

She submitted, however, to her fate, and, after being baptized into the Greek church under the name of Catherine, she was married to the imperial prince, — he being seventeen years of age, and she sixteen. Seldom has there been a more ill-assorted union. Catherine was born to command; Peter was born to serve. She was a young lady of wit, information, and good-breeding; he knew no pleasures except those which he could enjoy in common with the besotted officers of the Imperial guard.

During the first years of her marriage, living a secluded life, she devoted herself to reading and study. Many years afterwards, when she was in correspondence with Voltaire, she assured that celebrated author that it was to his works she owed the cultivation of her mind.

"I can assure you," she wrote to him once; "that since the year 1746, when I became mistress of my own time, I have been under the greatest obligations to you. Before that period I read nothing but romances; but by chance your works fell

into my hands, and ever since I have not ceased to read them, and I have desired no books which were not as well written as yours, or as instructive. But where can I find such? I return continually to the creator of my taste, as to my dearest amusement. Assuredly, sir, if I have any knowledge, it is to you that I owe it. I am reading, at present, your essay upon general history, and I should like to learn every page of it by heart."

Besides reading the works of Voltaire, she learned the Russian language, which is the most difficult of the European tongues. At the same time, her public conduct, as the Imperial princess, presented the strongest possible contrast to that of her husband. He affected to despise Russian manners; she affected to prefer them. He was a violent drunkard; her conduct was irreproachable. He took no care to conciliate the good will either of the nobles or of the people; she, on the contrary, was affable to all, both high and low, and preserved the dignity proper to her rank and destiny. While he, therefore, remained in his original insignificance, she ever grew in importance and popularity.

For nine years their marriage was unfruitful, but at the end of that time she gave birth to a prince, who was afterwards the Emperor Paul, and perished by assassination. Five years after, their second child was born, a daughter, who lived but two years. Seventeen years after her marriage with Peter, the Empress Elizabeth died, leaving her husband the heir to the throne.

It now appeared that the unfortunate Peter, who was then wholly governed by one of his mistresses, had resolved to repudiate his wife as an adulteress, and to place upon the throne the companion of his debaucheries. Many authors assert that Catherine had been indeed false to her husband; but, upon considering all the facts in the case, I find the probabilities tend strongly toward her exculpation, and the best authorities agree in believing that Peter was the veritable father of Catherine's children. Aware of the intention of her husband, Catherine and her adherents resolved to prevent its execution by setting aside Peter himself.

Unpopular with the army, of which he disdained even to wear the uniform; unpopular with the nation, because he was an idolater of Frederick the Great, it was not difficult for an able and popular princess to defeat his purpose and seat herself upon his throne. On the decisive day, when Peter was drunk in a chateau, twenty-four miles from St. Petersburg, Catherine appeared in the capitol, went to the Church of Notre Dame, and was there, with the consent of the Archbishop, proclaimed Empress of Russia. The people in the streets saluted her as their empress. She mounted a horse, clad in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, placed herself at the head of a body of troops, and invested the chateau in which her husband was residing. He yielded without an effort. Having abdicated the throne, he was confined as a prisoner in a neighboring castle, where, a few days after, he died. It is commonly supposed that he was murdered, but this is not certain.

Having attained the supreme authority, it cannot be denied that, upon the whole, Catherine II. used it for the advantage and glory of Russia. One of her first acts was to recall from Siberia a great number of exiles, and to restore to their honors and rank many persons who had been unjustly deprived of them by her predecessor. She enriched all those who had taken a leading part in raising her to the throne. She published severe edicts against the corruption of the public functionaries. One of her first acts after her coronation was to abolish torture throughout the empire. Soon she began to establish institutions of learning. She invited foreigners to the country, especially those who were skilful in agriculture. She founded a great number of cities, and embellished others. She opened a direct overland commerce with China, and negotiated valuable commercial treaties with England, France, and Austria. She established a simple code of laws for the empire, which is still the basis of the interior government of the country. She enabled the serfs to purchase their freedom, and to buy portions of land. She caused canals to be dug, created new fleets, and sent out expeditions of discovery. She was one of the first monarchs of Europe to introduce the practice of vaccination; to conquer the superstitious prejudices of the people, she caused

herself to be vaccinated. It was Catherine who created the Russian Academy of Arts and Sciences, and set on foot a kind of geological survey of the empire. She established libraries. After the death of Voltaire, she bought all his books and manuscripts, and they are still to be found in St. Petersburg. She sent gifts of money, as well as friendly appreciative letters, to the philosophers and literary men of other countries. She raised the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great. She watched with intelligent care the education of her grandchildren. Her letters to Voltaire, which I have before me at this moment, are sprightly, witty, graceful, and wise.

"TOLERANCE," says she, in one of them, "is established among us. It is part of the fundamental law of the empire; no one in Russia can be persecuted for opinion's sake. We have, it is true, some fanatics who, from want of being persecuted, burn themselves; and if the fanatics in other countries would do as much, it would be no great harm; the world would be all the quieter for it, and honest men would not be molested for their religion. These, sir, are the sentiments which we owe to the founder of this city (Peter the Great), whom both of us admire."

She was not less successful in war than in peace. Under her reign immense provinces were added to Russia, and the fleets of Russia gained their first victories.

I shall not relate the scandals which appear in so many books respecting this illustrious woman. The common belief is, that she had a new lover about every three months, who was then dismissed with gifts and pensions. One author informs us that she expended in this way, during her reign, a sum of money equal, in our present currency, to two hundred millions of dollars. Lovers she may have had; but when I read her pleasant, innocent, and high-bred letters to the great men of her time, and when I run over the catalogue of the immense and solid benefits which she bestowed upon her country, I find it impossible to believe that she ever abandoned herself to systematic debauchery.

The Count Ségur, who resided for some time at her court, gives us this description of her person and manners:—

"Majestic in public, pleasant and even familiar in society, her gravity was agreeable and her gayety decent. With an elevated soul, she showed but little imagination, and her conversation was only brilliant except when she spoke of history and politics. Then her character gave importance to her words. It was the imposing queen, as well as the amiable friend, who spoke. The majesty of her brow, and the carriage of her head, as well as the loftiness of her glance and the dignity of her demeanor, appeared to increase her stature, although she was not tall. Her nose was aquiline, her eyes were blue, with black eyebrows, and the expression of her countenance was exceedingly sweet and attractive. In old age, to conceal the increasing magnitude of her body, she wore flowing robes and large sleeves, similar to the ancient costume of the Russian ladies. The whiteness and brilliancy of her complexion she preserved to the close of her life. Inconstant in her passions, but not in her friendships, she governed Russia on principles fixed and unchangeable. She never abandoned a friend, nor gave up a project."

She died in November, 1796, aged sixty-seven, in the thirty-fourth year of her reign, and was succeeded on the throne by her son, Paul I.

CONFUCIUS.

THE writings of Confucius are the Chinese Bible. Three hundred and sixty millions of the human race derive their spiritual nourishment from them, and venerate their author as the wisest and best of men. During the last few years, the life and works of this Chinese sage have been much studied in France, and a translation of his principal work is about to appear, executed by one of the best Chinese scholars in Europe. This author has also given to the French public a more minute and correct account of the life of Confucius than any previously published; so that we have now the means of understanding something of the man and of his doctrines.

The name of Confucius, as near as we can express it by English letters, was Koung-Fou-Tseu, which is said to mean Reverend Master Tseu. If the syllables are pronounced in the French manner, they sound something like Confucius, and probably suggested that name. The sage was born five hundred and fifty-one years before the Christian era, and the Chinese authors are unanimous in saying that he was descended from an emperor who reigned over China four thousand four hundred years ago. They do not state, however, the precise rank or condition of his family at the time of his birth; but relate that when the boy was three years of age he lost his father, and that his mother devoted herself to perpetual widowhood in order to live only for the child, which, she said, God had given her in answer to her prayers. The same writers vaunt the filial piety of the boy, which in China is considered chief among the virtues. They tell us that he avoided the noisy sports of his young friends, and gave himself to the prac-

tice of religious rules, the meaning of which he early strove to discover. One author observes :—

“To hear the infant Confucius converse on morals and charity gave the impression that heaven had engraven upon his heart the holy principles of antiquity.”

In his seventh year his mother sent him to a public school, where he was so well instructed that the name of his school-master is honored in China to this day. In a short time, we are told, he so much surpassed his school-mates that his teacher called upon him to assist him in giving instruction.

This high honor, says a Chinese writer, instead of making him proud, only contributed to excite in him the sentiment of modesty, which he knew he must possess in order to preserve the friendship of his comrades.

At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the rank of mandarin, and received the appointment of inspector of the grain market. In this humble position, it is stated, he performed his duties with the most scrupulous exactness, and even wished to reform the abuses which his predecessors had allowed to creep in. The better to carry out these reforms, he studied all the details of the buying and selling of grain. In his nineteenth year his mother chose for him a wife, the descendant of a noble family, who a year later gave him a son, the only fruit of their union.

While he was still a very young man, he was raised to the important office of inspector-general of agriculture. In this high post, the Chinese authors assure us, he acquitted himself with so much zeal and wisdom, that the fields of his province, from being abandoned and uncultivated, became fertile and flourishing, and where lately was seen nothing but idleness and misery, industry and abundance reigned. The renown of so virtuous an officer could not be confined to his native province, but spread all over the empire, and won the admiration of princes and nobles.

But just as he was about to be promoted to the highest dignities of the empire, his mother, in the flower of her age, suddenly died. Immediately, in accordance with the ancient traditions, he resigned his office, and resolved to pay all the

honors to his mother's memory which the most rigorous of the old customs demanded. After conveying the body to the summit of a mountain, where the ashes of his father reposed, he secluded himself from society, and passed three whole years in mourning the irreparable loss which he had sustained — his only relief being the study of philosophy. "This act of piety," says one of his Chinese biographers, "made such an impression upon the people, that it revived among them the funeral customs formerly practised, and perpetuated them to our day, — that is to say, during twenty-four centuries, through all the revolutions, political and religious, which we have experienced."

When the three years were accomplished, he deposited his mourning garments upon the tomb of his mother, and, resuming his intercourse with his fellow-men, consecrated all his leisure to meditation upon the means of regenerating the Chinese people, — a task to which, it is said, he had before devoted his life. His first and chief endeavor was to perfect himself in wisdom and virtue, and to this end he both studied and travelled. Hearing of a famous lute-player in another province, who could both calm and excite the passions of man, he went to him and became one of his pupils. We have also an account of a visit which he paid to a celebrated philosopher, of whom he asked to be instructed in his doctrine. The philosopher received him coldly, and reproached him for occupying himself too much with the men of ancient times, long since returned to dust. He is reported to have addressed Confucius thus : —

"The men of whom you speak so much are dead and gone ; their bodies and their bones were long ago consumed. Nothing remains of them except their maxims. When a wise man finds himself in favorable circumstances, he mounts upon a chariot, by which I mean, he is advanced to honorable posts. When the times are unfavorable to him, he does the best he can. I have heard say that a skilful merchant conceals his wealth with care and goes about pretending poverty. So the wise man, the man of finished virtue, loves to carry upon his countenance the appearance of stupidity. Renounce pride, and the multitude of your desires — lay aside these fine garments, and the ambitious

schemes which occupy your mind ; for they will avail you nothing. This is all I can tell you."

To these remarks Confucius listened with an appearance of respect, but when his disciples (for he already had disciples) asked him what he thought of this philosopher, he answered : —

"I know that the birds fly in the air ; that the fish swim ; that the quadrupeds run. Those which run can be caught with traps ; those which swim, with the line ; those which fly, with an arrow. As to the dragon, that soars to heaven, borne by the winds and clouds. I know not how we can catch him. I have to-day seen this philosopher : he is like the dragon."

Returning to his native country after his journey in search of wisdom, he entered seriously upon the great work of his life, which was to record all that he had himself learned and thought, as well as all which he considered worthy of preservation in the works of the ancients. His object was to gather and to arrange the whole wisdom of his country so that it could be conveniently communicated to his people and their descendants forever. To this labor he devoted all the leisure of the rest of his life, and he produced a series of works upon which the soul of China has ever since subsisted, and which do really contain a very pure and exalted system of morals.

Toward the fiftieth year of his age he was appointed by one of the kings of China to an office which we should call that of prime minister. In this post, we are assured, he reformed the numerous abuses which existed in every branch of the government, and he was rewarded at length by being appointed the supreme judge. The people, it is said, blessed his wisdom and his justice, and he was held in the highest honor, as well by the nobility as by the husbandmen. A great crowd of disciples gathered about him, who assisted him in the composition and the multiplication of his works.

While he was upon a journey for the purpose of making some new researches, he learned the death of his wife, and the news plunged him into the deepest melancholy. Upon his return home, he called his disciples to him, and told them that the days which remained to him of life were counted, and that he had

not an instant to lose if he would finish the work which he had undertaken.

In his seventy-third year, that work was accomplished. Once more he assembled his disciples, and ordered them to set up an altar. When the altar was ready, he solemnly placed upon it the whole of his writings, and then, prostrating himself upon the ground, he remained there a considerable time, designing to thank the Supreme Being for having so far favored him that he had been able to reconstruct the literature of his country, and leave it for the instruction of posterity and the glory of the empire.

Some days after this ceremony, Confucius, in another interview with his disciples, told them that he was conversing with them for the last time, and mentioned to each the career which he thought most suitable to him. His strength lessened from day to day. He employed his last hours in making some slight corrections in his manuscripts, to render them more worthy of posterity. He sank at length into a lethargy, in which he remained seven days, and then passed away without pain, — aged seventy-three years.

The careful manner in which the Chinese record their history enables us to place considerable confidence in the truth of their statements with regard to this great man. The outline which I have given probably bears a resemblance to the truth; but, even if the biographies of Confucius are fabulous, his works remain to attest by their kindliness of tone, their high morality, and their excellent sense, that Confucius is worthy to rank with the wisest of the ancient teachers of man.

From his only son have descended a numerous posterity, who constitute a separate and honorable order in the empire, and enjoy peculiar privileges. A traveller, who visited China in 1671, computed that there were eleven thousand male descendants of Confucius then living, most of whom were of the seventy-fourth generation.

The writings of this great man are, as I have before remarked, the Bible of the Chinese. They are even more than that. Every man in China who aspires to the public service, or who receives a liberal education, derives his mental culture chiefly from them.

and the candidate for public honors undergoes a strict examination in them. In every city of the empire there is at least one temple dedicated to Confucius, upon the altar of which, fruit, wine, and flowers are placed, and sweet-smelling gums are burned, while verses are chanted in his honor. Every intelligent person must desire to know something of the works of a man who holds this high place in the affections and in the educational system of one-third of the human race.

His works are five in number. The first treats of what we should call Moral Philosophy; the second contains the History of China, and a statement of its political and religious institutions; the third, called the "Book of Verses," may be styled the psalm and hymn book of the Chinese; the fourth is the liturgy or prayer-book; the fifth, which is entitled Spring and Autumn, contains the history of the native province of Confucius. It must not be supposed, however, that Confucius claims these works as his own.

"The doctrine," he says, "which I try to teach is only that which our ancestors taught, and which they have transmitted to us. I have added nothing to them, and taken nothing from them. I transmit them in my turn in their original purity. They are unchangeable. Heaven itself is their author. I am, with regard to them, only what a farmer is to the seed which he sows: he casts it on the ground, such as it is; he waters it, and gives it all his pains. That is all that he can do: the rest is not in his power."

Nevertheless, we are assured by Chinese scholars that Confucius did suppress many extravagances in the ancient writings, and gave to the whole system of Chinese morality and philosophy an original cast.

Confucius does not clearly teach the existence of one Supreme Being, nor does he attempt to explain the origin of things, nor does he teach the immortality of the soul. He says, nevertheless, that there exists a "Supreme Reason," the source of all things, and especially the source of the reason of man. "The holy man," says Confucius, "the wise man, establishes his doctrine in accordance with this 'Supreme Reason;' he has a penetrating, efficacious virtue, by which he puts himself in harmony

with it." "The heaven and the earth," he says, "had a beginning; and if that can be said of them, how much more truly of man! After there was a heaven and an earth, all material things were formed; male and female appeared, man and woman." In accordance with the traditions of all our race, Confucius says that "man was originally happy and pure, and that through his own fault he lost his happiness and purity." He also teaches that, "by his own endeavors, man can recover his lost happiness and virtue."

His fundamental principle is this: Man has received from Heaven, along with his physical existence, a principle of *moral* life, which it is his duty to cultivate and develop to the utmost, in order to arrive at a perfect conformity to the celestial and divine Reason. *This* is man's business on earth; and the object of Confucius was to aid his countrymen in accomplishing it. "Every man," he says, "knows what is right, or may know it, and the law of rectitude is so binding on us that we ought not to depart from it in a single point, for a single moment, by so much as the thickness of a hair." "The foundation of all good," he repeats a hundred times, "is the virtue of individual men. With this everything begins, and for this every good institution works." Every man who aspires to direct the actions of others should begin, says Confucius, by perfecting *himself*, and it is only in this way that a man can co-operate with the Supreme Reason, and put himself in harmony with the universe. The only men in the world, he says, who know themselves and their duties to their fellow-men, are those in whom virtue is sovereign, and who are constantly seeking it as the sovereign good.

The principal virtues, according to Confucius, are five in number: Humanity, Justice, Order, Sincerity, and Integrity; and of these, humanity, the love of our kind, is the first and fundamental one. Humanity is that universal charity and benevolence which is no respecter of persons, but embraces the whole human race. This virtue, he explains, is not opposed to the punishment of the guilty, but permits us to have recourse to war only after having exhausted all the means of conciliation. It includes justice, conformity to the ancient usages, and perfect sincerity and good faith in all our dealings with one another. It

is a part of it to respect public opinion ; but it does not oblige us to conform to public opinion in everything. "There are cases," he adds, "in which a man must go directly contrary to public opinion ; and no one should comply with the customs of his country except so far as they are right." "Man," says Confucius, "is a being made to live in society ; but there can be no society without government, no government without subordination, no subordination without superiority ; and legitimate superiority can only be derived either from age or merit. The father and mother naturally rule their children ; the elder, the younger ; and, in the State, those men naturally rule who have a commanding mind, and know how to win the affections of their fellow-men." This high prerogative belongs to but few of the human race, and it consists wholly in a superior humanity. "To have more humanity than others is to be *more of a man* than they, and gives one a right to command !" Again and again Confucius says, "humanity is the foundation of all virtue, and is itself the first and noblest of the virtues."

He dwells much upon the loveliness and necessity of perfect sincerity. "It is this alone," he says, "which gives value to our actions and constitutes their merit ; without it, that which appears virtue is only hypocrisy ; which, however it may shine and dazzle the beholder, is only a transient flame which the breath of the lightest passion instantly extinguishes."

Of all the forms of humanity, the one which Confucius considers most important is filial piety. He calls it "the queen of all the virtues, the source of instruction, the eternal law of Heaven, the justice of the earth, the support of authority, the chief bond of society, and the test of all merit." Man, he assures us, is the noblest being in the universe, and filial piety is the grandest thing in man. It comprehends three great classes of duties : those which we owe to our parents ; those which are due to the government ; and those which are due to the Supreme Reason. It is as binding upon the emperor as upon the lowest of his subjects. "We owe to our prince," says Confucius, "the love which we have for our mother and the respect we feel for our father, because he is both the father and the mother of his subjects. It is filial piety also which obliges man to honor and

serve the celestial power, and this is to be done *by the acquisition of virtue.*" "But," says the sage, "however great may be the love and obedience of a son toward his father, or a subject toward his king, it never ought to degenerate into servility; for there is a HIGHER LAW than that of either a father or a king, the law of the Supreme Reason."

"Man," says Confucius, "is a being apart, in whom are united the qualities of all the other beings. He is the universe in miniature; endowed with intelligence and liberty, capable of improvement and social life, he can discern, compare, and act for a definite end, and can select the means necessary to arrive at that end. He can perfect himself or deprave himself, according to the good or bad use which he makes of his liberty. He knows what is wrong and what is right; he knows that he has duties to perform toward Heaven, himself, and his fellow-man. If he acquits himself of these different duties, he is virtuous, and worthy of reward; if he neglects them, he is guilty, and deserves punishment."

He divides men into five classes with regard to their moral worth.

The first and most numerous class comprehends the great mass of mankind, who are commendable for no particular excellence, who speak only for the sake of speaking, without considering whether they speak well or ill, or whether they ought to speak at all; who act only by instinct and routine; who have an understanding, like other men, but an understanding which does not go beyond the eyes, ears, and mouth. These are "the Vulgar."

The second class is composed of those who are instructed in science, in literature, and in the arts; who propose to themselves distinct objects, and know the different means by which they can be obtained; who, without having penetrated deeply into things, know enough of them to give instruction to others, and to live a life conformed to the established forms and usages. This class of men he styles "the Educated."

The third class are they who, in their words, their actions, and in the general conduct of their lives never depart from the line of strict rectitude; who do right because it is right; whose

passions are subdued; who attach themselves to nothing; who are always the same, both in adversity and prosperity; who speak when they ought to speak, and are silent when they ought to be silent, having firmness enough not to conceal their sentiments when it is proper to utter them, though they should lose thereby their fortunes or their lives; who despise no one, nor prefer themselves to others; who are not content to derive their knowledge from ordinary sources, but push their investigations to the fountain-head, so as to free their knowledge from all mixture of error; not discouraged when they fail, nor proud when they succeed. These are "the Philosophers."

The fourth class consists of men who never depart from the *just medium*, — who have fixed rules of conduct and manners from which they never depart; who fulfil with perfect exactness and a constancy always equal the least of their duties; who repress their passions and watch over all their words and acts; who fear neither labor nor pain in bringing back to their duty those who have wandered from it, in instructing the ignorant, and in rendering to all men any services in their power without distinction of poor or rich, expecting no reward, and not even asking the gratitude of those whom they have served. These are "the Virtuous."

The fifth class is composed of the few men who, besides being virtuous, are endowed by nature with extraordinary and beautiful gifts; who are lovely in their persons and manners as in their conduct; who have acquired by long practice the *habit* of fulfilling, without any effort and even with joy, all the duties which nature and morality impose; who bless every creature within their reach, and, like heaven and earth, never discontinue their beneficent labors, but go on their course imperturbable and unvarying, like the sun and moon. These men, precious, but few in number, are "the Perfect."

"Marriage," says Confucius, "is the proper condition of man, and the means by which he fulfils his destiny upon earth. Man is the head, — he should command; woman is the subject, — she ought to obey. Husband and wife should be like heaven and earth, which concur equally in the production and support of all things. Mutual tenderness, mutual confidence, mutual respect,

purity, and propriety should be the base of their conduct." He permits divorce for any one of seven reasons: "When a woman cannot live in peace with her father-in-law or mother-in-law; when she cannot bear children; when she is unfaithful; when, by the utterance of calumnies or indiscreet words, she disturbs the peace of the house; when her husband has for her an unconquerable repugnance; when she is an inveterate scold; when she steals anything from her husband's house;" in any of these cases her husband may put her away.

"Government," he says, "is only an extension of the paternal authority, and the great object of government is the promotion of that private virtue which is the great source of all happiness and good." "Nowhere," says a Chinese scholar, "are the rights and duties of kings and peoples taught in a manner so elevated and reasonable as in the writings of the Chinese philosopher, who everywhere maintains that the welfare of the people is the Supreme Law."

Toward the close of his life, one of his disciples asked him if there was not some one maxim which would guide a man aright in all circumstances, and which could be regarded as the essence or summary of all morals. The sage said there was, and gave it thus:—

"DO TO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO TO YOU."

Such are some of the leading ideas and opinions of Confucius. If any one should ask why the Chinese, who have for twenty-four centuries possessed his writings, should be no better than they are, I would reply by asking another question: Why are we no better, who have enjoyed more numerous and purer lights?

THE TWO CATOS.

IN the history of Rome we find eleven persons of some note who are called Cato, two of whom were men of very great eminence. The word Cato, however, was only a surname, derived from a Latin word which signifies *wise*, and which, being applied to the founder of the family, was adopted by his descendants for many generations. The first and greatest of the Catos was really named Marcus Porcius, and to distinguish him from his descendants, he is sometimes called Cato the First, or the Ancient, sometimes Cato Major, but, most commonly, Cato the Censor, from the title of the office in which he was most distinguished. It is especially necessary not to confound this ancient Cato with his grandson, Cato "the Philosopher," who put an end to his own existence after the death of his commander, Pompey, and who is the hero of Addison's "Tragedy of Cato."

Cato the Censor was born two hundred and thirty-two years before Christ. While confessing that his ancestors were of no rank in the State, he boasts that his grandfather had five horses killed under him in battle, and that his father was also a brave and excellent soldier. Having inherited from his father a farm and some slaves, he labored with them in cultivating his land, and lived so frugally and austere as to attract the notice and win the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years of age, Hannibal was in Italy with his triumphant army, threatening Rome itself, and young Cato joined the forces, who, under the prudent command of Fabius, were opposing and tiring out the impetuous Carthaginians. In the army he distinguished himself as much by the severity of his manners as by his valor in battle. He always marched on foot, carried his own arms, and was attended but by one servant laden with provisions. His

usual drink was water, and he assisted his servant in the preparation of their food. When he had served his country in the field for five years, and Italy was no longer trodden by a hostile foot, he went back to his farm and engaged once more in the labors of agriculture. He was accustomed to conciliate the disputes of his neighbors, and to plead their causes without reward in the country courts, and was frequently successful, either as an arbiter or as an advocate, in bringing troublesome litigations to a happy conclusion.

Near Cato's farm-house there was the mansion of a powerful young nobleman, named Valerius Flaccus, a man of much benevolence, and a noted patron of obscure genius. This nobleman often heard his servants speak of a farmer in the vicinity who used to go to the little country towns and defend the causes of the poor; who labored upon his farm in a coarse frock in winter, and naked in summer, and who sat down with his slaves and ate the same kind of bread and drank the same wine as they did. Various witty sayings of Cato were also reported to Valerius Flaccus, which further excited his curiosity; and at length he invited Cato to dinner. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into an intimate friendship, and Valerius strongly urged Cato to go to Rome and apply himself to politics. This advice was taken, and Cato went to the capital, and adopted what we should call the profession of a lawyer. He pleaded causes before the public tribunals, in which he won great distinction, and was soon drawn into public life. During the later wars with Hannibal he served as an officer under Fabius, won great distinction in battle, and lived on terms of friendship with the general in command. Being once sent as questor to Scipio, who was organizing a Roman army in Sicily for the invasion of Africa, he dared to rebuke that able and popular general for his extravagance. He said to Scipio: —

"It is not the waste of the public money which is the greatest evil, but the consequences of that expense in corrupting the ancient simplicity of the soldiers, who, when they have more money than they need, are sure to spend it in luxury and riot."

Scipio haughtily replied that he had no need of an exact and frugal treasurer in his camp, because his country expected

of him an account of services performed, not of money expended.

Upon receiving this reply, Cato returned to Rome, and loudly complained to the Senate of Scipio's gayety and profusion.

"He walks about," said Cato, "in his cloak and slippers, and lets his soldiers do as they like. He passes his time in wrestling rings and theatres, as though he had been sent out to exhibit games and shows, not to make war."

Commissioners were despatched to Scipio's army to inquire into the truth of these charges, but Scipio succeeded in convincing them that he understood his business better than Cato, and sent them home satisfied with his conduct.

Before he was forty years of age Cato was elected to the consulship, the highest office in the State, and his associate consul was that very Valerius Flaccus who had recommended him to try his fortune at the capital. As consul, he commanded Roman armies, added conquests to the empire, and, returning from a successful campaign in Spain, was rewarded with a triumph. Twelve years later we find him in the office of Censor, and again associated with Valerius Flaccus. In this office he waged ceaseless war upon the luxury of the rich, by imposing heavy taxes upon costly apparel, carriages, ornaments, and utensils. He cut off the supply of water from those who had fountains and ponds in their gardens, and in every way flattered the poor by making himself odious to the rich. Instead, however, of relating the actions of Cato, it will be more interesting to give some specimens of his sayings.

When the Romans were clamoring, at a time of scarcity, for a distribution of corn at the public expense, he began a speech in opposition to it thus: "It is hard, fellow-citizens, to address the stomach, because it has no ears."

Rebuking the Romans for their luxury, he said: "It is difficult to save a city from ruin where a fish brings a higher price than an ox."

Pointing to a man who had squandered an estate near the sea, he pretended to admire him, saying: "What the sea could not swallow without great difficulty, this man has gulped down with perfect ease."

Being rebuked for not visiting a king who was visiting Rome, he said: "I look upon a king as a creature that feeds upon human flesh, and of all the kings that have been so much cried up, I find none to be compared with Epaminondas, Pericles, or Themistocles."

The following is one of his most famous sayings: "Wise men learn more from fools than fools learn from wise men; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, but fools do not profit by the example of the wise."

"I do not like," he said once, "a soldier who moves his hands when he marches, and his feet when he fights, and who snores louder in bed than he shouts in battle."

His friendship being sought by an epicure, he replied: "No; I cannot live with a man whose palate is more sensitive than his heart."

He said once that in the whole of his life he had never repented but of three things: "first, trusting a woman with a secret; second, going by sea when he might have gone by land; third, passing a day without having his will in his possession."

To a debauched old man he said: "Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice."

One of his sayings has exposed him to just censure; "A master of a family should sell off his old oxen, and all his cattle that are of a delicate frame, all his sheep that are not hardy; he should sell his old wagons, and his old implements; *he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm*, and everything else that is old and useless." Alluding to this passage, the amiable Plutarch becomes properly indignant, and says: "For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, *a man*, grown old in my service, from his usual place and diet; for to him, poor man, it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller."

The truth about Cato appears to be that he was more vain of his virtue than virtuous. He was a most extravagant and shameless boaster, and had more talent to utter fine sayings than to perform actions truly praiseworthy. He tells us him-

self that the senate, in difficult and dangerous times, used to cast their eyes upon him as passengers do upon the pilot in a storm. And he once spoke of some blunderers in this way: "They are excusable; they are not Catos."

In his old age he became exceedingly avaricious, and gained a large fortune by methods which were legal, but not very honorable. He even uttered this sentiment: "That man truly wonderful and godlike, and fit to be registered in the lists of glory, is he by whose account-books it shall appear, after his death, that he had more than doubled what he had received from his ancestors."

He retained his bodily strength to a very great age. When he was past eighty years he called one morning upon a man who had formerly been his secretary, and asked him whether he had yet provided a husband for his daughter.

"I have not," was the reply; "nor shall I without consulting my best friend."

"Why, then," said Cato, "I have found out a very fit husband for her, if she can put up with an old man who, in other respects, is a very good match for her."

"I leave the disposal of her," said the father, "entirely to you. She is under your protection, and depends wholly upon your bounty."

"Then," said Cato, "I will be your son-in-law."

The astonished parent gave his consent, and Cato announced his intention to his son, who was himself a married man.

"Why, what have I done," said the son, "that I should have a mother-in-law put upon me?"

"I am only desirous," replied Cato, "of having more such sons as you, and leaving more such citizens to my country."

By this wife, who was little more than a girl, he actually had a son, who himself became consul of Rome, and was the father of the other famous Cato, the enemy of Cæsar.

It was Cato who urged the Romans never to cease warring upon Carthage until it was totally destroyed. For many years, it is said, he never spoke in the senate on any subject whatever, without concluding his speech thus:—

"And my opinion is, that Carthage should be destroyed."

The leader of the opposite party in the senate concluded every speech by saying : —

“And my opinion is, that Carthage should be left standing.”

Cato, it appears, had an ill-favored countenance ; so, at least, his enemies said, one of whom wrote upon him the following epigram : —

“With eyes so gray and hair so red,
With tusks so sharp and keen,
Thou’lt fright the shades when thou art dead,
And hell won’t let thee in.”

Cato, called the Philosopher, who is sometimes styled Cato of Utica, because it was at Utica that he killed himself, was born ninety-five years before Christ, and showed in his youth the austerity of character which had distinguished his illustrious ancestor. Like all Romans of rank, he served in the army, and won considerable renown in suppressing the insurrection of the slaves, which was excited and led by the gladiator Spartacus.

Like the ancient Cato, he disdained the luxuries usually enjoyed by officers of rank. He refused the rewards for his valor offered him by his commander, and appeared upon the march in a dress which differed little from that of a private. When the liberties of Rome were threatened by Cæsar, he took service under Pompey ; and after his general was slain, and Cæsar was master of Rome, he thought it unbecoming a Roman citizen to continue to live. He carried out his suicidal intention with singular calmness and resolution. After supping cheerfully with several of his friends, he went into his room, where he embraced his son with such unusual tenderness as to awaken the suspicion that he intended to terminate his life. He lay down upon his bed and read for a while Plato’s Dialogue upon the Immortality of the Soul. When he had finished reading, he looked round, and observed that his sword had been taken away. He called for it ; and when his son and friends rushed into the room in tears, Cato cried out : —

“How long is it since I have lost my senses, and my son is become my keeper? • Brave and generous son, why do you not

bind your father's hands, that when Cæsar comes he may find me unable to defend myself? Do you imagine that without a sword I cannot end my life? Cannot I destroy myself by holding my breath for some moments, or by striking my head against the wall?"

His son made no reply, but retired weeping, and the sword was at length sent in to him by a slave.

"Now," said Cato, as he drew it, "I am my own master."

When he found himself alone, he again took up his book, and when he had once more read the dialogue, he lay down and slept. Toward the dawn of day he took his sword and pressed the point into his body a little below the chest, inflicting an extensive, but, as it appeared, not fatal wound. As he fell he overturned a table, the noise of which gave the alarm. He was found insensible, weltering in his blood, with his bowels protruding from the wound.

While the surgeon was replacing the uncut bowels, Cato recovered his consciousness, thrust the surgeon from him, tore out his bowels with his hands, and immediately expired. Thus perished Cato, miscalled the Philosopher, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

PETER THE GREAT.

ABOUT the year 1683, a young man named Francis Le Fort, a native of Switzerland, found himself, after many adventures, in the city of Moscow, in the military service of Russia. He was a highly educated person, spoke several languages, was well versed in military science, and possessed the accomplishments of a gentleman and a soldier. He was, in truth, an eminently civilized, humane, and virtuous man.

There were then living in one of the palaces of Moscow two boys, one thirteen years old, the other eleven, who had been recently crowned joint Emperors of Russia, and were living under the regency of their sister, the Princess Sophia, awaiting the time when they should be old enough to reign. Ivan (or John) was the name of the elder of these boys, and the younger was named Peter, now universally known as Peter the Great. The true heir to the throne was Ivan; but he was half an idiot, and it was deemed best to associate with him his younger brother, a lad of excellent promise.

The education, however, of this boy, Peter, the destined monarch of a prodigious empire, was almost totally neglected. Russia did not much value knowledge at that time, but Peter was even more ignorant than was usual with Russian boys of high rank, for his sister Sophia, an ambitious and bad woman, purposely kept him in ignorance, that she might the more easily retain an ascendancy over him, and over Russia through him. Notwithstanding this, he had picked up a little knowledge, since he had that sure sign of intellect which we call curiosity. He was a great asker of questions, fond of looking on while work was doing, and of trying his own hand at it.

While he was thus living in retirement, — a boy czar, passing

his time in amusements suited to his age, — he noticed the young officer, Le Fort, who was frequently on duty about the imperial palaces. The appearance and manners of Le Fort were as pleasing as his character was superior, and the young emperor was so strongly attracted by him that he caused him to be attached to his own household, and became his inseparable companion.

The favorite of a monarch usually becomes such, and usually retains his influence, by flattering his master's worst propensities. Le Fort, on the contrary, won the confidence of Peter, and kept it, by being his true friend, by instructing his ignorance, awakening his nobler ambition, and restraining his evil passions. He told the young czar of courts that were not barbarous; of kings who lived for their country's good; of nations where knowledge and the arts were held in honor; of peoples who were polite and humane. He showed him that Russia was behind all the Christian countries of Europe in civilization, and assured him that the greatness of a country does not consist either in the extent of its territory or the number of its people. He taught him something of history, the rudiments of science, the elements of language; but, above all, he lifted him up high out of the depths of Russian pride and exclusiveness, and showed him the inferiority of his country in all that constitutes the true glory of a nation. He formed a class of fifty young Russian nobles into a kind of military school, and they all studied, drilled, and played together. The seed sown by Captain Le Fort fell into ground prepared to receive it. Both the father and the grandfather of Peter had desired and endeavored to raise Russia in the scale of civilization, and this boy inherited from them the same desire, with better means of carrying it into effect.

The Princess Sophia, meanwhile, governed the empire with absolute sway. She understood nothing of what was going on in the palace of the young czars. Seeing them drilling and sporting with their youthful companions, under the direction of a young foreigner, a person of no importance, she thought they were merely amusing themselves. She supposed, too, that when they had outgrown these boyish games, the vigorous and

ignorant Peter would abandon himself to the brutal vices so common, at that day, in the courts of kings, and leave the care of governing Russia to her.

Six years passed. Peter was a young man of seventeen. Not free from the vices of his age and country, he had nevertheless become, by the aid of Francis Le Fort, an intelligent, inquiring, and, upon the whole, estimable prince, and truly intent to employ his power in improving his country. A trifling incident now revealed to him the ambition of his sister Sophia, and induced him to assert, sooner than he otherwise would, the rights of his birth. Peter's mother, anxious to preserve him from an irregular life, caused him to be married at the age of seventeen, and the Princess Sophia appeared at the wedding wearing the insignia of absolute power. Not the young czar only, but all his friends, marked the presumption of the regent, and measures were promptly concerted between them to terminate the regency, and shut up the ambitious lady in a convent. Le Fort was the czar's chief adviser, and he was aided by other foreigners, as well as by the party in Russia who were most disposed to reform.

The struggle was severe, but short. Sophia had her adherents among the militia, the priesthood, and the nobility; but nothing availed against the energy, the talents, and the popularity of the youthful Peter. In October, 1689, when he was little more than seventeen, he entered Moscow in triumph, with his brother at his side; and Sophia was consigned to a convent, where she spent many years in intriguing to regain her liberty and power.

Russia had then two emperors in name, but only one in reality. Ivan, conscious of his inability to rule, gave up all authority to Peter; and Peter, on his part, treated Ivan with the utmost kindness and respect, until his brother's early death left him sole sovereign of the empire. Le Fort was raised by his grateful pupil to the highest dignities which a subject can fill, and he continued the chief and most trusted counsellor of Peter as long as he lived. Russian historians agree that he made a noble use of his power. In all the czar's good designs

he was a powerful and wise co-operator, without ever abetting him in his violence and severity.

Peter reigned over Russia thirty-six years. During the first few years of his reign he devoted his chief attention to gaining knowledge, and to maturing the vast plans which he had conceived for the regeneration of his empire. When he began to rule in earnest, his first care was to create a regular army, which should take the place of a turbulent and undisciplined militia, that had often plunged the country into anarchy. This was a work of many years; but he accomplished it at last; and when the militia rose in revolt against his measures, he was able, not merely to subdue, but to disband them forever. He next turned his attention to the creation of a navy. His father, in pursuance of the same design, had caused one ship to be built for him in Holland; but that one ship, the whole navy of Russia, had been burnt, and in all the empire there were but two men capable of navigating a ship. Peter sought out these two men, one of whom proved to be a man of great ability; and him the czar promoted to the post of chief constructor. Workmen were brought from Holland; a navy yard was established; and soon the first vessel was launched.

It so happened that Peter was one of those persons who are easily made sea-sick, and he had also inherited a morbid dread of the ocean. But, as it was a principle with him to do himself everything that he required of others, he made a sea voyage in the first of his ships that was finished, — in the course of which he completely overcame these weaknesses, and became a very tolerable navigator. By the time he had his army and fleet in readiness he had use for them in a war with the Turks, in which he experienced many disasters. This man, however, was one of those whom disasters instruct, but never dishearten; and as soon as he had made an advantageous peace, he was more eager than ever to carry on the work of reform. Fifty intelligent young noblemen he sent to study in foreign countries; and, at length, he resolved to go himself to Holland, England, and Italy, to acquire a better knowledge of the mechanic arts.

He was twenty-five years of age; tall, strongly built, of fresh complexion, and of very easy, familiar manners, though in his

mien and bearing "every inch a king." Le Fort, his old tutor, and now his Lord High Admiral, accompanied him. The czar, on this occasion, travelled incognito, passing as a mere member of a grand embassy, which was composed of three ambassadors (Le Fort was one of them); four chief secretaries, twelve gentlemen, six pages, one company of the imperial guards, fifty in number, and several servants; the whole cortege numbering two hundred and fifteen persons. In this company the czar was nothing but an attaché, and was attended only by one valet, one footman, and a dwarf with whom he used to amuse himself. I need not dwell upon this memorable journey of a year and a half. Who does not know that the czar labored with his own hands at Amsterdam as a ship carpenter, and that he travelled over half of Europe, visiting workshops, factories, hospitals, and everything which could instruct a monarch of such a country as Russia was in 1697?

He practised but one vice on this journey: he drank too much wine at dinner. His regular allowance of wine was two bottles, and he often went beyond even that enormous quantity. One day, after a dinner of unusual excess, he fell into a dispute with Admiral Le Fort, and was so transported with fury, that he rushed upon him sword in hand. Le Fort, with admirable self-possession, bared his bosom to the stroke, and stood motionless to receive it. The czar, drunk as he was, was recalled to himself by this action, put up his sword, and, as soon as he was a little sobered, publicly asked Le Fort's pardon for his violence.

"I am trying," said he, "to reform my country, and I am not yet able to reform myself."

While he was pursuing his studies in Italy, he was suddenly called home by the news that the militia and the old tories of Russia, incited thereto by Sophia and the more superstitious of the priests, had risen in revolt. He seized the occasion to break up the system. He executed, it is said, not less than fifteen hundred of the conspirators, and his authority was never again disputed, nor his labors interrupted by civil commotion.

The greatest of all his difficulties, from the beginning to the end of his reign, was to reconcile his subjects to innovation,

and make them hearty co-operators with him in civilizing the country. In Russia, as in every country on earth, there were two parties: those who wish things to remain as they are, and those who favor improvements. The former venerate the past, and believe in the wisdom of forefathers; the latter press hopefully on toward the future, and think the people of to-day are wiser and better than the people of a hundred years ago. These two parties are called by different names in different ages, but they always exist. They have been styled, in this country, whigs and tories, democrats and federalists, radicals and conservatives. Peter the Great was the most decided radical that ever ruled a country, and he had against him a large number of the higher priests and the elderly noblemen, as well as a great multitude of the ignorant and superstitious.

There was a good deal of fun in the composition of this illustrious patriot, and he turned it to good use sometimes in throwing ridicule upon the ancient usages. One cold day, in the winter of 1703, he invited all his court and nobility to attend the wedding of one of his buffoons; and he was very particular that the old fogies of the empire should be present. He gave notice that this wedding was to be celebrated according to the "usages of our ancestors," and that every one must come dressed in the manner of the sixteenth century. Accordingly, all the guests appeared in long, flowing, Asiatic robes of the ancient Russians, to the merriment of the whole court. It was an ancient custom that on a wedding-day no fire should be kindled in the house; and, therefore, the palace was as cold as mortal flesh could bear. "Our ancestors" drank only brandy, and so on this day not a drop of any milder liquor was allowed. All the barbarous and indecent customs formerly in vogue at weddings were revived for this occasion, and when any one objected or complained, the czar would reply, laughing:—

"Our ancestors did so! Are not the ancient customs always the best?"

This ridiculous fête, it is said, had much to do in bringing the old usages into discredit, and reconciling timid people to the new ways introduced by the czar.

This great monarch died in 1725, aged fifty-three years. To

the last days of his existence he toiled for his country. He had a violent temper; he was too fond of the pleasures of the table; and, on some occasions, he was more severe in his punishments than would now be permitted or necessary. I have, however, the decided impression that the accounts we have of this feature of his reign are exaggerated, and that he was a better man than we have been taught to believe. The Russian language being the most difficult and unattractive one spoken in Europe, no competent person has ever yet studied the history of Russia in its sources; and the little we know of it comes to us distorted or diluted through writers who never read a Russian book nor trod Russian soil. I advise readers to regard the so-called Histories of Russia with a good deal of incredulity, especially the chapters which represent Peter the Great as a bloody and cruel tyrant.

CHARLES XII.

CHARLES XII., born in 1682, was a boy of fifteen, when the death of his father made him King of Sweden. His mother had died some years before. According to the ancient laws of the kingdom, he had a right to reign at the age of fifteen; but his father, who was a very self-willed and despotic monarch, ordered in his will that he should not exercise authority until he was eighteen, and that until then his grandmother should be the regent.

Charles was a soldier almost from his infancy. At seven he could ride the most spirited horse, and, during all his boyhood, he took pleasure in those violent out-of-door exercises which harden and strengthen the constitution. He was exceedingly obstinate, and, like most obstinate people, was sometimes led by the nose. For example: He would not learn Latin; but when he was artfully told that the King of Denmark and the King of Poland knew that language well, he threw himself into the study of it with great energy, and became a very good scholar. Having read a Latin life of Alexander, some one asked him what he thought of that conqueror.

"I think," said he, "that I should like to resemble him."

"But," said his tutor, "Alexander lived only thirty-two years."

"Ah," replied the prince; "and is not that enough when one has conquered kingdoms?"

When his father heard of this reply, he said:—

"Here is a boy who will make a better king than I am, and who will go farther even than Gustavus the Great."

One day he stood looking at a map of a province of Hungary which had recently been wrested from the Emperor of Austria

by the Turks. At the bottom of this map some satirical person had written in French the well-known words of Job : —

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord."

Now, this was a pretty good joke in French, because the French word for Lord is *Seigneur*, and it was common at that time to call the Sultan of Turkey the "Grand Seigneur." Next to this map hung one of Livonia, a province conquered by Sweden a hundred years before. At the bottom of this map the young prince wrote : —

"God gave it me ; the Devil shall not get it away."

After the death of his father, concealing whatever resentment he may have felt at being left under the tutelage of a grandmother, he passed all his time in hunting, in martial exercises, and in reviewing the troops. One day, when his father had been dead six months, and he was not quite sixteen years of age, he was observed to ride home from a grand review in a very thoughtful mood, and one of his nobles asked him what was the subject of his revery.

"I am thinking," replied the boy-king, "that I feel myself worthy to command those brave soldiers, and that I do not like that either they or I should receive orders from a woman."

The courtier to whom this was said jumped at the opportunity to make his fortune. He urged the king to terminate his minority, and offered his services in making the arrangements necessary. The king consenting, it was not difficult to gain over the ministers, the nobles, and the officers of the army. Without bloodshed or any kind of disturbance the revolution was accomplished, and in three days after the forming of the plan the regent was consigned to private life, and Charles XII. was the reigning King of Sweden. At the ceremony of the coronation, a few weeks after, just as the archbishop was about to place the crown upon the royal head, Charles took it out of his hands, and placed it himself upon his head. The adroit courtier who had aided him in getting the crown he ennobled and made him his prime minister.

No one, it appears, expected much of this youthful monarch. He had no vices, it is true ; he neither drank, nor gormandized.

nor gambled. A Spartan soldier was not more temperate, nor more hardy, nor more chaste than he. But he was haughty, reserved, and obstinate, and seemed to care for nothing but hunting and the drilling of his troops. The ambassadors residing at his court wrote home to their masters that this new king was stupid, and was not likely ever to be formidable to his neighbors. His own subjects, seeing that he did nothing but hunt and attend parades, considered him inferior to his ancestors.

Old Dr. Franklin used to say that if a man makes a sheep of himself, the wolves will eat him. Not less true is it, that if a man is generally *supposed* to be a sheep, wolves will be very likely to *try* and eat him.

Three kings, neighbors and allies of Charles, hearing on all hands that the young king was a fool, and knowing that he was only a boy in years, concluded that it would be an excellent time to satisfy some ancient grudges against Sweden, and to wrest a few provinces from its territory. The King of Denmark was one of these good neighbors and allies; another was the King of Poland; the third and most powerful was Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias. Under various pretexts, these three kings were manning ships or raising troops for the same object, — the spoliation of the heritage of Sweden's youthful king.

Sweden was alarmed. Her old generals were dead, her armies were unused to war, and her king was thought to be a boy, — ignorant, self-willed, and incapable. The council met to consider the situation, the king presiding. The aged councillors advised that efforts should be made to divert or postpone the storm by negotiation. When the old men had spoken, the king rose and said : —

"Gentlemen, I have resolved never to make an unjust war, but never to finish a just one except by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is taken. The first who declares himself, I shall go and attack, and when I have conquered him, I hope to make the others a little afraid of me."

There was something in the manner of the king which in

spired confidence, and the councillors departed to enter with spirit into the preparations of war. The kingdom was instantly put upon a war footing. The king laid aside his gay costumes and wore only the uniform of a Swedish general. The luxuries of the table were banished from his abode, and he partook only of soldier's fare. Submitting himself to the strictest discipline, he imposed the same upon his troops, and soon he had an army of soldiers in the highest state of efficiency. It is said that from this time to the end of his life he never tasted wine, nor indulged in any kind of vicious pleasure whatever. He was a soldier, and nothing but a soldier.

Two years passed after the first alarm before the storm burst. The year 1700 came in, which was the eighteenth year of the life of Charles XII. As he was out bear-hunting one day in the spring of that year, the news was brought to him that Denmark had begun the war by invading his province of Livonia.

He was ready. Having previously provided for that anticipated invasion, he hurried an army on board a fleet, and struck at once for the heart of Denmark, — Copenhagen. Not many days elapsed after the interruption of his bear-hunt, before he had a fleet blockading the port of Copenhagen, and an army thundering at its gates.

"What is that whistling noise I hear overhead?" asked the king, as he was disembarking on the Danish shore.

"It is the musket-balls, sire," said an officer.

"Good!" said the king; "that shall be my music henceforth."

Such were the rapidity and success of the king, that in six weeks after landing on Danish soil the war was ended, and a treaty concluded which conceded to the King of Sweden everything he asked.

Meanwhile, the King of Poland was besieging Riga (which was then a Swedish city), and the czar was leading a host of a hundred thousand undisciplined barbarians against the young conqueror. Charles left the defence of Riga to a valiant old Swedish general, who succeeded in holding it, and marched himself to meet the czar with twenty thousand troops. Never was victory more sudden, more easy, or more complete than that

which these twenty thousand Swedes won over the great mob of Russians led by Peter. The czar escaped with but forty thousand men.

From that defeat the military greatness of Russia was born.

"I know well," said the czar, as he was in retreat, "that these Swedes will beat us for a long time; but, at last, they will teach us how to conquer."

And so it proved; for, from that day, Peter began the mighty work of drilling his half-savage hordes into soldiers, — a work which is still going on, though great progress has been made in it. The Russian people attributed their defeat to sorcery and witchcraft, and we have still the prayer which was addressed to St. Nicholas on this occasion in all their churches. It was as follows: —

"O thou who art our perpetual consoler in all our adversities, great Saint Nicholas, infinitely powerful — by what sin have we offended thee in our sacrifices, our homage, our salutations, our penances, that thou hast abandoned us? We implore thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, frightful, unconquerable destroyers; and yet, like lions and bears robbed of their young, they have attacked, terrified, wounded, killed by thousands, us who are thy people. As this could not have happened except by enchantment and sorcery, we pray thee, O great St. Nicholas, to be our champion and our standard-bearer, to deliver us from this crowd of sorcerers, and to drive them from our frontiers with the recompense due to them."

Charles had no sooner scattered the Russian hosts than he turned his attention to Poland. Partly by artifice and partly by victories, he, at length, dethroned the King of Poland, and caused to be elected in his stead Stanislas, a young gentleman to whom he had chanced to take a fancy. These things, however, were not done in a campaign. From the time of his leaving Sweden, in May, 1700, to the complete subjection of Poland, was a period of seven years; during which Charles and his men lived upon the country and saved vast sums of money.

If Charles had then gone home, as his generals advised and

his troops desired, he might have lived in peace, and raised his country to a high rank among the powers of Europe. Puffed up by a long series of easy victories, he believed all things possible to him; so he had resolved to do to the czar what he had done to the Polish king, — drive him from his throne. But all this time Peter had been creating an army. Deep in the wildernesses of Ukraine, the Swedish troops, weakened by hunger, fatigue and disease, encountered the trained soldiers of the czar. The Russians were more than victorious. The Swedish army was utterly destroyed, and the king, badly wounded, was compelled to fly, with a handful of followers, and seek refuge in Turkey. He lost in a day the fruits of seven years of victory, — troops, treasures, glory, all were gone, and he himself was a fugitive and a beggar.

No subsequent efforts could restore his fortunes. For two years he remained in Turkey, half prisoner, half guest. All his enemies rose upon him. The King of Poland regained his throne, Denmark invaded his dominions, and the czar prepared for new victories. Escaping, at length, Charles returned to Sweden, and was carrying on the war against his enemies, when a chance shot terminated his career. This occurred in December, 1718, when he was but thirty-six years of age. He was laying siege, at the time, to one of the Danish strongholds, and, going his rounds one evening at nine, he leaned over an angle of a battery, when a ball, weighing half a pound, entered his temple, and he fell dead upon the parapet. One of his officers said, as he threw a cloak over the body: —

“The play is over; let us go to supper.”

The Swedes, happily delivered from this terrible scourge, hastened to make peace with all their enemies, and elected as their queen the sister of Charles XII., whom they compelled to renounce all right to bequeath the crown to her issue. The Swedes had had enough of arbitrary power; and they succeeded in controlling the power of their kings to such a degree that their monarchy was, for the next seventy years, the most limited in Europe.

MAZEPPA.



IN the year 1706, when Charles XII., King of Sweden, still in the full tide of successful warfare, had led his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, he received secret overtures from the Governor of Ukraine, a province in the south-eastern part of Europe. Ukraine belonged to Russia, though it still enjoyed the right of electing its prince, subject to the confirmation of the czar. Its inhabitants were warlike and semi-barbarous, who were subject to the czar in little more than name; nor to their own elected prince did they render any more obedience than a Tartar tribe usually pays to its chief.

The Ukraine prince, who met the young King of Sweden in the forest on the banks of the Desna, engaged to furnish the king with thirty thousand troops, provisions for the Swedish army, and a large amount of treasure, the accumulation of thirty years, on condition that, at the end of the war against the czar, Ukraine should be an independent State. Charles accepted the condition, and the treaty was concluded.

The name of this powerful Ukraine chief was Ivan Stepanovitch Mazeppa. Civilized Europe first learned his name, and something of his strange history, through Voltaire, who heard the particulars from one of Charles' officers, and gave them to the public in his celebrated *Life of Charles XII.* Lord Byron, struck with the romantic story, as related by Voltaire, made it the subject of a poem, and it has since been performed as a drama in all countries. But for the chance meeting in London, in 1726, of Voltaire and one of the mad King of Sweden's followers, the name of Mazeppa, in all probability, had never been known beyond the confines of Russia. Mazeppa was fifty-two years of age when he first met Charles XII. The romantic

events which form the subject of Byron's poem took place when he was a youthful page at the court of the King of Poland, and it is quite likely (as Byron supposes) that he related them himself to the King of Sweden.

Mazeppa, though he ruled a barbarous people, was not himself a barbarian. He was born in 1644, in Poland; and was therefore not a born subject of the czar. He was descended, however, from a noble Russian family, which was transported to Poland by a chance of war fifty years before Mazeppa was born. His grandfather, a colonel in the Russian army, was carried away captive in 1597 by the Poles, with all his family, and was roasted alive in the belly of a copper bull, according to a pleasant custom of the country. His family remained in Poland, and flourished; so that the grandson of the roasted colonel was well educated in a Jesuit college, and was transferred thence to the court of the king, where he served as page. Voltaire says he had only a "tincture of literature" (*quelque teinture des belles-lettres*), but more recent French authorities aver that he was as familiar with Latin as with Polish, and that he was a really accomplished man in literature. All agree, however, that he was one of the most handsome, well-formed, graceful, fascinating pages that ever adorned a court, — skilled, too, in all martial arts and exercises, and inured to hardship and fatigue.

Thus endowed, he was naturally a favorite with the ladies of the court, and he passed much of his time in what were then styled "gallant intrigues," but which *we* call by a much more correct and descriptive name. Among those to whom he was attached was a Polish nobleman's young and lovely wife, whose "Asiatic eye" Byron describes in a passage that has been a thousand times quoted: —

"All love, half languor and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die."

The injured husband, having surprised these lawless lovers, wreaked upon Mazeppa a vengeance at once terrible and unique

Having caused him to be stripped naked, he had him smeared with tar from head to foot, and then rolled in down; or, as we should say, he had him tarred and feathered. This part of the penalty both Voltaire and Byron omit. As far as I know, Mazeppa was the first man recorded in history who suffered this ignominious punishment, which many people suppose to be an American invention. The enraged Pole next ordered a wild horse to be brought, "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed," upon which Mazeppa was bound, and the horse was let go:—

"Away! away—my breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on.
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away! away!"

To speak in plain prose, this horse, having been bred in Ukraine, fled toward that province, and galloped about two hundred miles with Mazeppa before he dropped dead under his burthen. Mazeppa, too, became insensible, just as a troop of wolves seemed about to close in and devour both horse and rider. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself stretched upon a coarse bed in a woodman's cottage, waited upon by the woodman's daughter, whom Byron, of course, represents to have been one of the loveliest of her sex:—

"A slender girl, long-haired and tall."

Attended by this beautiful Cossack girl and her respectable parents Mazeppa soon regained his health, and won every heart by his gayety, courage, and dexterity. Joining the Cossack army, he advanced rapidly, until he became the most popular and powerful of the Cossack chiefs. Tradition reports that he made his way to chieftainship by acts of treachery and cruelty, destroying the men by whose aid he had begun to climb. This, however, is mere tradition, and it comes to us through his enemies, the Russians. Elected, at length, Governor of Ukraine, his election was confirmed by the czar, Peter the Great, and he repaired, some time after, to the court of that fiery potentate. Peter, whom Mazeppa, with his troops, had ably served in the conquest of the Crimea, received him with great consideration.

decorated him with orders, and admitted him at length to perfect intimacy. One day (so the story goes) when Mazeppa was dining with the czar at Moscow, and the irascible Peter had drunk too much wine, as he did every day, the conversation turned upon the affairs of Ukraine, in the course of which the czar said he meant to send an army there, and formally annex the province to Russia. Supposing Mazeppa to be in heart and soul a Russian, he was surprised to observe that this announcement of a cherished purpose was displeasing to him. Mazeppa, it is said, proceeded from gentle remonstrance to emphatic and even menacing objection. He reminded the czar that the essential independence of Ukraine was secured by treaties, and he declared that if an attempt should ever be made to deprive the Cossacks of their ancient liberties, he, their governor, would know how to defend them.

At this the czar flew into one of his tearing passions. Starting up from his seat, he rushed upon Mazeppa, seized him by the beard, and tore out a handful of his mustache. Mazeppa, indignant as he was, was still sufficiently master of himself not to offer resistance to the infuriate monarch. Peter thought no more of the affair, but Mazeppa cherished in his heart a deep and active resentment, which he bore back with him to his province. Before many years had elapsed, Charles XII. came thundering through that part of Europe, his darling object being the dethronement of the czar, and Mazeppa thought he saw in that young conqueror, who had never yet been defeated, the means of securing the independence of his country and the gratification of his vengeance. His offers were promptly accepted. He soon after met the King of Sweden, and they became fast friends.

The Russian historians, in their endeavors to blacken the character of Mazeppa, relate this anecdote, which Voltaire borrows from them. Having concluded his treaty with Charles XII., he invited a number of chiefs to his house to bring them over to consent to the alliance. When they were all drunk, Mazeppa easily got them to swear upon the gospels that they would furnish men and food to the King of Sweden. At the end of the debauch, the chiefs carried away all the silver vessels and

portable furniture of the room. Mazeppa's butler ran after them, and took the liberty to remark that their conduct was not in accordance with the gospels upon which they had just sworn. The servants also came up and attempted to recover their master's property. The Cossack chiefs marched back in a body to complain to Mazeppa of this unheard-of affront, and demanded that the offending butler should be delivered up to them. Mazeppa, say the Russians, had the unspeakable baseness to surrender his faithful servant, whereupon the chiefs divided themselves into two parties, and tossed the poor butler back and forth like a ball, till they were tired, when one of them drove his knife through his heart.

Having cast in his lot with Charles XII., Mazeppa shared his fate. The czar utterly defeated the rash young king, who was compelled to seek refuge in Turkey, with Mazeppa and a few faithful followers. Turkey, being then submissive to the czar, the fugitives soon found that their refuge was a prison. The czar peremptorily demanded the surrender of Mazeppa, whom he claimed as his vassal. While the Turkish government was hesitating whether or not to comply with this haughty demand, Mazeppa died, as it is supposed, by his own hand. Charles XII. was faithful to his ally to the last, and did all that was possible, in his situation, to protect him from the czar's vengeance. Mazeppa died at Bender, in Turkey (now in Russia), in 1709, aged sixty-five.

DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

How much easier it is to die well than it is to live well ! And how absurd it is to judge of a person's character by the way in which he spends the closing hours of his life ! Some very great sinners have died in the most edifying manner, while some of the most eminently virtuous persons that have ever given a good example to their species have started back in affright at the approach of their last hour, and died in gloom.

Such were my reflections the other day, upon reading in an old French book an account of the death of Louis XIV., who was King of France from 1643 to 1715, — a period of seventy-two years. He had been proud, arrogant, selfish, licentious, extravagant, and cruel. He had wasted his kingdom in unjust wars and profuse living ; he had driven from their homes and country the best of his subjects, the Huguenots ; he had installed his mistresses at court, and raised their children to the rank of legitimate princes ; and the only palliation of his crimes was that he had been allowed to grow up in the greatest ignorance. Yet he died as calmly as a saint.

It was August 9, 1715, the seventy-seventh year of the king's life. Debilitated by age and disease, the king on that day enjoyed for the last time the pleasures of the chase, but was obliged to follow the stag in a kind of gig, which he drove himself. Two days after, which was Sunday, he held his council as usual, and afterwards walked in the garden. He came in exhausted, and he never again was out of doors alive. During the next few days he grew daily weaker, and, at length, took to his bed ; where, however, he continued to transact business with his ministers every day. A grand review had been ordered for the 23d of August, at which the king was so desirous of pre-

siding, that he caused a bed to be prepared, upon which he meant to lie and witness the evolutions of the troops. Finding that he could not support the fatigue, it was necessary for him to select some one to represent him. He passed by all the legitimate princes, and named for this duty his illegitimate son, the Duc de Maine.

On the 25th of August, at seven in the evening, as the musicians of the court were assembling in the saloon where the king was reclining, for the usual evening concert, he became suddenly worse, and the doctors in attendance were summoned. They pronounced him near his end, and advised that the extreme unction should be administered to him. The musicians were dismissed, and the priests were sent for, who received the king's confession, gave him absolution, and administered the communion to him. This ceremony being concluded at eleven in the evening, the king called to his bedside the Duc d'Orleans, his nephew (great grandfather of Louis Philippe, the last king of the French), by whom the kingdom was to be ruled during the minority of the heir to the throne, — the king's grandson, a boy of five and a half years. He recommended the young king to his protecting care, and said : —

"If he should not live, you will be the master, and the crown will belong to you. I have made the dispositions which I deemed wisest ; but as no one can foresee everything, if there is anything not ordered for the best, let it be changed."

The next day, having summoned around him the cardinals and priests, whose advice he had been most accustomed to follow in all affairs relating to the church, he said to them : —

"I die in the faith of, and in submission to, the church. I am not learned in the matters which trouble its peace ; I have merely followed your counsels. Having done only what you advised, if I have done ill, you will answer for it before God, whom I call to witness."

The priests replied by the usual fulsome eulogiums upon his conduct, in the expulsion of the protestants and the persecution of the Jansenists (the Calvinists of Catholicism) ; "for," says the author before me, "he was destined to be praised to the last moment of his life."

Soon after, the dying monarch caused to be brought to his bedside the infant heir to the crown, known afterwards as Louis XV., a worse man than Louis XIV., and almost as bad a king. The words uttered by the king to him, on this occasion, were afterwards engraved, framed, and hung up in the royal bedroom, above the place where the young king knelt to say his prayers. They remained there during the whole reign of Louis XV., which lasted fifty-nine years. They were as follows : —

"My dear child, you are going immediately to be the monarch of a great kingdom. What I recommend to you, above all, is, never to forget the obligations under which you rest to God. Bear in mind that to him you owe all that you are.

"Try to preserve the peace with your neighbors.

"I have loved war too much. Do not imitate me in that, any more than in my too great expenditures.

"Take counsel in all things. Try hard to know what is the best course, and follow it always.

"Relieve your people from their privations as soon as you can, and do for them what I have been so unhappy as not to be able to do.

"Never forget what you owe to Madame de Ventadour" (his governess).

Then, turning toward Madame de Ventadour, he said : —

"For my part, madame, I am very sorry to be no longer in a condition to testify my gratitude to you."

Speaking again to the little prince, and kissing him twice, he said : —

"With my whole heart, my dear child, I give you my blessing."

At this moment the king was so deeply moved that the Duchess de Ventadour thought it best to draw the prince away, and took him out of the room. The king then addressed a few words to each of his children and grandchildren, and to each of his principal servants, thanking them for their fidelity, and asking them to be as faithful to his grandson as they had been to him. In the afternoon of the same day he called around his bedside all the lords of his court, and addressed them thus : —

"Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for the bad example I have

given you. I have a great deal to thank you for in the manner in which you have served me, as well as for the attachment and fidelity you have shown me. I am very sorry not to have done for you all that I could have wished. I ask for my grandson the same application and fidelity that you have had for me. I hope you will all strive to live in union, and if any one departs from this course, that you will endeavor to bring him back to it. I feel that I am too much agitated, and that I move you also. Pray, forgive me. Farewell, gentlemen. I count upon your thinking of me sometimes."

The next day, being still in perfect possession of his faculties, he passed some time in burning papers, and he gave orders that, after his death, his heart should be placed in the chapel of the Jesuits, opposite to the spot where had been deposited the heart of his father, Louis XIII. He surprised the court by occasionally speaking of his grandson as "the young *king*," and by saying, "*when* I was king," as though his reign had already ended. To his mistress, or, rather, to his wife (for he had secretly married her some time before), he said:—

"I have always heard say that dying is difficult. I am near my last hour, yet I do not find it so painful to give up life."

The lady replied, that only those persons found death appalling who were attached to the world, or who had committed wrongs. The king said:—

"As a human being, I have wronged no one; and as to the injuries I have done my kingdom, I hope in the mercy of God. I have made a full confession, and my confessor assures me that I may confidently trust in God for forgiveness; and such is my trust."

Seeing two of his servants crying at the foot of his bed, he said:—

"Why do you weep? Did you think I should live forever? My age ought to have prepared you for my death."

Then, turning to his wife, Madame de Maintenon, he added:—

"What consoles me at leaving you, is the hope that we shall rejoin one another in eternity."

She made no reply to this; but, as she turned to leave the room, a few moments after, she was overheard to say to herself.

"What a rendezvous he gives me! This man has never loved anybody but himself."

Madame de Maintenon, in fact, was thoroughly tired of her exacting old lover, and naturally shrank from the fearful prospect of spending an eternity with him.

A quack doctor, who pretended to have an "elixir" that would do anything except raise the dead, was allowed to give the dying king a dose or two of his compound. The first dose appeared to revive him, but only for a moment. As he was about to take the second, he said:—

"For life or for death, just as it pleases God!"

From the time the king had taken to his bed, the courtiers paid more and more attention to the Duc d'Orleans, who would be the ruler of France the moment the breath was out of the old king's body. He had apartments in the palace in which the king lay dying, and it was said at the time that the state of the king's health could be ascertained by the number of persons that paid their court to the future regent. If the king drooped, the apartments of the Duc d'Orleans were thronged with courtiers; if the king revived, it was the king's chamber and ante-chambers that were crowded. One day, when the king was so much better that it was thought he would recover, the Duc d'Orleans was left almost alone; but the next day, when the king was very much worse, his apartments were overflowing with people from morning till night.

On the last day of August it was evident that the king could not survive many hours. Once more the priests gathered around his bed, and said the prayers appointed for the dying. The king made the responses with a strong voice, and, recognizing one of the cardinals, he said to him:—

"These are the last favors of the church."

In his dying struggles, he said many times:—

"My God, come to my aid; make haste to succor me!"

On Sunday morning, September 1st, at a quarter past eight, the king breathed his last, and the whole crowd of courtiers gathered round the new dispenser of favors,—the regent of the kingdom. All France breathed more freely, when it was relieved from the incubus of this proud, ignorant, and superstitious

monarch. Powerful as he had been while living, his will was totally disregarded after his death, and his body was borne to the tomb amid the unconcealed joy of the people. If any one wishes to know what a barbarism the institution of monarchy is, let him study the reign and character of Louis XIV., without, however, attaching the slightest importance to his tranquil and pious death. I recommend this study especially to those who have been reading lately the glorification of monarchy contained in Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Frederick II., King of Prussia*.

JOHN LAW.

JOHN LAW, born in 1671, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, made, perhaps, as much noise and stir in this wor'd as any man that ever lived in it. His father, dying when the boy was fourteen, left him an independent fortune, into possession of which he came when he was twenty-one. He was a young man of extraordinary beauty, grace, and agility. Manly exercises had nobly developed his frame, his mind had been nurtured in the best schools of his country, and his manners formed in the higher circles of Edinburgh. Handsome, accomplished, and rich, his knowledge was more showy than sound, and his morals were French rather than Scotch.

A goldsmith, in old times, was also a money-changer and broker. Young Law was early accustomed to hear money questions discussed among his father's friends, and was observed to take an interest in such subjects unusual in a youth. He could talk very fluently about the currency; and when, soon after coming of age, he was living a gay life in London, the subject universally talked of was the scheme of establishing the institution now known as the Bank of England. From these causes, as well as from the original bent of his mind, the favorite theme of thought and conversation with him was finance. Nevertheless, he knew little about the matter. He was a quick, cool calculator, much better fitted to shine at the card-table than in the treasury of a nation.

While living the life of a man of fashion in London he killed a gentleman in a duel, for which he was tried as a murderer and sentenced to death. He was pardoned by the king, and went upon the continent. Roaming about among the capitals of Europe, extravagant and licentious, he soon wasted his fortune, and

resorted to gambling to repair it. High play was then the reigning pleasure of society in every country in Europe. Louis XIV. was not displeased when he heard that the Portuguese Ambassador had won eighteen hundred thousand francs of his niece in a single night. High play, he thought, became a princess of the royal house of France, and he was willing Europe should know on what a scale of grandeur gambling was done at his court. John Law, cool, adroit, calculating, found the careless nobles of the time an easy prey. A stout footman preceded him to the houses of his antagonists, carrying two heavy bags of gold, and the servant usually had a heavier load to carry home than the one he brought. In the course of a few years, besides living like a prince, he could produce in ready money a sum equal in our currency to a million dollars. Indeed, such was his success, that he was suspected of cheating, and, at last, few ventured to play with him.

Tired of this wandering existence, he returned to Scotland, where he renewed his former studies in finance, upon which he published a *treatise*, entitled "Considerations upon Money and Commerce." Paper money was his favorite branch of financial science. He proposed the establishment of a Bank of Scotland, the credit of which should be founded upon the landed estates of its stockholders, which estates should be pledged to the redemption of its notes. His idea was, that since money is of no value in itself, but only a representative of value, paper money is as good as gold, — *provided you can only make people think so*. The canny Scotch people, however, did not fancy the scheme, and Law resumed his vagabond life.

Toward the close of the reign of Louis XIV. he came to Paris, where he won such enormous sums at the game then called "pharao," that the lieutenant of police ordered him to leave the city, alleging for a reason that he "understood the game he had introduced *too well*." He obeyed the order, but not before he had made an ineffaceable impression upon the mind of the Duc d'Orleans, nephew of the old king, and about to be regent of the kingdom. Law's brilliant and shallow talk upon finance, aided by the graceful wickedness of his life, captivated the ignorant, rash, and dissolute prince. The Duc

d'Orleans was not in favor with the king, and he could not save Law from expulsion ; but he retained the conviction that if there was a man in the world who understood the science of money, that man was John Law.

The extravagant old king died in 1715, leaving the finances of the kingdom in inconceivable disorder, — a thousand times worse than the finances of the United States at the close of the revolutionary war. An anecdote of the last year of Louis XIV. will show to what miserable expedients the king's ministers were reduced.

The king wished to give one more of his great festivals at Versailles, and ordered his minister of finance to provide the money, — four millions of francs. The treasury was empty, and the credit of the government was gone. A royal bond of one hundred francs was worth thirty-five francs. One day, when the minister was pacing his ante-chamber, considering how he should raise the sum required, he perceived, through an open door, two of his servants looking over the papers on his desk. An idea darted into his mind. He drew up the scheme of a grand lottery, which he pretended was designed to pay off a certain description of bonds. This scheme, half written out, he left upon his desk, and remained absent for a considerable time. His two lackeys were, as he supposed, employed by stock-jobbers to discover the intentions of the government with regard to the issue and redemption of its bonds. They did their work, and at once the bonds began to rise in price, and went up in a few days from thirty-five to eighty-five. When they had reached the price last named and were in active demand, the minister issued and slipped upon the market new bonds enough to furnish him with the needful four millions of francs. The trick was soon discovered, and the bonds dropped to twenty-eight. The last loan negotiated by Louis XIV. was effected at the rate of four hundred for one hundred, the government binding itself to pay four hundred francs for every one hundred received. Such were some of the evils arising from having a pompous old fool at the head of a great nation.

When the king died, there was not merely an immense public debt, but that debt was in a condition of perfect chaos. Louis

XIV. had raised money in every conceivable way, and on all conceivable terms. He had sold annuities for one life, for two lives, for three lives, and in perpetuity. He had issued every kind of bond and promissory note which the ingenuity of his minister could devise, or the reluctance of lenders demand. There had been a very large annual deficit for fifteen successive years, which had been made up by selling offices and borrowing money. When the regent took the reins of power, he found, 1. An almost incalculable debt; 2. Eight hundred millions of francs then due; 3. An empty treasury. Almost every one in Paris, from princes to lackeys, who had any property at all, held the royal paper, then worth one-fourth its apparent value.

What was to be done? They tried the wildest expedients. The coin was adulterated; new bonds, similar to those we call "preferred," were issued; men, enriched by speculating upon the necessities of the government, were squeezed until they gave up their millions. If a man was very rich, and not a nobleman, it was enough; the Bastille, the pillory, and confiscation extracted from him the wherewith to supply the regent's drunken orgies, the extravagance of his mistresses, and the pay of his troops. Servants accused their masters of possessing a secret hoard, and were rewarded for their perfidy with one-half of it. Rich men, trying to escape from the kingdom with their property, were hunted down and brought back to prison and to ruin. Once they seized fourteen kegs of gold coin, hidden in fourteen pipes of wine, just as the wagons were crossing the line into Holland. One great capitalist escaped from the kingdom disguised as a hay-peddler, with his money hidden in his hay. The whole number of persons arrested on the charge of having more money than they wanted, was six thousand; the number condemned and fined was four thousand four hundred and ten, and the amount of money wrung from them was four hundred millions of francs.

In the midst of the consternation caused by this system of plunder, John Law, then aged forty-five years, appeared upon the scene, and soon renewed his intercourse with the regent. He told that ignorant and profligate prince that such violent measures could but aggravate the distress of the kingdom, and

still more impoverish the government. His impeturbable calm, the fluency of his discourse, the unbounded confidence he had in his own ideas, completely fascinated the Duc d'Orleans, who, at length, gave up to his management the disordered finances of France. All the violent measures were suspended; the rich men breathed freely again; the adulteration of the coin was stopped, and nothing more was heard of the scheme, advocated by many, of a formal national bankruptcy.

A bank was Law's first scheme, — capital, six millions of francs, in shares of five thousand francs each; the shares to be paid for in four instalments, — one-fourth in coin, and *three-fourths in royal bonds at their par value!* The regent sent an order throughout the kingdom requiring all tax-gatherers to receive the notes of the bank in payment of all sums due the government. To the bank was soon added a company, called the "Company of the West," designed to settle and trade with the French province of Louisiana. Shares in this company also were purchasable with the same royal bonds at their par value, with the addition of a small percentage in coin or bank notes. A "Guinea Company" was also started, for trading with the coast of Africa, shares in which could be bought, in part, with the king's depreciated paper at the value named upon its face.

These schemes having been launched, the next thing was to impose upon the credulity, and inflame the avarice of, the public. A large engraving was posted about Paris, exhibiting a number of Louisiana Indians running to meet a group of Frenchmen with manifestations of joy and respect, and holding out to them pieces of gold. Underneath the picture was printed the following: —

"You see in this country mountains filled with gold, silver, copper, lead, and quicksilver. As these metals are very common, and as the savages have no suspicion of their value, they barter pieces of gold and silver for European merchandise, such as knives, breast-pins, small mirrors, or even a little brandy."

Another picture appealed to pious souls. It represented a crowd of naked savages on their knees before two Jesuit missionaries, with these explanatory words: —

"Indian idolaters imploring Christian baptism."

By these and other arts John Law wrought upon the ignorance and cupidity of the French people. Other companies were started,—all upon the principle of taking a large part of the price of the shares in the depreciated paper of the government. That paper, as the mania increased, rose in value until it went far above par, and gold was actually at a discount! From the princes of the blood royal to the washerwomen on the quays, the entire people seemed to abandon themselves to speculating in shares and bonds. Readers remember the stock-jobbing and gold speculations in New York during the last two years of the war. Such scenes, and some far more exciting, occurred in Paris while John Law was managing the finances of France. In the *Wall Street* of the city, a short, narrow lane, the crowd was so dense that it was difficult to move about. Dukes and footmen, capitalists and shop-boys, ladies of the court and servant-maids, jostled one another in their eagerness to buy the favorite share of the moment. The provinces poured into Paris tens of thousands of people eager to join in the maddening game, and the mania spread at last to all the countries of Europe. Kings and princes of distant lands bought shares in Law's delusive schemes, and in London the mania raged almost as violently as at Paris. Money was borrowed in Paris at the rate of a quarter per cent. per quarter of an hour, the lender keeping his eyes upon his watch. Desk-room was let in the vicinity of the share-market for fifty francs a day. Shares, bonds, and coin changed in value fifty times in a morning. So popular was the magician who had conjured up this state of things, that large sums were given for places where he could be seen in passing, and it was a distinction to be able to say, "I have seen John Law." A poor old cobbler, who had a little shop in the street thus suddenly invested with so much importance, cleared two hundred francs a day by letting chairs and desks, and selling pens and paper. Men made fortunes in a few days. People who were lackeys one week kept lackeys the next. Law's own coachman came to him one day and addressed him thus:—

"I am going to leave you, sir. Here are two young men,

both of whom, I answer for it, are excellent coachmen. Take your choice, and I will keep the other myself."

This madness raged in Europe eight months, during which people thought the age of gold had come; for, while hundreds of thousands appeared to gain, very few seemed to lose. The constant rise in price of shares and royal paper appeared to enrich everybody, and ruin nobody.

The reaction, I need not say, was terrific. When first the suspicion arose that all these fine fortunes were founded upon paper of fictitious value, it spread with alarming rapidity. By various adroit manœuvres Law checked the progress of distrust, but he could only check it. The rush to "realize" grew in volume and intensity from day to day, until it became a universal panic. Paper in all its varieties fell almost to nothing, and no man reckoned anything of value except gold, silver, and real estate. Probably one hundred thousand persons in Europe were totally ruined, and a million more suffered losses. The French laugh at everything. Some wag at this time posted up the following:—

"Monday, I bought some shares,
Tuesday, I gained my millions,
Wednesday, I re-furnished my house,
Thursday, I set up a carriage,
Friday, I went to a ball,
And Saturday to the poor-house."

John Law himself was ruined. Of all the large fortune which he had brought into France, he saved but a few thousand francs. The public indignation drove him from the post of minister, and compelled him to leave the country. He again wandered from capital to capital, supporting himself by gambling, and died at Venice in 1729, aged fifty-eight years.

GENERAL HENRY KNOX.



A CONSPICUOUS and important character, in his day, was Henry Knox, the first secretary of war of the United States under the present constitution. Born in Boston, in 1750, of Scotch-Irish parents, we catch our first glimpse of him as a boy attending the Boston Common Schools and attracting the notice of the townsmen by his handsome countenance and agreeable manners. John Adams speaks of him, in his Autobiography, as a youth whose pleasing demeanor and intelligent mind had won his regard several years before the revolutionary war. In those days the boys who resided at the North-End of Boston were in perpetual feud with those who lived at the South-End, and many a contest occurred between them on Saturday afternoons. Young Knox was of a frame so robust and powerful, and of a spirit so undaunted and adventurous, that he became a kind of boy-generalissimo of the South-End.

As a young man, too, he was still distinguished for his physical beauty and strength. It is related of him, by an early writer, that, on one occasion, in Boston, when a heavy vehicle employed in a procession broke down, young Knox placed his shoulder under the axle and carried it for some distance through the crowd. At the usual age he was apprenticed to a bookseller, and in due time had a bookstore of his own in Boston, which grew to be one of the most extensive in the province. The winning manners of the young bookseller attracted to his shop both the professors of the neighboring university and the young ladies of the city, who have always been noted for their love of reading.

From the first hour of the differences between Massachusetts and the mother country, he took the side of his native land, and

was one of the earliest promoters and members of the Boston military companies, which, during the revolutionary war, furnished so many valuable officers to the patriot army. He belonged to an artillery company, as well as to a battalion of Grenadiers, which was greatly renowned at the time for the excellence of its discipline. To the Boston of that day it was what the Seventh Regiment now is to New York. Having access to books, the young man made a considerable collection of military works, which he not only read himself, but distributed among his fellow-soldiers. No young man of his day, perhaps, contributed more to the cultivation of a military spirit and to the accumulation of military knowledge, among the young men of Boston, than Henry Knox. Far, however, was he from supposing, when he first went out to drill upon Boston Common, that the first use he would make of his military science would be to contend in arms against the troops of his king.

Among the young ladies who came to his store to buy books was the beautiful daughter of a high official under the royal government. She was pleased with the handsome young bookseller, who, in his turn, was completely captivated by her. The parents of the young lady, being in full sympathy with the Tory administration, placed such obstacles in the way of the union of these young people, that their marriage was at last effected by an expedient that differed little from a downright elopement. Her friends, it is said, regarded her as a disgraced woman, since she had allied herself with a man who adhered to a cause which, they thought, implied social as well as moral degradation. Mrs. Knox may sometimes have smiled at the recollection of this when, as the wife of a cabinet minister and distinguished general, she was a centre of attraction in the most refined and elegant circle at the seat of government.

The war began. A continental army gathered around Boston, and the first conflict between it and the British troops had occurred. On a fine morning in June, 1775, a few days before the battle of Bunker Hill, Henry Knox, being then twenty-five years of age, shut his shop for the last time, and prepared to join the forces under General Washington. The

British commander had issued an order that no one should take arms out of the city. Being resolved, however, to take his sword with him, his wife concealed it in her garments, and the two walked together out of the city, and succeeded in escaping the observation of the British outposts. Before another week had elapsed, Mrs. Knox was safe in the country, and her husband was assisting to defend Bunker Hill, as a volunteer aide-de-camp to the general in command. His services just then were of the greatest value, since he was one of the very few men in camp who had informed themselves respecting the mode of constructing field-works. He also understood the handling of artillery. Washington's attention was soon drawn to him, and he was immediately employed in the construction of the system of works by which Boston was gradually enclosed, and its garrison at length compelled to put to sea. We find him, next, elected to the command of a company of artillery, not only by the unanimous vote of the men, but with the cordial consent of its former captain, who felt himself too old for active service.

Being thus in command of an artillery company, his first care was to get artillery for it, — a task of considerable difficulty in a country destitute of the means of making cannon. The first exploit, which drew upon him the attention and the applause of the whole army, was his getting a supply of cannon from Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain. In the dead of winter he travelled through the wilderness to this celebrated fort, and there prepared a long train of sleds and gathered a drove of oxen. He returned to camp in 1776, with fifty pieces of ordnance on sleds, all drawn by oxen, and thus furnished the means of arming the field-works which he had assisted to construct. Great was the joy of the army upon the arrival of this train, and Captain Knox was the lion of the hour. John Adams mentions, in his diary, being taken to see the pieces, and he evidently felt all the value of the acquisition, as well as the gallantry of his young friend to whom it was due.

When the British troops had abandoned Boston, and New York became the scene of warfare, Captain Knox performed similar services in defending the new position. During the operations on Long Island and the subsequent retreat from New

York, he commanded all the artillery of the army, and was one of the very last officers to leave the city. He remained, indeed, so long as to be left in the rear of the British troops, and he escaped being taken prisoner only by going to the river, seizing a boat, and rowing along the shore as far as Harlem. His comrades had given him up for lost. When he came into view he was welcomed with cheers, and General Washington gave him an old-fashioned embrace. He had one excellent quality of an artillery officer, — a voice of stentorian power. When General Washington crossed the Delaware, Colonel Knox, it is said, was of the greatest assistance from the fact that his orders could be heard from one side of the river to the other.

He continued to serve, with zeal and ability, during the whole war. He was known in the army as one of General Washington's special adherents and partisans, and the commander-in-chief, on more than one occasion, interposed his authority in behalf of General Knox. When, for example, it was proposed to place the artillery in command of a French general, Washington gave so high a character, as an artillerist, to General Knox, that the scheme was frustrated. Mr. Adams relates an incident which shows that Knox was equally solicitous for the reputation of his chief.

"The news of my appointment to France," says Mr. Adams, "was whispered about, and General Knox came up to dine with me at Braintree. The design of his visit was, as I soon perceived, to sound me in relation to General Washington. He asked me what my opinion of him was. I answered, with the utmost frankness, that I thought him a perfectly honest man, with an amiable and excellent heart, and the most important character at that time among us; for he was the centre of our Union. He asked the question, he said, because, as I was going to Europe, it was of importance that the general's character should be supported in other countries. I replied, that he might be perfectly at his ease on the subject, for he might depend upon it that, both from principle and affection, public and private, I should do my utmost to support his character at all times and in all places, unless something should happen very greatly to alter my opinion of him."

To sum up the services of General Knox in the Revolution, it is only necessary to say that, at every important engagement and during every important operation, directed by the commander-in-chief in person, General Knox performed, perfectly to his general's satisfaction, the duties devolving upon the chief of artillery. From the siege of Boston, where he not only directed but provided the artillery, to the siege of Yorktown, where, said Washington, "the resources of his genius supplied the defect of means," Knox was always present, active, and skilful.

The war over, he was ordered to the command of West Point, and it was he who directed the disbandment of the troops. He has the credit, as he once had the discredit, of suggesting the Society of the Cincinnati, and the first outline of its organization is still preserved in his own handwriting. Upon the evacuation of New York, he rode by Washington's side when he entered and took possession of the city; and at the celebrated farewell interview between the general and his officers, Knox was the first man whom Washington embraced.

A few years later, when Washington came to the presidency, General Knox was named by him to the secretaryship of war, — a post which he held for four years. The reader is aware that, during the first term of General Washington's administration, the two parties were formed which have ever since, under different names, contended for the ascendancy. General Knox was a Federalist, and, as such, shared the odium attached to a party not in harmony with the instincts of the people. Retiring from office in 1795, he removed to Maine, then an outlying province of Massachusetts, where he engaged extensively in business. It appears he was unsuccessful, for in one of Mr. Jefferson's letters of 1799, he says: "General Knox has become bankrupt for four hundred thousand dollars, and has resigned his military commission. He took in General Lincoln for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which breaks him. Colonel Jackson, also, sunk with him." The cause of this misfortune, or, at least, one of the causes, appears to have been an excessive profusion in living and general expenditure. He died in 1806, aged fifty-six years.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MARRIED LIFE.

DANIEL WEBSTER was twice married. It is of his first wife, who was the mother of all his children, that I write to-day.

In colonial times the clergy were the aristocracy of New England. Their incomes were indeed exceedingly small, compared with those of our day; but, as they were generally men of learning, virtue, and politeness, and as all the people were religiously disposed, they were held in the highest respect, and exercised great influence. Small as their revenues were (seldom more than five hundred dollars a year), they generally lived in very good style, and, in many instances, accumulated property. Their salaries were increased by the bountiful gifts of the people, and they usually had a piece of land sufficient for the keeping of a cow and a horse, and for the raising of their vegetables. Besides this, all the minister's family assisted in its support; the sons tilled the garden and took care of the animals; the daughters assisted their mother in spinning the wool for the clothing of the household. Peter Parley, whose father was a New England clergyman of the olden time, mentions in his "Recollections," that for fifty years the salary of his father averaged three hundred dollars a year, upon which, with the assistance of a few acres of land, he reared a family of eight children, sent two sons to college, and left at his death two thousand dollars in money.

The family of the clergyman was expected to be, and usually was, the model family of the parish. The children generally had the benefit of their father's instruction, as well as access to his little library; and, if his daughters did not learn French nor play the piano, they had the benefit of hearing intelligent con

versation and of associating with the best minds of their native village.

Grace Fletcher, the wife of Daniel Webster, was the daughter of Elijah Fletcher, a clergyman of New Hampshire, where she was born in the year 1781. Though her father died at the early age of thirty-nine, when Grace was but five years of age, he is still remembered in New Hampshire for his zeal and generosity. He was particularly noted for his patronage of young students, many of whom he prepared for college. After his death his widow married the minister of Salisbury, New Hampshire, the town in which Daniel Webster was born, in which he grew up to manhood, and in which he first established himself in the practice of the law. Thus it was that she became acquainted with her future husband. Daniel Webster was only one year older than herself. They attended the same church; they went to school together; they met one another at their neighbors' houses; and this early intimacy ripened at length into a warmer and deeper attachment.

Notwithstanding his extraordinary talents, and the warmth of his temperament, Daniel Webster did not marry until he was twenty-six years of age. Few young men have had a harder struggle with poverty, and no one ever bore poverty more cheerfully. After practising law awhile near his father's house in Salisbury, he removed, in 1808, to Portsmouth, which was then the largest and wealthiest town in New Hampshire, as well as its only seaport. A lady, who lived then in the town, has recorded, in the most agreeable manner, her recollections of the great orator at that period. She was the minister's daughter. It was a custom in those days for strangers to be shown into the minister's pew. One Sunday her sister returned from church, and said that there had been a remarkable person in the pew with her, who had riveted her attention, and that she was sure he had a most marked character for good or for evil. At that time Webster was exceedingly slender, and his face was very sallow; but his noble and spacious forehead, his bright eyes deep set in his head, and the luxuriant locks of his black hair, together with the intelligent and amiable expression of his countenance, rendered his appearance striking in the extreme. In a few days

the stranger was at home in the minister's family, and there soon formed a circle round him of which he was the life and soul.

"I well remember," says this lady, "one afternoon, that he came in when the elders of the family were absent. He sat down by the window, and, as now and then an inhabitant of the town passed through the street, his fancy was caught by their appearance and his imagination excited, and he improvised the most humorous imaginary histories about them, which would have furnished a rich treasure for Dickens, could he have been the delighted listener instead of the young girl for whose amusement this wealth of invention was expended."

Another of his Portsmouth friends used to say that there never was such an actor lost to the stage as he would have made, had he chosen to turn his talents in that direction.

The young lawyer prospered well in this New Hampshire town, and he was soon in the receipt of an income which for that day was considerable. In June, 1809, about a year after his arrival, he suddenly left Portsmouth, without having said a word to his friends of his destination. They conjectured, however, that he had gone to Salisbury to visit his family. He returned in a week or two, but did not return alone. In truth, he had gone home to be married, and he brought back his wife with him. She was a lady most gentle in her manners, and of a winning, unobtrusive character, who immediately made all her husband's friends her own. The lady quoted above gives so pleasant a description of their home and character, that I will quote a few sentences from it:—

"Mrs. Webster's mind was naturally of a high order, and whatever was the degree of culture she received, it fitted her to be the chosen companion and the trusted friend of her gifted husband. She was never elated, never thrown off the balance of her habitual composure by the singular early success of her husband, and the applause constantly following him. It was her striking peculiarity that she was always equal to all occasions; that she appeared with the same quiet dignity and composed self-possession in the drawing-room in Washington, as in her own quiet parlor. It was only when an unexpected burst of

applause followed some noble effort of her husband that the quickened pulse sent the blood to her heart, and the tears started to her eyes. Uniting with great sweetness of disposition, unaffected, frank, and winning manners, no one could approach her without wishing to know her, and no one could know her well without loving her. When Mr. Webster brought this interesting companion to Portsmouth, the circle that gathered around them became more intimate, and was held by more powerful attractions. There certainly never was a more charming room than the low-roofed simple parlor, where, relieved from the cares of business, in the full gayety of his disposition, he gave himself up to relaxation."

In due time a daughter was born to them, the little Grace Webster who was so wonderfully precocious and agreeable. Unhappily, she inherited her mother's delicate constitution, and she died in childhood. Three times in his life, it is said, Daniel Webster wept convulsively. One of these occasions was when he laid upon the bed this darling girl, who had died in his arms, and turned away from the sight of her lifeless body. All the four children of Mrs. Webster, except her son Fletcher, appear to have inherited their mother's weakness.

Charles, a lovely child, both in mind and in person, died in infancy. Her daughter Julia, who lived to marry the son of a distinguished family in Boston, died in her thirtieth year. Edward, her third son, served as major in the Mexican war, and died in Mexico, aged twenty-eight. Fletcher, the most robust of her children, commanded a regiment of the Army of the Potomac, and fell in one of its disastrous conflicts.

Beyond the general impressions of her friends, we know little of the life of this estimable woman. She lived retired from the public gaze, and the incidents of her life were of that domestic and ordinary nature which are seldom recorded. In this dearth of information, the reader will certainly be interested in reading one of her letters to her husband, written soon after the death of their little son Charles. It shows her affectionate nature, and is expressed with all the tender eloquence of a bereaved but resigned mother. The following is the letter :

"I have a great desire to write to you, my beloved husband, but I doubt if I can write legibly. I have just received your letter in answer to William, which told you that dear little Charley was no more. I have dreaded the hour which should destroy your hopes, but trust you will not let this event afflict you too much, and that we both shall be able to resign him without a murmur, happy in the reflection that he has returned to his heavenly Father pure as I received him. It was an inexpressible consolation to me, when I contemplated him in his sickness, that he had not one regret for the past, nor one dread for the future; he was patient as a lamb during all his sufferings, and they were at last so great, I was happy when they were ended.

"I shall always reflect on his brief life with mournful pleasure, and, I hope, remember with gratitude all the joy he gave me; and it has been great. And oh! how fondly did I flatter myself it would be lasting.

"It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high;
And I had scorned the warning voice that told me thou must die."

"Dear little Charles! He sleeps alone under St. Paul's. Oh, do not, my dear husband, talk of your own final abode; that is a subject I never can dwell on for a moment. With you here, my dear, I can never be desolate! Oh, may Heaven in its mercy long preserve you! And that we may ever wisely improve every event, and yet rejoice together in this life, prays your ever affectionate
G. W."

Mrs. Webster lived but forty-six years. In December, 1827, Mr. Webster, being then a member of Congress, started with his wife for the city of Washington. She had been suffering for some time from a tumor, of a somewhat unusual character, which had much lowered the tone of her system. On reaching New York she was so sick that her husband left her there and proceeded to Washington alone. Having little hope of her recovery, he had serious thoughts of resigning his seat, in order to devote himself exclusively to the care of his wife, especially as he thought it probable that she would linger for many

months. But he had scarcely reached Washington when he was summoned back to New York by the intelligence that her disease had taken a dangerous turn. He watched at her bedside for three weeks, during which her strength insensibly lessened and her flesh wasted away, though she suffered little pain. I have before me four little notes which the afflicted husband wrote on the day of her death, which tell the story of her departure in an affecting manner:—

“MONDAY MORNING, January 21st.

“DEAR BROTHER,—Mrs. Webster still lives, but is evidently near her end. We did not expect her continuance yesterday from hour to hour. Yours, affectionately, D. W.”

This was written at daylight in the morning. At nine o'clock, he wrote to an old friend:—

“Mrs. Webster still lives, but cannot possibly remain long with us. We expected her decease yesterday from hour to hour.”

At half-past two that afternoon he wrote:—

“DEAR BROTHER,—Poor Grace has gone to Heaven. She has now just breathed her last breath. I shall go with her forthwith to Boston, and, on receipt of this, I hope you will come there if you can. I shall stay there some days. May God bless you and yours.”

At the same hour he wrote the following note to the lady quoted above:—

“MY DEAR ELIZA,—The scene is ended, and Mrs. Webster is gone to God. She has just breathed her last breath. How she died,—with what cheerfulness and submission, with what hopes and what happiness, how kindly she remembered her friends, and how often and how affectionately she spoke of you, I hope soon to be able to tell you; till then, adieu.”

Her husband mourned her departure sincerely and long. And well he might, for she was his guardian angel. After her death he was drawn more and more into politics, and gave way at length to an ambition for political place and distinction, which lessened his usefulness, impaired his dignity, and embittered his closing years.

Upon the summit of a commanding hill, in Marshfield, which overlooks the ocean, is the spot prepared by Daniel Webster for the burial-place of his family. There his own remains repose, and there, also, those of three of his children. There, too, he erected a marble column to the memory of their mother, which bears the following inscription : —

"GRACE WEBSTER.
WIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER:
BORN JANUARY THE 16TH, 1781;
DIED JANUARY THE 21ST, 1828.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



IN the British West Indies, near that Danish group which, they say, Mr. Seward desires to purchase for the United States, there is a circular island containing about twenty square miles, named Nevis. It now contains a population of eleven thousand, and produces for export every year about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of sugar. This island has a governor, and a legislature of fifteen members; it has five parishes, and a public revenue about as large as the salary of our president. To this island, a Scotchman named Hamilton emigrated about the year 1747, and established himself in business as a merchant. He married there a lady of French descent, the daughter of a physician. The fruit of this union was a boy, who lived to be the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, of American history.

The mother of this distinguished man had a short and unhappy life. Her first husband was a Dane, a man of wealth, with whom she lived miserably, and from whom she was finally divorced. Soon after her marriage with the father of Alexander Hamilton, he became a bankrupt, and saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his estate. While Alexander was still a young child, she died, but not before she had made an indelible impression upon the character and memory of her son. His mother dead, and his father a poor and dependent man, the boy was taken home by some relations of his mother who lived upon one of the adjacent Danish islands, where he learned the French language, and became an eager reader of books in both French and English. In his twelfth year he was a merchant's clerk or apprentice, — a situation little to his taste, but the duties of which he discharged with perfect fidelity.

At that early day, as at the present time, it was customary

for the West Indians to send their children to school in New York and Philadelphia. One of the earliest letters of Hamilton that we possess, is one written by him when he was twelve years of age to a boy of his acquaintance who had gone away to be educated in New York.

"To confess my weakness, Ned," he wrote, "my ambition is prevalent; so that I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I am no philosopher, you see, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; my folly makes me ashamed, and beg you will conceal it; yet, Neddy, we have seen such schemes successful when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war."

This was a curious passage to come from the pen of a merchant's boy in a little island of the sea, at a period so early as 1769. Certainly there was small chance of "preferment" for him in the West Indies, nor did there seem any likelihood of his transfer to a more promising scene. For three years he served in the counting-house, and acquired therein something of that knowledge of figures and that aptitude for finance which he afterwards turned to so good an account.

An accident, as it seems, decided his destiny. When he was fifteen years of age he had the opportunity of witnessing one of those terrific hurricanes which occasionally sweep over the islands of the Caribbean Sea, prostrating in their course the works of man and the trees of the forest. He wrote a description of this storm, which was published in a newspaper, and handed about in the group as a great wonder for so young a writer. His engaging manners, also, had made him many friends, who, it appears, were all of one opinion, that so valuable a mind ought not to remain uncultivated. Accordingly, he was sent to New York for education. On his arrival, he was placed in a school at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, — a place where many families of distinction then resided, whose acquaint-

ance he formed, and who were afterwards of use to him. In a few months he entered the college in New York which was then called King's College, but is now known as Columbia; where, besides pursuing the usual course, he attended lectures upon anatomy, with the intention of becoming a physician.

At college he was distinguished in the debating society, and he wrote comic poems, ridiculing the Tory editors of the day. It was while still a student of the college that he made his first public address to the citizens of New York. His son tells us that he was then accustomed to walk several hours each day under the shade of some noble trees which stood in Batteau Street (now called Dey Street) talking to himself, or deeply meditating upon the mighty events transpiring about him. This strange habit attracted the attention of those who lived near, to whom he was only known as "the young West Indian," and some of them engaged him in conversation, and thus discovered the vigor and maturity of his mind. A great political meeting was to be held in the city, to which all the Whigs were looking forward with eager expectation, and his new friends, who had been struck with his patriotic sentiments, urged him to address this meeting. At first he recoiled from the ordeal; but, as the meeting went on, and several important points remained untouched by the speakers, he took courage, and presented himself to the people. His son says, in his biography of Hamilton:—

"The novelty of the attempt, his youthful countenance, his slender and diminutive form, awakened curiosity and arrested attention. Overawed by the scene before him, he at first hesitated and faltered; but as he proceeded almost unconsciously to utter his accustomed reflections, his mind warmed with the theme, his energies were recovered; and, after a discussion, clear, cogent, and novel, of the great principles involved in the controversy, he depicted in glowing colors, the long-continued and long-endured oppressions of the mother country; he insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed to the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of the rebellion sparkling with fire and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory. The

breathless silence ceased as he closed ; and the whispered murmur, — 'It is a collegian — it is a collegian !' was lost in loud expressions of wonder and applause at the extraordinary eloquence of the young stranger."

He was then but seventeen years of age, and yet from that time to the end of his life he could be considered a public *man*. While still in college, he was one of a military company who used to drill in a part of the city very near where Harper's bookstore now stands. The company were called "Hearts of Oak," and it was this youthful band which removed the cannon from the Battery, under the fire of a British man-of-war, that killed several citizens and one of Hamilton's own comrades. This was the first conflict of arms which took place in the State of New York. At nineteen he was captain of artillery, and employed part of his last remittance from home in equipping his company.

The most important event in this part of his life was his attracting the notice of General Washington. Soon after the retreat from New York, when the American army occupied the upper part of Manhattan Island, Hamilton was employed in constructing an earthwork. Washington noticed the alert and vigorous young officer, and marked the intelligence and skill which he was displaying in the erection of his fort. The general entered into conversation with him, invited him to headquarters, and thus began a friendship with him which, with the exception of one brief interval, terminated only with the general's life. During the terrible New Jersey campaign, Hamilton's artillerymen did excellent service in the rear of the army, checking the advance of the British ; and by the time the battle of Trenton turned the tide of ill-fortune, the company was reduced to twenty-five men.

Ere long, General Washington invited Captain Hamilton to accept a position on his staff, which Hamilton did, to his lasting regret. His quick and ardent mind fretted under the caution and delay necessitated by General Washington's position ; nor did he relish writing despatches, when other men were performing service in the field. This impatience and discontent led

finally to a rupture between General Washington and his aide-de-camp, the particulars of which Hamilton himself has related.

"Two days ago," he wrote, in 1781, "the general and I passed each other on the stairs; he told me he wanted to speak with me; I answered that I would wait upon him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature. Returning to the general, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de la Fayette, and we conversed together about a minute, on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the general, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where, accosting me in an angry voice, 'Colonel Hamilton,' said he, 'you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes; I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect.' I replied, without petulancy, but with decision, 'I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part.' 'Very well, sir,' said he, 'if it be your choice,' or something to that effect, and we separated. I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes. In less than an hour after, Mr. Tilghman came to me in the general's name, assuring me of his confidence in my ability, integrity, usefulness, etc., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened but in a moment of passion. I requested Mr. Tilghman to tell him, first, that I had taken my resolution in a manner not to be revoked."

The truth was that Hamilton was burning for active service, and was glad of an excuse for retiring from a position which was little more attractive to him than that of a clerk. His desires were soon gratified.

During the revolutionary war he was so lucky as to win the hand and heart of one of the daughters of General Schuyler, the head of one of the most distinguished and powerful families in the State of New York; and it was this fortunate marriage which first gave to his position in America something of consistence and stability. Retiring from the triumph of Yorktown,

in which he bore a gallant part, and won the admiration of both the French and the American armies, he abandoned his former intention of becoming a doctor, and began the study of the law at Albany, where he was admitted to the bar. He settled in New York, where he soon shared with Aaron Burr the cream of the New York practice, but was speedily called away to the service of the public. In the convention which formed our present constitution he was one of the youngest, and yet one of the most influential members. When Washington came to the presidency, one of his first acts was to name the young West Indian — then but thirty-three years of age — to the most difficult post in his administration, that of secretary of the treasury. From this position, after four years of service, he was compelled to retire, because the salary would not support his family. Albert Gallatin, who became secretary of the treasury twenty years after, said that Alexander Hamilton had so regulated the business of the office, as to make it a sinecure for his successors; and, I have been informed, that as late as 1860, the business continued to be done upon the plans and methods established by Hamilton at the beginning of the government. He returned to the practice of his profession in New York, where, for many years, he shone without a peer, and with only one rival, — the man to whom he owed his death. In the year 1804, in his forty-seventh year, he fell at Weehawken, in a duel with Aaron Burr.

Both in public and in private life Hamilton exhibited shining virtues, and committed, as I think, deplorable errors. His chief fault, as a private citizen, was licentiousness, to which he appears to have been grossly addicted. As a public man, he was what we should now call an extreme conservative. He thought the British government the best possible government; and he strove in all ways to make the American government like it. No faith had Alexander Hamilton in the capacity of the American people, or any people, to govern themselves. This, however, was only an error of the understanding; for a purer patriotism than his never burned in the breast of a human being.

LA FAYETTE.



IN the year 1730 there appeared in Paris a little volume entitled, "Philosophic Letters," which proved to be one of the most influential books produced in modern times.

It was written by Voltaire, who was then thirty-six years of age, and contained the results of his observations upon the English nation, in which he had resided for two years. Paris was then as far from London, for all practicable purposes, as New York now is from Calcutta; so that when Voltaire told his countrymen of the freedom that prevailed in England, — of the tolerance given to the religious sects, — of the honors paid to untitled merit, — of Newton, buried in Westminster Abbey with almost regal pomp, — of Addison, Secretary of State, and Swift, familiar with prime ministers, — and of the general liberty, happiness, and abundance of the kingdom, — France listened in wonder as to a new revelation. The work was, of course, immediately placed under the ban by the French government, and the author exiled, which only gave it increased currency and deeper influence.

This was the beginning of the movement which produced, at length, the French Revolution of 1787, and which will continue until France is blessed with a free and constitutional government. It began in the higher classes of the people, for at that day not more than one-third of the French could read at all; and a much smaller fraction could read such a work as the "Philosophic Letters," and the books which it called forth. Republicanism was fashionable in the drawing-rooms of Paris for many years before the mass of the people knew what the word meant.

Among the young noblemen who were early smitten in the

midst of a despotism with the love of liberty was the Marquis de La Fayette, born in 1757. Few families in Europe could boast a greater antiquity than his. A century before the discovery of America, we find the La Fayettees spoken of as an "ancient house ;" and in every generation, at least, one member of the family had distinguished himself by his services to his king. This young man, coming upon the stage of life when republican ideas were teeming in every cultivated mind, embraced them with all the ardor of youth and intelligence. At sixteen he refused a high post in the household of one of the princes of the blood, and accepted a commission in the army. At the age of seventeen he was married to the daughter of a duke, whose dowry added a considerable fortune to his own ample possessions. She was an exceedingly lovely woman, and tenderly attached to her husband, and he was as fond of her as such a boy could be.

The American Revolution broke out. In common with all the high-born republicans of his time, his heart warmly espoused the cause of the revolted colonies, and he immediately conceived the project of going to America and fighting under her banner. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when he sought a secret interview with Silas Deane, the American envoy, and offered his services to the Congress. Mr. Deane, it appears, objected to his youth.

"When," says he, "I presented to the envoy my boyish face, I spoke more of my ardor in the cause than of my experience ; but I dwelt much upon the effect my departure would excite in France, and he signed our mutual agreement."

His intention was concealed from his family and from all his friends, except two or three confidants. While he was making preparations for his departure, most distressing and alarming news came from America, — the retreat from Long Island, the loss of New York, the battle of White Plains, and the retreat through New Jersey. The American forces, it was said, reduced to a disheartened band of three thousand militia, were pursued by a triumphant army of thirty-three thousand English and Hessians. The credit of the colonies at Paris sank to the lowest ebb, and some of the Americans themselves confessed to

La Fayette that they were discouraged, and persuaded him to abandon his project. He said to Mr. Deane :—

“Until now, sir, you have only seen my ardor in your cause, and that may not prove at present wholly useless. I shall purchase a ship to carry out your officers. We must feel confidence in the future ; and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune.”

He proceeded at once with all possible secrecy to raise the money and to purchase and arm a ship. While the ship was getting ready, in order the better to conceal his intention, he made a journey to England, which had previously been arranged by his family. He was presented to the British king, against whom he was going to fight ; he danced at the house of the minister who had the department of the colonies ; he visited Lord Rawdon, afterwards distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle ; he saw at the opera Sir Henry Clinton, whom he next saw on the battle-field of Monmouth ; and he breakfasted with Lord Shelburne, a friend of the colonies.

“While I concealed my intentions,” he tells us, “I openly avowed my sentiments. I often defended the Americans. I rejoiced at their success at Trenton ; and it was my spirit of opposition that obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelburne.”

On his return to France his project was discovered and his departure forbidden by the king. He sailed, however, in May, 1777, cheered by his countrymen, and secretly approved by the government itself. On arriving at Philadelphia, he sent to Congress a remarkably brief epistle to the following effect :—

“After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors : one is, to serve at my own expense ; the other, to begin to serve as a volunteer.”

Congress immediately named him a major-general of the American army, and he at once reported himself to General Washington. His services at the Brandywine, where he was badly wounded ; in Virginia, where he held an important command ; at Monmouth, where he led the attack, — are sufficiently well known. When he had been in America about fifteen months, the news came of the impending declaration of war

between France and England. He then wrote to Congress that, so long as he had believed himself free, he had gladly fought under the American flag; but that his own country being at war, he owed to it the homage of his services, and he desired their permission to return home. He hoped, however, to come back to America; and assured them that, wherever he went, he should be a zealous friend of the United States. Congress gave him leave of absence, voted him a sword, and wrote a letter on his behalf to the King of France.

"We recommend this noble young man," said the letter of Congress, "to the favor of your Majesty, because we have seen him wise in council, brave in battle, and patient under the fatigues of war."

He was received in France with great distinction, which he amusingly describes:—

"When I went to court, which had hitherto only written for me orders for my arrest, I was presented to the ministers. I was interrogated, complimented, and exiled—to the hotel where my wife was residing. Some days after, I wrote to the king to acknowledge *my fault*. I received in reply a light reprimand and the colonelcy of the Royal Dragoons. Consulted by all the ministers, and, what was much better, embraced by all the women, I had at Versailles the favor of the king, and celebrity at Paris."

In the midst of his popularity he thought always of America, and often wished that the cost of the banquets bestowed upon him could be poured into the treasury of Congress. His favorite project at that time was the invasion of England, — Paul Jones to command the fleet and himself the army. When this scheme was given up he joined all his influence to that of Franklin to induce the French government to send to America a powerful fleet and a considerable army. When he had secured the promise of this valuable aid, he returned to America and served again in the armies of the young republic.

The success of the United States so confirmed him in his attachment to republican institutions, that he remained their devoted adherent and advocate as long as he lived.

"May this revolution," said he once to Congress, "serve as a lesson to oppressors, and as an example to the oppressed."

And in one of his letters from the United States occurs this sentence : —

"I have always thought that a king was at least a useless being; viewed from this side of the ocean, a king cuts a poor figure indeed."

By the time he had left America, at the close of the war, he had expended in the service of Congress seven hundred thousand francs, — a free gift to the cause of liberty.

One of the most pleasing circumstances of La Fayette's residence in America was the affectionate friendship which existed between himself and General Washington. He looked up to Washington as to a father as well as a chief, and Washington regarded him with a tenderness truly paternal. La Fayette named his eldest son George Washington, and never omitted any opportunity to testify his love and veneration for the illustrious American. Franklin, too, was much attached to the youthful enthusiast, and privately wrote to General Washington, asking him, for the sake of the young and anxious wife of the Marquis, not to expose his life except in an important and decisive engagement.

In the diary of the celebrated William Wilberforce, who visited Paris soon after the peace, there is an interesting passage descriptive of La Fayette's demeanor at the French court : —

"He seemed to be the representative of the democracy in the very presence of the monarch, — the tribune intruding with his veto within the chamber of the patrician order. His own establishment was formed upon the English model, and, amidst the gayety and ease of Fontainebleau, he assumed an air of republican austerity. When the fine ladies of the court would attempt to drag him to the card-table, he shrugged his shoulders with an air of affected contempt for the customs and amusements of the old *regime*. Meanwhile, the deference which this champion of the new state of things received, above all from the ladies of the court, intimated clearly the disturbance of the social atmosphere, and presaged the coming tempest."

From the close of the American war for independence, to the

beginning of the French Revolution, a period of six years elapsed, during which France suffered much from the exhaustion of her resources in aiding the Americans. La Fayette lived at Paris, openly professing republicanism, which was then the surest passport to the favor both of the people and of the court. The Queen of France herself favored the republican party, though without understanding its objects or tendencies. La Fayette naturally became the organ and spokesman of those who desired a reform in the government. He recommended, even in the palace of the king, the restoration of civil rights to the Protestants; the suppression of the heavy and odious tax upon salt; the reform of the criminal courts; and he denounced the waste of the public money upon princes and court favorites.

The Assembly of the Notables convened in 1787, to consider the state of the kingdom. La Fayette was its most conspicuous and trusted member, and it was he who demanded a convocation of the representatives of all the departments of France, for the purpose of devising a permanent remedy for the evils under which France was suffering.

"What, sir," said one of the royal princes to La Fayette, "do you really demand the assembling of a general congress of France?"

"Yes, my lord," replied La Fayette, "and *more than that*."

Despite the opposition of the court, this memorable congress met at Paris in 1789, and La Fayette represented in it the nobility of his province. It was he who presented the "Declaration of Rights," drawn upon the model of those with which he had been familiar in America, and it was finally adopted. It was he, also, who made the ministers of the crown responsible for their acts, and for the consequences of their acts.

When this National Assembly was declared permanent, La Fayette was elected its vice-president, and it was in that character that, after the taking of the Bastille, he went to the scene, at the head of a deputation of sixty members, to congratulate the people upon their triumph. The next day, a city-guard was organized to preserve the peace of Paris, and the question arose in the Assembly who should command it. The president rose

and pointed to the bust of La Fayette, presented by the State of Virginia to the city of Paris. The hint was sufficient, and La Fayette was elected to the post by acclamation. He called his citizen soldiers by the name of National Guard, and he distinguished them by a tri-colored cockade, and all Paris immediately fluttered with tri-colored ribbons and badges.

"This cockade," said La Fayette, as he presented one to the National Assembly, "will make the tour of the world."

From the time of his acceptance of the command of the National Guard, the career of La Fayette changed its character, and the change became more and more marked as the revolution proceeded. Hitherto, he had been chiefly employed in rousing the sentiment of liberty in the minds of his countrymen; but now that the flame threatened to become a dangerous conflagration, it devolved upon him to stay its ravages. It was a task beyond human strength, but he most gallantly attempted it. On some occasions he rescued with his own hands the victims of the popular fury, and arrested the cockaded assassins who would have destroyed them. But even his great popularity was ineffectual to prevent the massacre of innocent citizens, and more than once, overwhelmed with grief and disgust, he threatened to throw up his command.

On that celebrated day when sixty thousand of the people of Paris poured in a tumultuous flood into the park of Versailles, and surrounded the palace of the king, La Fayette was compelled to join the throng, in order, if possible, to control its movements. He arrived in the evening, and spent the whole night in posting the National Guard about the palace, and taking measures to secure the safety of the royal family. At the dawn of day he threw himself upon the bed for a few minutes' repose. Suddenly, the alarm was sounded. Some infuriated men had broken into the palace, killed two of the king's body-guard, and rushed into the bedchamber of the queen, a minute or two after she had escaped from it. La Fayette ran to the scene, followed by some of the National Guard, and found all the royal family assembled in the king's chamber, trembling for their lives. Beneath the windows of the apartment was a roaring sea of upturned faces, scarcely kept back by a thin line of

National Guards. La Fayette stepped out upon the balcony, and tried to address the crowd, but could not make himself heard. He then led out upon the balcony the beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and kissed her hand; then seizing one of the body-guard, embraced him, and placed his own cockade upon the soldier's hat. At once, the temper of the multitude was changed, and the cry burst forth: —

"Long live the general! Long live the queen! Long live the body-guards!"

It was immediately announced that the king would go with the people to Paris; which had the effect of completely allaying their passions. During the long march of ten miles, La Fayette rode close to the door of the king's carriage, and thus conducted him, in the midst of the tramping crowd, in safety to the Tuileries. When the royal family was once more secure within its walls, one of the ladies, the daughter of the late king, threw herself in the arms of La Fayette, exclaiming: —

"General, you have saved us."

From this moment dates the decline of La Fayette's popularity; and his actions, moderate and wise, continually lessened it. He demanded, as a member of the National Assembly, that persons accused of treason should be fairly tried by a jury, and he exerted all his power, while giving a constitution to his country, to preserve the monarchy.

To appease the suspicions of the people that the king meditated a flight from Paris, he declared that he would answer with his head for the king's remaining. When, therefore, in June, 1791, the king and queen made their blundering attempt to escape, La Fayette was immediately suspected of having secretly aided it. Danton cried out at the Jacobin club: —

"We must have the person of the king, or the head of the commanding general!"

It was in vain that, after the king's return, he ceased to pay him royal honors; nothing could remove the suspicions of the people. Indeed, he still openly advised the preservation of the monarchy, and, when a mob demanded the suppression of the royal power, and threatened violence to the National Guard, the general, after warning them to disperse, ordered the troops to

fire, — an action which totally destroyed his popularity and influence. Soon after, he resigned his commission and his seat in the Assembly, and withdrew to one of his country-seats.

He was not long allowed to remain in seclusion. The allied dynasties of Europe, justly alarmed at the course of events in Paris, threatened the new republic with war. La Fayette was appointed to command one of the three armies gathered to defend the frontiers. While he was disciplining his troops, and preparing to defend the country, he kept an anxious eye upon Paris, and saw with ever-increasing alarm the prevalence of the savage element in the national politics. In 1792, he had the boldness to write a letter to the National Assembly, demanding the suppression of the clubs, and the restoration of the king to the place and power assigned him by the constitution.

Learning, soon after, the new outrages put upon the king, he suddenly left his army and appeared at the bar of the Assembly, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp; there he renewed his demands, amid the applause of the moderate members; but a member of the opposite party adroitly asked: —

"Is the enemy conquered? Is the country delivered, since General La Fayette is in Paris?"

"No," replied he, "the country is not delivered; the situation is unchanged; and, nevertheless, the general of one of our armies is in Paris."

After a stormy debate, the Assembly declared that he had violated the constitution in making himself the organ of an army legally incapable of deliberating, and had rendered himself amenable to the minister of war for leaving his post without permission. Repulsed thus by the Assembly, coldly received at court, and rejected by the National Guard, he returned to his army despairing of the country. There he made one more attempt to save the king by inducing him to come to his camp and fight for his throne. This project being rejected, and the author of it denounced by Robespierre, his bust publicly burned in Paris, and the medal formerly voted him broken by the hand of the executioner, he deemed it necessary to seek an asylum in a neutral country. Having provided for the safety of his army, he crossed the frontiers, in August, 1792, accompanied by

twenty-one persons, all of whom on passing an Austrian post were taken prisoners, and La Fayette was thrown into a dungeon. His noble wife, who had been for fifteen months a prisoner in Paris, hastened, after her release, to share her husband's captivity.

For five years, in spite of the remonstrances of England, America, and the friends of liberty everywhere, La Fayette remained a prisoner. To every demand for his liberation, the Austrian government replied, with its usual stupidity, that the liberty of La Fayette was incompatible with the safety of the governments of Europe. He owed his liberation, at length, to General Bonaparte, and it required all *his* great authority to procure it. When La Fayette was presented to Napoleon to thank him for his interference, the First Consul said to him :—

"I don't know what the devil you have done to the Austrians ; but it cost them a mighty struggle to let you go."

La Fayette voted publicly against making Napoleon consul for life, and against the establishment of the empire. Notwithstanding this, Napoleon and he remained very good friends. The emperor said of him one day :—

"Everybody in France is corrected of his extreme ideas of liberty except one man, and that man is La Fayette. You see him now tranquil : very well ; if he had an opportunity to serve his chimeras, he would reappear upon the scene more ardent than ever."

Upon his return to France he was granted the pension belonging to the military rank he had held under the republic, and he recovered a competent estate from the property of his wife. Napoleon also gave a military commission to his son, George Washington, and when the Bourbons were restored, La Fayette received an indemnity of four hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Napoleon's remark proved correct. La Fayette, though he spent most of the evening of his life in directing the cultivation of his estates, was always present at every crisis in the affairs of France to plead the cause of constitutional liberty. He made a fine remark once in its defence, when taunted with the horrors of the French Revolution :—

"The tyranny of 1793," he said, "was no more a republic than the massacre of St. Bartholemew was a religion."

His visit to America, in 1824, is well remembered. He was the guest of the nation, and Congress, in recompense of his expenditures during the Revolutionary War, made him a grant of two hundred thousand dollars and an extensive tract of land. It was La Fayette who, in 1830, was chiefly instrumental in placing a constitutional monarch upon the throne of France. The last words he ever spoke in public were uttered in behalf of the French refugees who had fled from France for offences merely political; and the last words he ever wrote recommended the abolition of slavery. He died May 19, 1834, aged seventy-seven. His son, George Washington, always the friend of liberty, like his father, died in 1849. Two grandsons of La Fayette are still living in France, both of whom have been in public life.

BOLIVAR.

THE reader perhaps has sometimes asked himself why the fertile countries of South America advance so slowly in wealth and population. In all that continent, which is considerably larger than North America, there are but seventeen millions of inhabitants, while North America contains almost exactly twice that number. Brazil, for example, which is about as large as the United States, and was settled sooner, contains but seven millions of people, and nowhere exhibits anything like the prosperity which has marked every period of our own history.

The principal reasons of this difference are three in number. In the first place, nature herself in South America interposes mighty obstacles to the purposes of man. Vast plains exist, which, in the rainy season, are covered with luxuriant verdure, and in the dry season assume the appearance of a desert. The forests, owing to the fertility of the soil under a tropical sun, are so dense and tangled as almost to baffle the efforts of the pioneer to remove them. The principal rivers, which are the largest in the world, are more like flowing seas than navigable streams. The Plata, for example, is one hundred and thirty miles wide at its mouth, and is full of strong, irregular currents. The Amazon, too, which is four thousand miles in length, and navigable for one-half that distance, is, in many places, so wide that the navigator has to sail by the compass. The mountains, also, are precipitous and difficult of access, and contain thirty active volcanoes. All nature, in fact, is on a prodigious scale, and the very richness of the soil is frequently an injury rather than a help to man.

In the next place, the Spanish and Portuguese, who settled this continent, drawn thither by the lust of gold, were little

calculated to wrestle with the obstacles which nature placed in their path. Lastly, the Spanish and Portuguese governments, narrow, bigoted, ignorant, and tyrannical, for three centuries cramped the energies of the people, and oppressed them by merciless exactions.

"Three hundred years ago," said Henry Clay, in his great speech upon the emancipation of South America, "upon the ruins of the thrones of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru, Spain erected the most stupendous system of colonial despotism that the world has ever seen, — the most vigorous, the most exclusive. The great principle and object of this system has been to render one of the largest portions of the world exclusively subservient, in all its faculties, to the interests of an inconsiderable spot in Europe. To effectuate this aim of her policy, she locked up Spanish America from all the rest of the world, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any foreigner from entering any part of it. To keep the natives themselves ignorant of each other, and of the strength and resources of the several parts of her American possessions, she next prohibited the inhabitants of one viceroyalty or government from visiting those of another; so that the inhabitants of Mexico, for example, were not allowed to enter the viceroyalty of New Granada. The agriculture of those vast regions was so regulated and restrained as to prevent all collision with the agriculture of the peninsula. Where nature, by the character and composition of the soil, had commanded, the abominable system of Spain has forbidden, the growth of certain articles. Thus the olive and the vine, to which Spanish America is so well adapted, are prohibited, wherever their culture can interfere with the olive and the vine of the peninsula. The commerce of the country, in the direction and objects of the exports and imports, is also subjected to the narrow and selfish views of Spain, and fettered by the odious spirit of monopoly. She has sought, by scattering discord among the several castes of her American population, and, by a debasing course of education, to perpetuate her oppression. Whatever concerns public law, or the science of government, all writings upon political economy, or that tend to give vigor, and freedom, and expansion, to the

intellect, are prohibited. A main feature in her policy is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of upwards of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains general whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population."

If any reader supposes that the orator exaggerated, I point him to the Island of Cuba, which Spain still oppresses, and where almost every feature of the odious tyranny so vigorously portrayed by Mr. Clay still exists.

That Spain does not still bear sway in the finest provinces of South America is chiefly due to the heroism and virtue of one man, Simon Bolivar, the founder and first president of the States, one of which bears his name. He was born at Caraccas, in Venezuela, in 1783, of a family rich enough to afford him the most costly advantages of education. When a young man, he travelled extensively in the United States and in Europe, and learned to speak with ease, and write with ability, five languages, — Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English. Returning home, he gave the first proof of an enlightened mind by freeing the negro slaves employed upon his estate.

The example of the United States, in throwing off the yoke of the mother country, produced the most powerful impression upon the oppressed Creoles in South America. During the boyhood and youth of Bolivar, his fellow-citizens rose four times in revolt against the Spaniards, and four times their efforts were frustrated, and the rising flame of freedom quenched in patriot blood. Instead of mitigating the oppression of the people, the Spanish government bore more heavily upon them, until, in 1811, the people of Venezuela attempted, for the fifth time, to throw off the yoke. Bolivar was then twenty-eight years of age. Entering the patriot army with the rank of colonel, he shared the misfortunes of General Miranda, and again saw his country drenched in blood. The Spanish general waged a war of extermination. The very malefactors in the prisons were organized into guerilla bands, and let loose upon a defenceless people, and their places in the dungeons were filled with the most respectable and virtuous of the land. The

cry of despair reached Bolivar in his exile at Carthagená. He reappeared in his native land, raised again the standard of revolt, called his fellow-citizens around him, and was soon in a position to wage effective war against the public enemy.

The Spanish commander, exasperated by this new revolt, resolved upon the most desperate measures, which he delayed not to execute. The campaign of 1813 was one of the most terrible that ever desolated a Christian country. Cities were given up to pillage and conflagration. The wives and daughters of the patriot soldiers were abandoned to the brutality of the Spanish troops. Prisoners of war were mercilessly put to death, and hundreds of citizens were executed for the crime of wishing well to their country. Bolivar, then commander-in-chief of the patriot forces, was compelled to issue an order, declaring that no quarter should be given to any Spanish captive. Such brilliant successes, however, were won by him over the Spanish troops, that, in January, 1814, he could report to the Congress of Venezuela that no Spanish army polluted its soil. He resigned his commission, following the example of Washington; but the congress insisted upon his retaining it until the confederated republics had expelled the foe.

The Spaniard was not yet defeated. The campaign of 1814 was disastrous to the cause of liberty in the adjacent countries, and Bolivar alone, among the distinguished men, maintained a firm countenance, and urged his countrymen to persevere. Spain now made prodigious efforts. In the spring of 1815, a fleet of fifty ships arrived, which attacked and captured the principal seaports, while the new Spanish army ravaged the interior. During these two terrible years, more than six hundred patriot officers and citizens were banished or put to death, and Bolivar himself was compelled to fly, and take refuge, under the British flag, in the Island of Jamaica.

But his great soul was still unconquered. The next year, at the head of three hundred men, "equal," as he said, "in courage and in patriotism, as they were in number, to the soldiers of Leonidas," he appeared once more in his native land. Again the Republicans flocked to his standard. The campaigns of 1817 and 1818 were triumphant for the patriots, especially that

of the latter year. The career of Bolivar, henceforth, was one of almost unbroken victory; and, after four years of terrible warfare, the Spanish government was compelled to treat for peace, and to concede the independence of the United Republics. Again Bolivar resigned his commission as general and dictator. In his address to Congress, he said:—

"I am the child of camps. Battles have borne me to the chief magistracy, and the fortune of war has sustained me in it; but a power like that which has been confided to me is dangerous in a republican government. I prefer the title of Soldier to that of Liberator; and, in descending from the presidential chair, I aspire only to merit the title of good citizen."

Spain renewed the war, and Bolivar was called again to the supreme command. Three more bloody campaigns were necessary before the Spaniards were wholly and finally expelled from the soil of Colombia, by which name the confederated republics were called. In 1825, Bolivar once more abdicated the dictatorship. An equestrian statue having been decreed him by the corporation of his native city, he declined the honor, saying:—

"Wait till after my death, that you may judge me without prejudice, and accord to me then such honors as you may deem suitable; but never rear monuments to a man as long as he is alive. He can change, he can betray. You will never have this reproach to make to me; but wait a little longer."

Unfortunately, the Creoles of South America, after they had expelled the oppressor, were not able to form a stable and satisfactory government. The ambition of some men, and the weakness of others, made the young republics the scene of confusion, and, sometimes, of civil war; and Bolivar was compelled again to accept the supreme authority. It was the great design of his policy to unite all the republics, both of South and North America, into a kind of league, offensive and defensive, with a Supreme Court, which should decide such questions as are usually decided by war.

Like General Washington, Bolivar was less popular as a civil ruler than he had been as a commander of armies. Disgusted at length by the calumnies with which he was assailed, he not

only resigned the presidency, but determined to leave his country. He addressed to his fellow-citizens a farewell letter:--

"The presence of a fortunate soldier," said he, "however disinterested he may be, is always dangerous in a state just set free. I am tired of hearing it incessantly repeated that I wish to make myself emperor, and to raise again the throne of the Incas. Everywhere my actions are misrepresented. It is enough. I have paid my debt to my country and to humanity. I have given my blood, my health, my fortune, to the cause of liberty, and as long as it was in peril I was devoted to its defence; but now that America is no longer torn by war, nor polluted with the presence of an armed foe, I withdraw, that my presence may not be an obstacle to the happiness of my fellow-citizens. The welfare of my country would alone reconcile me to the hard necessity of a perpetual exile, far from the land which gave me birth. Receive, then, my adieus, as a new proof of my ardent patriotism and the particular love which I cherish for the people of Colombia."

He sold his estate, and was preparing to embark for Jamaica, whence he intended to sail for Europe, when he received a letter from the government, giving him the title of "First Citizen of Colombia," and settling upon him a pension of thirty thousand dollars a year. Before it could be known whether he would accept these offers, he was seized with a fever, of which he died, in December, 1830, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His friends did not doubt that his life was shortened by the fatigues of war and the mortifications of later years. Everything we know of this brave and virtuous man tends to justify the title conferred upon him by his countrymen, of the Washington of South America. If he was less successful in peace than in war, it was because his fellow-citizens, debased by three centuries of oppression, did not possess the knowledge and virtue requisite for the founding of a free, just, and stable government. Washington, too, would have failed, if he had not been seconded by able and disinterested men, and supported by a people long accustomed to revere and obey the laws themselves had made.

GARIBALDI.



IN these modern days there have appeared so many bogus "patriots," so many revolutionists by trade, that most people have a distrust of the whole tribe. If there is one character that is more thoroughly contemptible than any other, it is a needy, idle man, who goes about the world beguiling honest men and laborious women of their wages under pretence of "setting up the standard of rebellion" somewhere, or delivering some country from "the yoke of the oppressor;" getting good, simple people into trouble and danger, while they live in luxury at a very safe distance from the scene of conflict, and receive "ovations" from the windows of splendid hotels.

Joseph Garibaldi is no such person. He is a true patriot and hero of the old Roman type; simple in his tastes, frugal in his habits, grand in his aims, and ever present in the van of his followers at the crisis of the fight. I know this man from the testimony of those who have lived with him, marched with him, fought with him, starved with him, feasted with him, seen him in repose and in action, at his cottage home and in kings' palaces; and that testimony is, that he is a great, grand, strong, pure, affectionate old hero, whose heart is set on seeing his darling Italy free, independent, and happy.

He came of a family of Italian sailors. Both his father and his grandfather commanded small vessels of their own, trading between Nice and other ports of the Mediterranean; but when Garibaldi was a boy his father suffered heavy losses, which compelled him to sell his vessel and spend the rest of his life in navigating the ships of others. His mother, as he always says, was a woman of the noblest character, who loved her son almost

to excess, and awoke in him those affections which finally concentrated in a devoted and all-absorbing love of country.

As a boy he was chiefly remarkable for an extreme tenderness of feeling. When he was a very little boy he happened, in playing with a grasshopper, to break one of its legs, which afflicted him to such a degree that he could not go on with his play. He went to his room, where he remained for several hours mourning over the irreparable injury he had done the poor insect. But this excessive tenderness did not proceed from weakness of character. Not long after, while playing on the banks of one of those wide and deep ditches which they have in Italy for irrigating the fields, he saw a poor washerwoman, who had fallen into the ditch, struggling for her life, and in imminent danger of drowning. He sprang to her assistance, and, young as he was, he actually succeeded in getting the woman out. He has, to this day, a lively recollection of the ecstasy which he experienced upon seeing her safe on the bank. In affairs of this nature, calling for the sudden risk of one life for the preservation of another, he has never hesitated, nor even so much as thought of his own danger till the danger was over. Far as he is from being a boasting man, he says this himself in his modest way.

When he was about fourteen, his father took him on board his vessel, on one of his trips to Genoa, and put him at school in that city. The school, it seems, was a very dull one, the teachers being totally unable to interest the boys in their studies; and this active lad suffered intolerably from the confinement and tedium. He and several of his companions resolved to escape. Garibaldi understanding well the management of a sail-boat, they got possession of one, put some provisions on board, and set sail for the open sea. But a treacherous abbé, to whom the secret had been confided, betrayed them, and informed Garibaldi's father, who jumped into a swift boat and made all sail in pursuit, and soon overtook them. They all returned to school crestfallen.

At the usual age he was apprenticed to a captain, and began his career as a cabin-boy.

"How beautiful," he once wrote, "appeared to my ardent eyes the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean

when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day (thirty-six years after) as in the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors! With what pleasure I ventured into the fore-castle to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs! They sang of love until I was transported. They endeavored to excite themselves to patriotism by singing of Italy. But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians?"

The commander of this vessel was a perfect sailor, and under him Garibaldi acquired much of that nautical skill for which he was afterwards noted. His own father, too, with whom he afterwards sailed, was an excellent seaman. Garibaldi can now construct, rig, navigate, and fight any sailing ship of any magnitude. On one of his voyages at this period of his life he was left sick at Constantinople, and, war breaking out, he was detained there a long time. When all his money was spent, the physician who had attended him procured him the post of tutor in a family, and he taught three boys for several months. "In times of trouble," he says, "I have never been disheartened in all my life, and I have always found persons disposed to assist me." Such men — gallant, open-hearted, kind, and honest — do find friends wherever they go, and friends that do not desert them in their hours of need.

He was a sailor in the Mediterranean until he was twenty eight years of age, — as handsome, agile, and athletic a young fellow as ever sang a song on a fore-castle. It was while voyaging among the beautiful ports of Italy that he acquired his ardent love of his country, and solemnly dedicated his life to her service. A comrade having let him into the secrets of a society of patriots, he eagerly joined them, and thought that the deliverance of Italy was at hand. Miserable mistake! The plot was revealed, and Garibaldi fled in the disguise of a peasant. It was then that the since famous name of Joseph Garibaldi was first printed in a newspaper; but it was in a decree which declared his life forfeited, and set a price upon his head!

He saw Italy no more for fourteen years. During that period he lived in South America, where he had almost every kind of adventure that a man can have and live. Having reached Rio Janeiro, he first attempted the business of a merchant, and failed. Soon he became involved in one of those wars between Republicans and Absolutists which desolated the countries of South America for so many years. He fought on sea and on land. He was wounded and shipwrecked. He commanded fleets and regiments. He was victorious and defeated. Once, being taken prisoner, he was cruelly beaten with a club, then hung by his hands to a beam for two hours; during which he suffered the anguish of a hundred deaths, and, when cut down, fell helpless to the earth. In intervals of peace he was a drover, farmer, dealer in horses, and commander of trading-vessels. Once, when in a melancholy mood, after seeing sixteen of his most beloved Italian comrades perish by shipwreck, he thought to relieve his sadness by marrying. He caught sight in a window of a graceful female form. He knew not who she was, nor to what family she belonged; but something told him that *she* was the destined woman. A friend introduced him that very day, and, ere many weeks had rolled by, he was her husband. In many a rough campaign she marched by his side; on many a voyage she shared his cabin; and she died, at last, of fatigue and exposure in Italy, leaving three children to mourn her loss. The great, soft-hearted Garibaldi has ever since reproached himself bitterly for having taken her away from her safe and happy home to share the lot of a soldier of liberty. Over her dead body, he says, he prayed for forgiveness for the sin of taking her from home. She, however, had never repined, but really seemed to enjoy the life of battle and adventure which her husband led.

Fourteen years of such work as this brought Garibaldi to the memorable year 1848, when all Europe was astir once more, and generous minds indulged the hope that the time had come for the deliverance of nations from their oppressors. Garibaldi and his Italian friends, exiles like himself, sailed for Nice, and gave themselves again to their country. During all the long series of events, beginning soon after the flight of Louis Phil-

ippe, and ending with the perjury and usurpation of Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi bore an important and sometimes a conspicuous and controlling part. His experience in South America was the best possible preparation for the kind of warfare suited to Italy. When the successful villany of Louis Napoleon had ruined the cause of Italian independence, Garibaldi was one of the hundreds of brave men who sought an asylum in the United States.

At midsummer, in 1850, he reached New York, where, of course, he was at once solicited to make an exhibition of himself, or, as we say, "accept an ovation." He modestly asked to be excused. Such an exhibition, he said, was not necessary, and could not help the cause; nor would the American people, he thought, esteem him the less because he veiled his sorrows in privacy. All he asked was to be allowed to earn his living by honest labor, and remain under the protection of the American flag until the time should come for renewing the attempt which treason had frustrated only for a time. From being a general in command of an army, Garibaldi became a Staten-Island candle-maker, and soon resumed his old calling of mariner. For three years he commanded vessels sailing from American ports, and made one voyage as far as Peru.

He had left his children at Nice in the care of his mother. Returning to New York from a voyage, he received the intelligence that his mother was no more, and that his children were without a protector. He was allowed to return to his native land. To the little property left by his parents he added a considerable sum earned in commerce here, and he was able to buy a farm in a small, rocky island — Caprera — on the coast of Sardinia. To this island (which is only five miles long and three wide) he removed his little family in 1856, and invited several other pardoned exiles to join him. Some of them accepting his invitation, they despatched a schooner to New York to bring to them the improved implements with which their residence in the United States had made them acquainted. This vessel, so precious to the little band, was lost, and the colony was broken up. Garibaldi, however, remained, and was resid-

ing there, farming and fishing, when the war between Austria and Sardinia called him once more to the field.

Before he again saw Caprera, what wonderful events transpired! The bloody tyrant of Naples driven from his throne! Sicily delivered from oppression! Nine millions of subjects added to the dominions of a constitutional king, Victor Emanuel! All Italy one nation, excepting alone the dominions of the Pope and the province of Venetia! This was Garibaldi's work. It was the magic of his name, the fire of his patriotism, and his genius for command, that wrought these marvels.

The grateful king desired to bestow upon him some splendid reward; which Garibaldi firmly refusing, the king prepared for him a pleasing surprise at his rocky home. After an absence of nearly two years, Garibaldi returned to Caprera in November, 1860, to spend the winter in repose. When he approached his home, he saw no object that he could recognize. His rough and tangled farm had been changed, as if by enchantment, into elegant grounds, with roads, paths, lawns, gardens, shrubbery, and avenues. His cottage was gone, and in its place stood a villa, replete with every convenience within and without. As he walked from room to room, wondering what magician had worked this transformation, he observed a full-length portrait of King Victor Emanuel, which explained the mystery.

When last this great man spoke to his countrymen, this is what he said to them:—

"The canker, the ruin of our Italy, has always been personal ambitions—and they are so still. It is personal ambitions which blind the Pope-king, and urge him to oppose this national movement, so great, so noble, so pure—yes, so pure—that it is unique in the history of the world. It is the Pope-king who retards the moment of the complete liberation of Italy. The only obstacle, the true obstacle, is this.

"I am a Christian, and I speak to Christians—I am a good Christian, and I speak to good Christians. I love and venerate the religion of Christ, because Christ came into the world to deliver humanity from slavery, for which God has not created it. But the Pope, who wishes all men to be slaves,—who demands.

of the powerful of the earth, fetters and chains for Italians, — the Pope-king does not know Christ: he lies to his religion.

"Among the Indians two geniuses are recognized and adored, — that of good, and that of evil. Well, the Genius of Evil for Italy is the Pope-king. Let no one misunderstand my words — let no one confound Popery with Christianity — the Religion of Liberty with the avaricious and sanguinary Politics of Slavery.

"Repeat that. Repeat it. It is your duty.

"You who are here, — you, the educated and cultivated portion of the citizenship, — you have the duty to educate the people. Educate them to be Christian — educate them to be Italian. Education gives liberty — education gives to the people the means and the power to secure and defend their own independence.

"On a strong and wholesome education of the people depend the liberty and greatness of Italy.

"Viva Victor Emanuel! Viva Italia! Viva Christianity!"

These words were uttered in the streets of Naples in 1860, but they constituted part of the Garibaldi programme for 1866. The other part of it was Venetia.

LORD PALMERSTON.

It is reported of Lord Palmerston, the late prime minister of England, that whenever he engaged a new cook, he used to say to him:—

"I wish you to prepare what is called a good table for my guests; but for *me*, there must always be a leg of mutton and an apple-pie."

This remark partly explains how it came to pass that a man nearly eighty-two years of age could perform the duties of chief ruler of an empire containing three hundred millions of people. An English prime minister is as much the ruler of the British empire as the President is of the United States; for, although everything is done in the queen's name, and every document of any importance requires her signature, still this is mere form; all the *work* is done by the minister, and he is far more responsible to parliament than to the sovereign. Besides performing the duties of minister, he also sits in parliament, where he has to defend his policy against the attacks of an eager and able opposition. Parliament assembles every afternoon at four o'clock, and often sits very late. It is not uncommon for the session to continue until two or three in the morning, and sometimes the sitting is prolonged until after sunrise. From the heat and excitement of parliament, the minister goes home, and, at ten the next morning, he is at his office in Downing Street to transact business.

A life like this Lord Palmerston led for fifty-seven years, supporting the animal man on such fare as roast mutton and apple pie. He could not have done it on turtle and venison, still less on our American hot bread, buckwheat cakes, and

fried meat. He took plenty of exercise too. When he was past seventy, he thought no more of a thirty-mile gallop of an afternoon, than a New York merchant does of walking home from Broad Street to Union Square. Often, when parliament was expected to sit late, he would dismiss his carriage, and, coming out of the house after midnight, would walk home alone, a distance of two miles, and "do" the distance in thirty minutes. There never was a brisker old gentleman. In the hunting season he usually went into the country, where he would follow the hounds as vigorously and as long as the youngest buck of them all.

I delight to mention these things, for there is nothing our keen business men more need to be reminded of than the necessity of taking care of the animal part of their nature. If a man wishes to keep a clear head, a good temper, a sound digestion, let him take a hint from Lord Palmerston, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Dr. Spring. It is not necessary to have a five-hundred-guinea hunter or a twenty-thousand-dollar trotting horse, or any horse at all. A game of ball, or a ramble with the children, will answer every purpose.

I saw Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons twenty years ago. That House presents a scene exceedingly different from an American legislative body, every member of which has a comfortable arm-chair, and a desk at which he writes his letters, his editorials, his pamphlets, or his speeches. In the House of Commons, the members sit on benches or settees; the ministerial members on one side, and the opposition members on the other; each division facing one another, and separated by a broad isle. The benches are arranged in long rows, each a little higher than the one before it, so that the members on the back seats can see over the heads of those in front. Every member sits with his hat on, which he removes only when he rises to speak, or when he has occasion to walk across the floor. The spectator in the gallery, therefore, looks down on a moving sea of black hat-crowns, instead of the distinguished countenances which he is anxious to examine. The gallery was then a small pen, at the back of the house, high up near the ceiling. It would hold about one hundred persons; and no one could

get admittance except upon the written order of a member; and a member could only grant one of these orders each evening. This was a great plague to the American minister, to whom Americans in London apply for these orders, and who could seldom get as many as were wanted. Some of our free and easy countrymen would plant themselves in the passage by which members enter the house, and there accost the first good-natured looking gentleman who passed along, and ask him for an order, which he would generally get. I saw O'Connell stopped for this purpose. He took a card from his pocket, and his remarkably broad-brimmed hat from his head, and wrote the order on the crown. O'Connell at that time, with his round, red face, and his large-skirted brown coat, looked the very picture of an Irish farmer, come to town to sell his crop of potatoes.

Lord Palmerston spoke that evening. He was then sixty years of age, and looked thirty-eight. His figure was rather slight and extremely elegant. There was nothing of the bluff, round, beer-drinking Briton in his appearance, and he was invariably dressed with care, — even to dandyism; which, I suppose, was the reason why he was called "Old Cupid." In this particular, he presented a contrast to his colleague, Lord John Russell, who, being very short, and having on clothes much too large for him, looked like a boy who had just put on his first frock-coat, which a prudent mother had insisted should allow for his growth. In the House of Commons there is seldom heard what we call oratory, — no vehemence, no flights of rhetoric, no sweeping gestures, no appeals to the feelings. The members simply *converse* together. That is to say, they speak in the tone and manner of conversation. If any one should get up in the House of Commons and try to show off his oratorical powers, he would very soon be informed, by coughs and satirical outcries, that he had brought his wares to the wrong market. Lord Palmerston was asked a question respecting a treaty with Portugal, with regard to the duty on wines. He rose, took off his hat, spoke ten minutes in a low tone, gave the information sought, made a little joke inaudible in the

gallery, at which the members laughed, then resumed his seat and put on his hat.

One great secret of his power was, that he could always make the house laugh. He had a quiet, homely way of joking, which no British audience could resist. Many of his comic illustrations were drawn from the "ring," all the slang and science of which he knew. I have no doubt that if he had been attacked in one of his midnight walks, by three unarmed men, not prize-fighters, he would have been able to knock down the first assailant, damage the second, and put to flight the third. I remember, in one of his speeches, a passage like this: —

"Gentlemen on the other side remind me of another sort of encounter familiar to us all. Tom Spring, hard pressed, cries out, '*You strike too high!*' Bob Clinch changes his tactics; whereupon Tom roars, '*You strike too low!*' I have the same ill luck: Let me strike high or low, I cannot please honorable members opposite."

If a party of Englishmen were afloat on a raft in the middle of the ocean, and no ship in sight, they could hardly help laughing at a comparison of that kind. Palmerston could always turn the laugh upon his opponents by some such rough joke, couched in the language of gentlemen.

He made a capital hit in 1853, when the cholera was ravaging the continent, and was expected to break out in England in the following spring. The situation, in fact, was precisely what it was in 1867; every one in Great Britain and America was fearful of the coming epidemic. In these circumstances, the clergy of Scotland united in petitioning the government to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, in order to avert the dreaded visitation. Lord Palmerston refused to grant the petition. He told the clergy of Scotland that the world was governed by natural laws, ordained of God, which must be obeyed; and that, therefore, it was useless to pray against the cholera while the Scottish towns were reeking with the filth which was the natural cause and nourishment of cholera. He advised them to go to work and purify those towns, especially the dwellings of the poor. His

words were so appropriate to our circumstances at all times that we will quote them :—

“Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to *deserve* that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring, in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive people.”

The common sense of the people sustained him in this bold and wise reply. It is greatly to be hoped that we also may be wise enough, “between the present time and the beginning of next spring,” to act upon Lord Palmerston’s suggestion.

What a prodigious sum of experience lies buried in the grave of this old minister! Born in 1784, just as the American revolution had closed, he could remember the later phases of the French revolution, which grew out of ours. He was at school with Lord Byron. When, as a young man of twenty-one, he entered parliament, Napoleon had not yet reached the summit of his career. As secretary of war, he assisted to conduct the vast military operations which ended in the battle of Waterloo, and the final overthrow of Napoleon. He served four British sovereigns, and terminated his career by holding, for six years, the highest post a subject can reach. At the time of his death he was still the most popular man in England.

He was very far, indeed, from being a great man; but he was an exceedingly skilful politician. No man knew better than he when to resist public opinion and when to yield to it. He owed his long success in public life chiefly to this.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN THE UNITED STATES.

LOUIS XIII., King of France, was a married man twenty-three years before children were born to him. During the last five years of his life he became the father of two princes, the elder of whom succeeded him on the throne as Louis XIV. From Louis XIV. were descended Louis XV., Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. There is also somewhere in Europe an elderly gentleman, who, by virtue of his descent from the same king, considers himself entitled to reign over France, and would immediately place himself on the throne — if he could. His title, I believe, if he ever reigns, will be Henry V.

The younger son of Louis XIII., created Duke of Orleans, was also the progenitor of a line of princes, the eldest son always inheriting the same title. Thus, during the last two hundred years, the royal family of France has consisted of two branches, called respectively the reigning branch and the Orleans branch, both of which were descended directly from the great king, Henry IV., who was the father of Louis XIII.

These Orleans princes became, in the course of four or five generations, immensely rich, — the richest family in France, if not in Europe. One Duke of Orleans gave away in charity every year, a quarter of a million francs; two others were the scandal of Christendom for extravagance and debauchery, and still their estates increased. It happened, curiously enough, that a virtuous Duke of Orleans usually had a very dissolute son, and a dissolute duke a virtuous son, so that what one squandered the next heir made up by economy. Philippe, brother of Louis XIV., was tolerably steady; his son, Philippe, Regent of France, was one of the most shameless roués, gluttons, and

wine-bibbers that ever lived; *his* son, Louis, was a downright devotee and bigot; *his* son, Louis Philippe, was not what we should call a moral man, but he was very moral for the France of that day, exceedingly charitable, and a most liberal patron of art and literature; *his* son, Louis Philippe Joseph, was that notorious debauchee and pretended democrat who figured in the first years of the French revolution as "Egalité." Despite his renunciation of his rank and title, despite his having voted for the execution of the king, he, too, became a victim of the guillotine.

The reader remembers, perhaps, the scene at the execution of this man. He was carried on a cart past his own palace, through a dense crowd of people who hooted him as he went by. He replied to the vociferations of the mob with gestures of impatient contempt. On the scaffold the executioners attempted to pull off his long and handsome riding boots, which were tight to his legs.

"No, no," said he, "you will get them off more easily *afterwards*. Make haste! make haste!"

These were the last words of the Duke of Orleans. By his death his eldest son, according to the ancient laws of France, became the possessor of his title and of his enormous estates. That son was Louis Philippe, then aged twenty years, destined one day to reign over the French people. As his father had been dissolute, it was the turn of the new Duke of Orleans to be virtuous; and so he was.

But where was the young prince when his father made the remark concerning his tight boots just quoted? The same decree which condemned that father to death confiscated his estates, declared his children enemies of France, and offered a reward for the arrest of the eldest, who alone was free. Long before, he had disappeared from view, and scarcely a soul in Europe, knew the place of his retreat.

On the day of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, a young man called M. Chabaud-Latour sat in a room of a boarding school in Switzerland, teaching geography and arithmetic to successive classes of boys. He had been recommended to the principal of the school by a French nobleman, and had been employed for

several months in the school as a teacher. When the news reached this sequestered place of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, the young teacher learned that he was fatherless, for M. Chabaud-Latour was no other than the duke's eldest son. Admonished soon after of the necessity of removing further from France, he resigned his place, and left the school, bearing with him a certificate of good conduct. Not a person in the establishment suspected that he was any other than M. Chabaud-Latour, a virtuous youth, willing to earn an honest livelihood by labor.

From this point I shall follow mainly the narrative of his adventures as given by King Louis Philippe to the American Minister at his court, the late Lewis Cass.

Secretly supplied with money by old friends of his family, he changed his name to Corby, and made an extensive tour in Sweden and Norway, away from the turmoil of European politics, going as far as the most northern point of Europe. Once, and once only, he heard his ancestral name pronounced. Having spent a day in the country with the family at whose house he boarded (in Christiana, Norway), just as they were about to summon their vehicles to return to the town, a young man of the party cried out in French:—

"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!"

Penetrated with alarm, the prince had self-control enough not to betray any agitation, and, seeing that the young man did not look at him, he ventured to inquire in a careless tone, why he had called the Duke of Orleans' carriage, and what relations he had with the duke.

"None," replied the youth; "but when I was at Paris, whenever we came from the opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, 'The carriage of the Duke of Orleans.' I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation."

The prince, as may be imagined, was much relieved by this explanation.

After an extensive tour in Lapland he returned to Denmark, where he received an important message from his mother. She informed him that the French Directory had engaged to restore

her property and release her two younger sons from prison, provided she would induce her oldest son to go to the United States, where, if they chose, his brothers could join him. Certain that he would comply with the condition, she concluded her letter with these words: —

“May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity.”

He began his reply with this sentence: —

“When my dear mother shall receive this letter her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States.”

Passing for a Dane, the prince went to Hamburg, and applied to the captain of an American ship for passage to Philadelphia for himself and a servant. The captain strongly objected to taking the servant, who, he said, would be of no use on the voyage, and would certainly run away as soon as he reached America. It was only after much persuasion that the captain could be induced to take him. Having secured this point, the prince next asked to be allowed to reside on board the ship until it sailed. The captain gave a reluctant consent, and the prince, glad of so safe a hiding-place, went on board.

September 24, 1796, the ship sailed, and after an agreeable voyage of twenty-seven days, cast anchor before Philadelphia. Before saying good-by to the honest captain, the prince told him who he was. The captain informed the prince, in return, that he had conceived a very unfavorable impression of him; and, after puzzling a good deal over the matter, had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had cheated at cards, and was obliged to fly.

The prince found lodgings in Philadelphia, in Walnut Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, at the house of a clergyman, and there he lived while awaiting the arrival of his brothers. They had a passage of ninety-three days, but arrived safely at length, and the three brothers, after so long and eventful a separation, had a joyful meeting. As there was now no occasion for concealment, the princes, although they claimed no rank on

account of their birth; mingled in the society of Philadelphia without disguise. President Washington entertained them often, and invited them to visit him at Mount Vernon. They were present at the inauguration of John Adams, when General Washington laid aside, and his successor assumed, the cares of state.

Of all those scenes, of the persons he knew, and the places he visited, King Louis Philippe retained the most distinct recollection forty years after, mentioning to General Cass a large number of familiar Philadelphia names.

From Philadelphia the three princes set out in the spring of 1797, for an extensive tour in the South and West. On their way to Mount Vernon they passed through the forest which then grew on the site of the city of Washington. At Mount Vernon they spent several days. The king told General Cass that Washington was rather silent and reserved, extremely methodical in laying out his time, and careful not to waste it. He allowed all his guests complete liberty. After breakfast every one rode, hunted, fished, rambled, read, or wrote, just as he pleased until dinner-time brought them all together again, when each related the adventures of the day. The host provided liberally the means of enjoyment, and left everybody free to select his own pastime.

"How did you sleep, general?" asked the Duke of Orleans one morning of the master of the house.

"I always sleep well," replied General Washington, "for I never wrote a word in my life which I had afterwards cause to regret."

Before the departure of the princes, General Washington prepared for them with his own hands a plan or map of their western journey, furnished them with letters of introduction to gentlemen on the route, and gave them instruction in the art of travelling through the wilderness, which no man living understood better than he. Nor were these young men ill-prepared for such a journey. Their education had been superintended by the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who accustomed them to hardship, had them instructed in carpentry, surgery, and medicine, caused them to be taught to swim, ride, march, camp out, and live on the scantiest fare. While still in the enjoyment of

his rank at home, the duke had saved a poor man from drowning, and received in reward a crown of oak leaves. She had them taught, also, to keep accounts; and the king told General Cass that he still possessed, in 1835, a book containing an exact account of all the expenditures of the party during their residence in the United States.

The journey lasted all the summer. The princes rode on horseback, carrying all their baggage in their saddle-bags, and camping in the woods when there was no house near. There was one period during which they camped out for fourteen successive nights. The king remembered the incidents of this long tour, and even the names of the landlords who entertained him, as though it had been a recent excursion. He related that at Winchester, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, a democratic inn-keeper turned them out of his house because (one of them being sick) they asked the privilege of eating by themselves.

"If you are too good," roared this despotic democrat, "to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house. Begone!"

Despito the instant apology of the Duke of Orleans, the landlord insisted on their going, and they were compelled to seek other quarters.

Another landlord, whose hotel was a log-cabin of one room, was very urgent for them to buy land in the neighborhood, and was totally unable to comprehend what their object could be in travelling so far, if they did not intend to settle. It was in vain they explained to him that they merely wished to see the country. He let them know very plainly that he looked upon them as little better than fools, and seemed to pity them as persons unfit to manage their own affairs. In another log-tavern of a single apartment, wherein the guests slept on the floor, and the landlord and his wife on the only bedstead, the duke overheard the landlord, in the night, saying to his wife what a pity it was that three such promising young men should be roaming about the country without object, instead of buying land in that settlement and establishing themselves respectably. At another tavern the duke remonstrated with the landlady for not attending to their wants. She replied that there was a show in the

village, the first show ever seen in that country, and she was not going to stay at home herself, nor require any one else to stay, to wait on anybody ; not she, indeed !

After journeying as far west as Nashville, they returned by way of Niagara Falls, and reached Philadelphia brown, robust, and penniless. So poor were they, for a time, that they could not remove from Philadelphia during the prevalence of the yellow fever. When they received remittances, they resided for a while at New York, where they became well acquainted with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, John Jay, Governor Clinton, and others, whom the king well remembered.

JULIUS CÆSAR.



LOUIS NAPOLEON not long ago gave the world the first volume of a Life of Julius Cæsar, the obvious design of which is to justify his own conduct in seizing the throne of France. The subject was well chosen for his purpose, but he should have published it in another man's name, for no one much regards what an accused person has to say in his own defence. It is better for a criminal to employ a skilful advocate than to plead his own cause. We must own, however, that there *are* points of resemblance both between Cæsar and the first Napoleon, and between Augustus, his successor, and Napoleon III.

Caius Julius Cæsar, born July 12th, one hundred years before Christ, owed his first popularity among the people of Rome to the fact that, though born to noble rank, he joined the party opposed to the ancient aristocracy. He courted the people by giving them gladiatorial shows and public banquets, in which he wasted his estate and involved himself in enormous debts. Advanced, at an early age, to public office, and holding a seat in the Senate, he employed his power and cast his vote on the popular side, and was held in great esteem by the people before he had dazzled them by victories in the field. Nature appeared not to have formed him for a warrior; for, in early life, he was slender and of weakly constitution, and seemed chiefly to desire distinction as an orator and political leader. Napoleon, also, was of so diminutive a figure, so pale, thin, and insignificant looking, that, one day, in presenting himself in uniform to the lady whom he was courting, she burst into the most immoderate laughter at the ludicrous contrast between his appearance and his martial costume. Napoleon, too, began his career as a

radical republican, and served first in the armies of the Republic.

Cæsar was thirty-six years of age before he had commanded an army. His military career lasted eighteen years, during which he conquered part of Spain, the whole of France, a large portion of Germany, and made two incursions into Great Britain. As a general, he strikingly resembles Napoleon, especially in the astonishing rapidity of his movements, and in his tact in securing the confidence, the homage, the enthusiastic devotion of his troops. His tactics in war, and his policy after triumph, were precisely those of Napoleon. When, by swift marches, by skilful and unexpected concentrations of force, he had overwhelmed and paralyzed the enemy, and the conquered country lay before him despairing and utterly helpless, then he was accustomed to conquer anew by clemency, by offering peace on terms unexpectedly favorable, by heaping honors and bounties on the chiefs. There never was a greater general. After the closest study of the campaigns of both, we should be inclined to accord to Cæsar and Napoleon equal rank as soldiers, but for the fact that Napoleon was Cæsar's *pupil*. At college, Napoleon studied Cæsar's tactics, and in the field he applied them to modern circumstances, methods, and weapons. Cæsar was his master in everything; but it is only a giant that can tread in a giant's footsteps. Only a man of genius can be truly the pupil of a man of genius.

After more than ten years of conquest, Cæsar, the idol of his soldiers and of the Roman people, was still regarded with jealous hatred by the aristocratic faction at Rome, the head of which was Pompey, a great soldier, but a weak, vain, ambitious man. This faction, at length, drove from the Senate and from the city Cæsar's leading friends, who fled toward the camp of their chief. "The die is cast," exclaimed Cæsar. He led his veteran legions across the Rubicon, and made open war upon Pompey. Two short, swift, and masterly campaigns sufficed for the total destruction of his enemies, and Pompey himself was slain, and his head brought to Cæsar. The victor was as clement in this new triumph as he had been when warring against the Germans and the Gauls. The chiefs of the aristocratic party

were promptly pardoned, and many of them were placed in high commands. Brutus, who had served under Cæsar, and who had sided with Pompey, was one of those whom Cæsar forgave, and advanced to the governorship of a province. Of all the host who had been in arms against him, not one man was executed, nor the estate of one man confiscated, — the aim of the conqueror being to restore peace to his distracted country, that he might at once begin the execution of his still vaster designs.

Julius Cæsar, at the age of forty-seven, was master of the greater part of the Roman world. The ancient forms of republican government were carefully preserved; but not the less was the whole power of the state wielded by one man. He appeared to desire to use his power for the good of the country. He built temples, established new military posts, sent forth colonies, restored the cities injured in the civil wars, corrected the calendar, projected a survey of the empire, and a codification of the laws. But he was not satisfied with these peaceful conquests. He seemed, as Plutarch remarks, as jealous of his old renown as though that renown belonged to another man, and he burned for new triumphs, so dazzling that they should cast into the shade all his previous achievements. Aiming at nothing less than the subjection of the world to his imperial sway, he prepared to transport his legions to the remotest frontiers of the empire, and saw, in prospect, the whole earth under Roman laws and institutions, governed by Roman lieutenants, all owning allegiance to the central power — himself. This was Napoleon's error too. Napoleon appeared entirely great until he assumed the trivialities of the imperial dignity, and pretended to give away kingdoms. It is the error natural to men whose talents are immense, and whose souls are little.

In the plenitude of his power, Cæsar became haughty, irritable, harsh toward the nobles, impatient of contradiction, restless. He needlessly wounded the self-love of those who served him, — an error he had never committed when he was climbing to the throne of the world, — an error which truly great men never knowingly commit. In the midst of the execution of his gigantic schemes, a conspiracy was formed against him, which aimed at his life. Of the men engaged in it, all but Brutus

seem to have been actuated by personal and petty motives. Some of them were offended that an old comrade should have attained such a height above them. Some had grudges to avenge, and others hoped to rise upon the ruins of his power. Brutus alone appears to have thought that the death of the despot would restore to Rome its ancient liberty, and it was his name that gave something of dignity to the plot.

The spring of the year forty-four, B. C., arrived. Rome was all astir with the departing legions and the noise of the dictator's mighty schemes. Cæsar still walked the streets of Rome unattended, and had no guard about his house, nor any escort when he went to the senate-house. Rumors were industriously circulated that he meant to assume the title of king — a name of horror to the Romans. True he had thrice refused the proffered crown, in the sight of the people; but many imagined, and Brutus among them, that he had refused it as a woman often refuses the thing she covets most, — refused it that it might be the more strenuously thrust upon him.

On the morning of the ides (the 15th) of March, Cæsar entered the senate-house. The Senate rose, as usual, to do him honor. He took his usual seat. On the pretence of asking the recall of a man whom he had banished, the conspirators gathered round his chair. He gave them, at length, a positive denial, and, as they continued their importunities, he grew angry. One of the men then seized the collar of his robe and drew it off his shoulders, which was the preconcerted signal of attack. Another, with nerveless hand, struck at his neck with his sword, inflicting a slight wound. Cæsar, astonished, laid his hand upon his sword, and said: —

“Villain! Casca! what do you mean?”

At once the whole party drew their swords, and Cæsar saw himself hedged about with bristling points. He stood at bay, with his drawn sword, and defended himself as became him, until Brutus thrust his sword into his groin. Then, it is said, he uttered the memorable words: —

“Thou, too, Brutus!”

and, dropping the point of his sword, gave up the struggle, and fell pierced with twenty-three wounds.

Fifteen years of civil war followed the assassination of Julius Cæsar. At the time of his death, his nephew, Octavius, a youth of nineteen, was travelling with his tutor. No one supposed that this young man would so much as dare to come to Rome to claim his uncle's private estate. He boldly appeared, however, and joined in the strife for the slain emperor's power. Some of his rivals he overcame by management and flattery; others were destroyed by their own vices; some he overthrew in battle; and, at length, assuming the title of Augustus, he wielded the whole authority of Cæsar, and ruled the vast Roman empire peacefully and ably for forty years. He, too, respected and preserved the ancient forms of the republic. Under him a body called the Senate still held its sessions, and men styled consuls were elected. But Augustus was, in fact, absolute sovereign of the civilized world.

This is the man with whom Louis Napoleon desires to be compared. Like him, he is called the nephew of his imperial predecessor; but Cæsar had only adopted the father of Octavius as his relative, and upon Louis Napoleon's kinship with Napoleon doubts have been cast. Augustus won his throne by a strange mixture of cruelty, cunning, and audacity. Louis Napoleon's throne was gained by craft more than by courage; it was founded in perjury and blood. He will, perhaps, endeavor to show, by and by, that France could be saved from anarchy only by destroying its liberty. So, doubtless, Julius Cæsar reasoned, and so the first Napoleon.

The answer is simple: they never *tried* to save order *and* liberty. They attempted only the easier task of concentrating all power in their own hands. Theirs was the small ambition of founding a dynasty, and not the grand ambition of regenerating a country. With all their amazing gifts, history pronounces them little men, because they employed their gifts for an object beneath a great man, — their own glory.

To my mind, poor Charles Goodyear, battling with India-rubber, carrying his pot of lime up Broadway to Greenwich village, wrestling with his material for ten years till he had sub-

duced it to a thousand useful purposes, is a more august figure, than any of the Cæsars or either Napoleon. Nevertheless, while the majority of mankind are sunk in ignorance and superstition, Cæsars and Napoleons are inevitable. As a choice of evils, they are sometimes even to be desired. The school-master and the newspaper, good books and enlightened men will gradually render them, first unnecessary and then impossible.

PRESIDENT MADISON'S MARRIED LIFE.

DOROTHY PAYNE, who was the wife of President Madison, was the daughter of a Virginia planter, though she was not herself born in Virginia. It was while her parents were on a visit to some friends in North Carolina, in 1769, that her mother gave birth to the infant who was destined to have so remarkable and distinguished a career. Soon after this event, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, having conscientious scruples with regard to the holding of slaves, set theirs free, joined the Quakers, gave up their plantation, and removed to Philadelphia. Their daughter, Dorothy, was brought up in the strict tenets and sober habits of the Friends, and, when she was twenty years of age, married a young lawyer, of that persuasion, named Todd. Three years after, her husband died, leaving her the mother of a son, with little provision for their future maintenance.

At this time her mother was also a widow, and was living in Philadelphia in such narrow circumstances that she was compelled to add to her little income by taking boarders. Mrs. Todd went to reside with her mother, and assisted her in the care of her house. She was one of the most beautiful young women in Philadelphia. I have before me a portrait, taken of her in early life, which fully justifies her reputation for beauty. Her figure was nobly proportioned, and her face had the robust charms of a fresh and vigorous country girl. After her husband's death she laid aside the prim garments and the serious demeanor of the Quakers, and gave free play to the natural gaiety of her disposition. Indeed, she formally ceased to be a Quakeress, and attended the more fashionable Episcopal Church. Dolly Todd, as she was then called, had considerable celebrity

in Philadelphia, both for the charms of her person and the liveliness of her conversation.

Among her mother's boarders at this time were several members of Congress, to whom, of course, the young widow made herself as agreeable as she could. Aaron Burr, then a senator of the United States, was one of these boarders, and James Madison, a member of the House of Representatives from Virginia, was another.

Mr. Madison was considered by the ladies as a confirmed old bachelor, since he had attained the age of forty-three without having yielded to the allurements of the sex. He was the last man in the world, as his friends thought, to be captivated by a dashing young widow. Of all the public men who have figured in public life in the United States he was the most studious and thoughtful. The eldest son of a rich Virginia planter, he was yet so devoted to the acquisition of knowledge that, for months together at Princeton College, he allowed himself but three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, — an excess which injured his health for all the rest of his life. He appeared to live wholly in the world of ideas. Daniel Webster reckoned him the ablest expounder of the constitution, and Thomas Jefferson pronounced him the best head in Virginia. Without being a brilliant orator, he was an excellent argumentative speaker, and always conciliated the feelings of his opponents by the gentleness of his demeanor and the courtesy of his language. His bearing and address were remarkably simple and modest. He was always dressed in a suit of black, and looked more like a quiet student, busy only with his thoughts and his books, than a statesman of a young republic. One trait of character alone seemed to fit him for the companionship of Dolly Todd. He was a merry man, with a keen relish for every kind of innocent fun, and told a story extremely well.

Aaron Burr in his old age (so one of his friends told me) used to boast that he "made the match" between James Madison and Mrs. Todd. However that may be, they were married in 1794, when Mr. Madison was forty-three, and Mrs. Todd twenty-five. Her little son, aged five years, never had a rival in his mother's affections, since no children blessed their union.

A few years after the marriage, when Thomas Jefferson came to the presidency, Mr. Madison was appointed secretary of state,—an office which he continued to hold for eight years, during which Mrs. Madison was the centre of a brilliant circle of society in Washington. The gossips of the day were of opinion that her influence over her husband was greater than it should have been, and that it was sometimes her voice which decided appointments and influenced measures.

In 1809 Mr. Madison became the President of the United States, and his vivacious and beautiful wife enjoyed, for the next eight years, a splendid theatre for the exhibition of her charms.

It was during her husband's second term that the interesting event of her life occurred. In August, 1814, the news came to Washington that a British army had landed on the coast, within a hundred miles of the capital. A few days later the president and his cabinet were flying toward Virginia, while Mrs. Madison sat at a window of the presidential mansion, listening to the distant thunder of cannon on the disastrous field of Bladensburg. She held a telescope in her hands, with which she looked anxiously down the road by which her husband was expected to return; but she could see nothing but squads of militia wandering about without purpose or command. At the door of the house a carriage stood, filled with plate and papers, ready to leave at an instant's warning. The Mayor of Washington visited her in the course of that terrible afternoon, and advised her to leave the city; but she calmly refused, and said she would not leave her abode without the president's orders. A messenger from him at length arrived, bearing a note, written hurriedly with a lead-pencil, telling her to fly.

Among the precious articles in the White House was the fine portrait of Washington taken by Stewart from life. She seized a carving-knife from the table, cut the picture out of its frame, rolled it up, hurried with it into the carriage, and drove away. At Georgetown, two miles from the city, she met the president and cabinet, who were assembled on the banks of the Potomac about to cross. There was but one little boat on the shore, in which only three persons at a time could trust themselves. The president assigned to Mrs. Madison nine cavalymen, and di-

rected her to meet him on the following day at a certain tavern sixteen miles from Georgetown. In the dusk of the evening she began her march, accompanied by two or three ladies, while the president and his companions were rowed across the river.

When the British officers entered the president's house that evening, they found the dinner-table spread for forty guests, the president having invited a large dinner-party for that day. The wine was cooling on the sideboard; the plates were warming by the fire; the knives, forks, and spoons were arranged upon the snowy table-cloth. In the kitchen, joints of meat were roasting on spits before the fire; saucepans full of vegetables were steaming upon the range, and everything was in a state of forwardness for a substantial banquet. The officers sat down to the table, devoured the dinner, and concluded the entertainment by setting fire to the house. It was a terrible night. The capitol was burned, the treasury building, the president's house, all the principal public buildings, and the navy yard.

It was not until the evening of the following day that Mrs. Madison, in the midst of a violent storm of thunder, wind, and rain, approached the tavern to which the president had directed her. He had not yet arrived, and the landlady, terrified by the events around her, had barred the doors, and refused to admit the drenched and exhausted ladies. The troopers were obliged to force an entrance. Two hours later, the President of the United States reached the house, wet, hungry, and fatigued. The landlady could provide them with nothing but some bread and cold meat; after partaking of which they retired to a miserable bed, not without fears that the next morning would find them prisoners of the British general. It happened, however, that the English troops retired even more rapidly than they had advanced, and in a few days the president and his wife returned to Washington, which was still smoking from the recent conflagration. They found the best lodgings they could, and the government was soon performing its accustomed duties.

We have a pleasing glimpse of Mrs. Madison, in an old number of the "National Intelligencer," in which the editor describes the scene at the president's house on the evening when the news of peace arrived, in February, 1815:—

"Late in the afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of the good news. Cheers followed the carriage as it sped its way to the residence of the president. Soon after nightfall, members of Congress and others deeply interested in the event presented themselves at the president's house, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing-room at about eight o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity, Mrs. Madison (the president being with the cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion. And what a happy scene it was! Among the members present were gentlemen of opposite politics, but lately arrayed against one another in continual conflict and fierce debate, now with elated spirits thanking God, and with softened hearts cordially felicitating one another upon the joyful intelligence which (should the terms of the treaty prove acceptable) should re-establish peace. But the most conspicuous object in the room, the observed of all observers, was Mrs. Madison herself, then in the meridian of life and queenly beauty. She was in her person, for the moment, the representative of the feelings of him who was in grave consultation with his official advisers. No one could doubt, who beheld the radiance of joy which lighted up her countenance and diffused its beams around, that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the government of the country had, in very truth (to use an expression of Mr. Adams on a very different occasion), 'passed from gloom to glory.' With a grace all her own, to her visitors she reciprocated heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious and happy change in the aspect of public affairs; dispensing with liberal hand to every individual in the large assembly the proverbial hospitalities of that house."

From 1817 to 1836, when her husband died, she lived in retirement at Mr. Madison's seat in Virginia, dispensing a liberal hospitality, and cheering her husband's life by her gayety and humor. Her last years were spent in the city of Washington. She retained much of her beauty and vivacious grace to her eightieth year, and was much courted by the frequenters of the capital. She died in the year 1849, aged eighty-two.

JOHN A. SUTTER,
AND THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

PEOPLE often say what they would do if they should find a gold mine; evidently supposing that a man who finds a gold mine is made rich of course. But this, it appears, is not always the case. Neither the man who discovered gold in California, nor the man upon whose land it was discovered, have been benefited by it. On the contrary, the discovery ruined them both, and both are to-day poor men.

John A. Sutter, the son of Swiss parents, was born in 1803, at Baden, where he was reared and expensively educated. In early life he obtained a commission in the French army, in which he rose to the rank of captain, and remained in the service until he was thirty years of age. A number of his Swiss friends and relations, in 1833, formed a company with a view to emigration to some part of the United States suited to wine-growing; and they selected Captain Sutter to go to America and choose a location for the colony. He arrived in New York, upon this errand, in July, 1834.

Proceeding to the State of Missouri, he chose a place for the colony in a region unpopulated, if, indeed, it had been explored, and he was making preparations for the coming of his friends, when a sad mishap frustrated the enterprise. Captain Sutter brought with him a considerable capital, with which he was to begin a settlement, erect buildings, and get a piece of land under cultivation. Unfortunately, a steamboat, loaded with implements and stores, timber and other materials, for the projected establishment, was sunk in the Mississippi river, and proved a total loss. Being thus compelled to postpone the scheme of colonization, and being of an adventurous turn of mind, he made a tour in New Mexico. There he met some

hunters and trappers who had visited Upper California, and they gave him such a captivating description of that beautiful and romantic country, that he determined to go thither himself.

In March, 1838, he joined a party of the American Fur Company, and travelled with them to the Rocky Mountains; and thence, with six mounted men, he crossed the range and made his way to Fort Vancouver, in Oregon. As there was no mode of getting down the coast to California, he took passage in a vessel bound to the Sandwich Islands. At Honolulu he waited five months, during which not a single vessel sailed for San Francisco. He then accepted a situation as supercargo in a vessel which was to land stores at Sitka, an island which forms part of what was till recently Russian America, but which, I presume, will soon rejoice in another name. From Sitka the vessel proceeded along the coast, and was driven into the port of San Francisco in distress.

Captain Sutter announced his intention to remain in the country to the Mexican governor, from whom he obtained a grant of land. After many adventures and tantalizing delays, he landed a schooner-load of effects on the Sacramento river, near the site of the present city of Sacramento, and there began to build the stockade afterwards so famous as Sutter's Fort. He was then thirty-six years of age, and had been in America five years. His colony consisted of six white men, adventurers from various parts of the world, and eight Indians. In the following year eight more white men straggled in and joined him, so that the population of the district consisted of fourteen white men, eight friendly Indians, and some hundreds of roving savages. Every season, however, brought in a few recruits.

The colony prospered. Besides cultivating the soil, Captain Sutter and his comrades sent hides to San Francisco, for exportation to the United States, and the port became a depot of furs purchased from the wandering trappers and hunters. The land granted to Captain Sutter consisted of eleven square leagues, and he named his settlement New Helvetia.

Many a worn and starving band of emigrants from the United States were relieved and entertained at Captain Sutter's. One example of this hospitality tells a terrible story of the sufferings

endured at that day in crossing the plains. A man came in one morning and reported that his comrades were some miles distant in the desert country, dying of starvation. Sutter instantly loaded a few of his best mules with provisions, and despatched them to the relief of the perishing band, under the guidance of two Indians. The starving party was so large that the supplies were insufficient. After consuming the provisions, they killed the mules and ate them; then they killed the two Indians and devoured them; and even after that, when some of their own number fell exhausted, they ate them. This is almost too much for belief. I relate it upon the authority of Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, President of the Travellers' Club of this city, who had the story from Captain Sutter himself, and who has recently published a work upon the discovery of gold in California, from which most of these particulars are derived.

The war with Mexico ended in our acquisition of California. As early as March, 1847, the flag of the United States floated over San Francisco, and troops of the United States garrisoned the town.

In 1848 Captain Sutter was the owner of eleven leagues of land, upon which he had erected various costly improvements. He had a flour-mill, supplied by a mill-race three miles long, which had cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He had expended ten thousand dollars in the erection of a saw-mill. One thousand acres of his land were verdant with young wheat. He owned eight thousand cattle, two thousand horses and mules, two thousand sheep, and one thousand hogs. Besides possessing all this property, he had been appointed alcalde of the district by Commodore Stockton, and Indian agent by General Kearney. He was monarch of all he surveyed, and was held in high respect, both by his colonists and by the United States officers stationed in the Territory. This was his position on the day gold was discovered on his land.

One of the men in his employment was James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, who, after long wanderings on the Pacific coast, had enlisted under Colonel Fremont, in the California battalion, from which, at the close of the war, he was honorably discharged. As he was an excellent mechanic,

he obtained employment from Captain Sutter. It was he who superintended the building of the saw-mill just mentioned, which was situated at a point forty miles east of Sutter's fort. In January, 1848, the mill being nearly complete, they had begun to saw timber, Marshall still being the superintendent.

In the evening of February 2, 1848, James Marshall suddenly rode into the fort, — his horse foaming, and both horse and rider spattered all over with mud. The man was laboring under wild excitement. Meeting Captain Sutter, he asked to be conducted to a room where they could converse alone. The astonished Sutter complied with his desire, and they entered a secluded apartment. Marshall closed the door, and asked Captain Sutter if he was certain they were safe from intrusion, and begged him to lock the door. The honest Sutter began to think the man was mad, and was a little alarmed at the idea of being locked in with a maniac. He assured Marshall that they were safe from interruption. Satisfied, at length, upon this point, he took from his pocket a pouch, from which he poured upon the table half a thimble-full of yellow grains of metal, with the exclamation that he thought they were gold.

"Where did you get it?" asked Captain Sutter.

Marshall replied, that, early that morning, the water being shut off from the mill-race, as usual, he noticed, in passing along, shining particles scattered about on the bottom. He picked up several, and, finding them to be metal, the thought had burst upon his mind that they might be gold. Having gathered about an ounce of them, he had mounted his horse and ridden forty miles to impart the momentous secret to his employer, and bring the yellow substance to some scientific test.

Captain Sutter was at first disposed to laugh at his excited friend. Among his stores, however, he happened to have a bottle of aqua-fortis, and the action of this powerful acid upon the yellow particles at once proved them to be pure gold!

The excitement of this moment can be imagined. Marshall proposed that Captain Sutter should immediately mount and ride back with him to the saw-mill; but, as it was raining hard, the night dark, and the mill forty miles distant, Captain

Sutter preferred to wait till daylight. Marshall, however could not be restrained. He set out immediately on his return. At the dawn of day, Sutter started; and, when he was within ten miles of the saw-mill, he saw before him, coming out of some bushes, a dark object which he took to be a grisly bear, but which proved to be James Marshall!

"What are you doing here?" asked Sutter.

Marshall replied that he had been to the saw-mill, but was so impatient to see the captain, that he had walked back ten miles to meet him. They went on together to the mill, and found all the laborers picking up the shining particles from the bottom of the race. Captain Sutter did not relish the prospect. He soon satisfied himself that gold, in considerable quantities, existed in the neighborhood, but as the harvest was coming on, and some of his improvements were unfinished, he feared lest his men should leave him in the lurch, and all go to gold-digging. Calling his men around him, he explained his situation, and they agreed to keep the matter a secret for six weeks, when the harvest would be gathered. But such a secret cannot be kept. A teamster, going from the mill to the fort, and wishing something to drink, went to a store and asked for a bottle of whiskey. As the teamster's credit was not high in the country, the store-keeper intimated that whiskey was a cash article. The man said he had plenty of money, and immediately showed some grains of the precious metal which he had brought from the saw-mill. The store-keeper, having satisfied himself that the yellow particles were indeed gold, supplied the whiskey, at the same time begging the man to tell where he had got it. The teamster, at first, refused to reveal the secret, but the whiskey soon unloosed his tongue, and he related the whole story.

The rush that followed is well known. All California hurried to the spot. Sutter's harvest was never gathered. His oxen, hogs, and sheep were stolen by hungry men and devoured. No hands could be procured to run the mills. His lands were squatted upon and dug over, and he wasted his remaining substance in fruitless litigation to recover it.

VALENTINE MOTT.

ON that Saturday morning, when the news of the assassination of President Lincoln struck horror and dismay to the minds of the people of New York, Dr. Valentine Mott, the most eminent surgeon America has produced, was seated in his dressing-room under the hands of his barber. He had reached the age of eighty years, but was still hale and vigorous. Though retired from practice, he was occasionally induced to perform an operation, and his hand appeared to have lost little of its steadiness or skill. Four times during the last winter he had operated for rigidity of the lower jaw; he had used the knife that very week, and was under an engagement to remove an enlarged cancer of the breast. The doctor was an unusually handsome old gentleman, of erect and finely developed frame, his countenance well defined and healthy-looking, and his hair as white as snow. As he appeared in the streets, clad in his suit of spotless black, his linen as snowy as his hair, he looked the very picture of that character which is so much admired, "a gentleman of the old school."

It has been a custom with barbers, from time immemorial, to discourse with their patrons of the news of the day. The barber of Dr. Mott at once began to speak of the awful news of that morning. The doctor, who had heard nothing of it, was overwhelmed with the intelligence. He turned as pale as death. Rising from his chair, he staggered to an adjoining room in search of his wife. "My dear," said he, "I have received such a shock, — President Lincoln has been murdered." Having uttered these words, he sat down, still deadly pale, and so feeble that he could scarcely keep his seat. He was soon seized with acute pains in the back, and appeared to be overtaken,

all at once, with the weakness usually attached to fourscore. From that time, he continued to grow feebler every hour, and, after lingering ten days, breathed his last, — a victim of the same blow that robbed the nation of its chief.

Dr. Mott was born at Glen Cove, on Long Island, in 1785, only fifteen months after the final ratification of the treaty which acknowledged the independence of the United States; so that he was almost as old as the nation. His father, Henry Mott, was also a physician, an old New York practitioner, who died at the age of eighty-three. After the usual course of medical study at Columbia College, he obtained his degree in his twenty-first year, and sailed for Europe to continue his studies. At that time, owing to the severity of the laws against body-snatching, and the intense hostility of the people to the dissection of the dead, it was impossible in New York to procure the requisite means of studying the human frame. Bodies were occasionally obtained from the prisons and almshouses, but even these were granted reluctantly, and, at that day, they were very few in number. Hence the necessity which compelled a young man, ambitious to rise high in his profession, to repair to the medical schools of Paris, London, and Edinburgh.

Dr. Mott spent three years abroad, and faithfully improved his time. A surgeon, however, like a poet, is born, not made. That firmness and dexterity of hand, that boldness and resolution, that perfect eyesight, that strength of muscle, that calmness of nerve, and power of enduring a long drain upon the vitality, which are requisite in great surgical operations, are nature's own gift. Study may make a man a physician, but no man can be a great surgeon unless he is born for that vocation. In the hospitals of Europe, while still little more than a youth, Dr. Mott gave evidence of possessing the surgeon's peculiar organization. He performed several leading operations with so much success, that he returned home famous, and was at once appointed Professor of Surgery in Columbia College. From that time to the day of his death, a period of fifty-six years, he was a Professor of Surgery in New York. He was the first teacher of his art in this country to deliver bedside lectures to students, — a method extremely disagreeable to the patient whose dis-

eased body furnishes the subject of the lecture, but highly beneficial to the students.

He used to tell a story of the desperate risks that had to be incurred, fifty years ago, in getting bodies for dissection. To be merely found in possession of a human limb subjected a student to a long term of imprisonment; and such was the fury of the people against dissection, that, if a man escaped the severity of the law, he would be likely to incur a worse fate at the hands of a mob. Nevertheless, one dark night, in 1815, Dr. Mott and a number of his students braved all the terrors of the law and of the mob in their efforts to procure a winter's supply of "subjects." Dressed in the coarse and well-worn clothes of a laborer, he mounted a cart, and drove alone to a burying-ground some distance out of town. A band of students had been at work within the enclosure, and, by the time the cart arrived, they were ready with the load designed for it. Eleven bodies were quickly placed in the cart, and covered over in such a way as to lead passers-by to suppose that it was loaded with country produce. That done, the young men vanished into the night, leaving their professor to drive his cart to the college in Barclay street. In the dead of night he drove down Broadway, and reached the college unchallenged, where the band of students were ready to receive him. The load was promptly transferred to the dissecting-room, and the cart returned to its owner.

To a late period of his life he was accustomed, before performing an important operation, to experiment upon the dead body.

A story is told of his readiness in the lecture-room. A mother brought into the amphitheatre, one morning, an extremely dirty, sickly, miserable-looking child, for the purpose of having a tumor removed. He exhibited the tumor to the class, but informed the mother that he could not operate upon the child without the consent of her husband. One of the students, in his eagerness to examine the tumor, jumped over into the little enclosure designed for the operator and his patients. Dr. Mott, observing this intrusion, turned to the student, and asked him, with the most innocent expression of countenance:

"Are you the father of this child?" Thunders of applause and laughter greeted this ingenious rebuke, during which the intruder returned to his place crestfallen.

His coolness in the very crisis of an operation was very remarkable. If he had occasion for another instrument, he never took it without a courteous bow and word to the assistant who handed it to him. There was never the slightest appearance of haste, tremor, anxiety, or excitement. He went calmly on, from the first incision to the last ligature, his touch always sure, and his judgment clear. He cut firmly and boldly, yet with a certain gentleness, too, that reduced the patient's sufferings to the minimum, and greatly facilitated the healing of the wounds. There was no chloroform, it must be remembered, during the first forty years of his practice, to keep the patient still and unconscious under the knife. The surgeon had to endure at every moment the consciousness that he was inflicting agony, and hear the shrieks of the sufferer lying bound upon the table, or held by strong men in the chair.

The first honors of surgery are awarded to those who are the first to perform difficult operations. Judged by this standard, Dr. Mott is entitled to the first rank among the surgeons of the world. In his thirty-third year, he placed a ligature around arteries within two inches of the heart,—an operation sufficient of itself to place him at the summit of his profession. In 1828, he performed what is universally allowed to be the most difficult feat ever attempted in surgery. A clergyman was afflicted with an enormous tumor in the neck, in which were embedded and twisted many of the great arteries. In removing this tumor, it was necessary to take out entire one of the collar-bones, to lay bare the membrane enclosing the lungs, to dissect around arteries displaced by the tumor and embedded in it, to apply forty ligatures, and remove an immense mass of diseased matter. All this was done without the aid of chloroform. The patient survived the operation, and is now living, and discharging the duties of his profession. Dr. Mott was the first to operate successfully for immovability of the lower jaw, and the first to entirely remove the lower jaw. He was the first to succeed in sewing up a slit in a large vein; and he did this in some cases

where a portion of the vein had been sliced away, — an operation of inconceivable delicacy. He once cut away two inches of the deep jugular vein, which was embedded in a tumor, and tied both ends of it. In the course of his long professional life he tied the carotid artery forty-six times ; performed the operation for stone one hundred and sixty-five times ; and amputated nearly a thousand limbs. Sir Astley Cooper truly remarked : " Dr. Mott has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live."

A great surgeon is frequently tempted, by the mere love of his art, to perform an operation not strictly necessary. Dr. Mott held this practice in abhorrence. He used to relate an anecdote of his last visit to Paris, which shows that some surgeons are not so scrupulous. A celebrated Paris surgeon asked him one day if he would like to see him perform his original operation. " Nothing would give me more pleasure," replied Dr. Mott. The Frenchman mused a moment, and then said : " However, now I think of it, there is no patient in the hospital who has that malady. No matter, my dear friend, there is a poor devil in Ward No. —, who is of no use to himself or anybody else ; and if you'll come to-morrow, I'll operate beautifully on him." It need not be said that Dr. Mott declined to witness the perpetration of a crime so atrocious.

The venerable doctor was an ardent patriot. At the beginning of the rebellion he gave a curious reply to a friend who asked him what he thought would be its result.

" Sir," said he, " I grant you that the body politic has been severely *lacerated*, and I doubt not that the wound will heal eventually ; but it will be by the *second intention*. There will always be a scar to mark the union of the dissevered parts."

He was one of the eminent men commissioned by the government to examine the prisoners of war whom Jefferson Davis had starved and tortured at Andersonville, Salisbury, and Belle Isle. On his return, he was asked whether the newspaper reports of their condition were exaggerated.

" My dear boy," he exclaimed, with horror depicted on his countenance, " you can form no idea of the poor, shrivelled, wasted victims. In the whole course of my surgical experience,

not excepting the most painful operations on deformed limbs, I have never suffered so much in my life at the sight of anything, I care not what it is. It unnerved me. I felt sick."

This, remember, was the testimony of a man who, for a period of sixty-five years, had been in the constant habit of witnessing human suffering in every form; who had *lived* in the hospitals of the great cities; and who was a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity.

ANDREW JACKSON'S ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

RACHEL DONELSON was the maiden name of General Jackson's wife. She was born in Virginia, in the year 1767, and lived in Virginia until she was eleven years of age. Her father, Colonel John Donelson, was a planter and land surveyor, who possessed considerable wealth in land, cattle, and slaves. He was one of those hardy pioneers who were never content unless they were living away out in the woods, beyond the verge of civilization. Accordingly, in 1779, we find him near the headwaters of the Tennessee River, with all his family, bound for the western parts of Tennessee, with a river voyage of two thousand miles before him.

Seldom has a little girl of eleven years shared in so perilous an adventure. The party started in the depth of a severe winter, and battled for two months with the ice before it had fairly begun the descent of the Tennessee. But, in the spring, accompanied by a considerable fleet of boats, the craft occupied by John Donelson and his family floated down the winding stream more rapidly. Many misfortunes befell them. Sometimes a boat would get aground and remain immovable till its whole cargo was landed. Sometimes a boat was dashed against a projecting point and sunk. One man died of his frozen feet; two children were born. On board one boat, containing twenty-eight persons, the small-pox raged. As this boat always sailed at a certain distance behind the rest, it was attacked by Indians, who captured it, killed all the men, and carried off the women and children. The Indians caught the small-pox, of which some hundreds died in the course of the season.

But during this voyage, which lasted several months, no misfortune befell the boat of Colonel Donelson; and he and his

family, including his daughter Rachel, arrived safely at the site of the present city of Nashville, near which he selected his land, built his log house, and established himself. Never has a settlement been so infested with hostile Indians as this. When Rachel Donelson, with her sisters and young friends, went blackberrying, a guard of young men, with their rifles loaded and cocked, stood guard over the surrounding thickets while the girls picked the fruit. It was not safe for a man to stoop over a spring to drink unless some one else was on the watch with his rifle in his arms; and when half a dozen men stood together, in conversation, they turned their backs to each other, all facing different ways, to watch for a lurking savage.

So the Donelsons lived for eight years, and gathered about them more negroes, more cattle, and more horses than any other household in the settlement. During one of the long winters, when a great tide of emigration had reduced the stock of corn, and threatened the neighborhood with famine, Colonel Donelson moved to Kentucky with all his family and dependents, and there lived until the corn crop at Nashville was gathered. Rachel, by this time, had grown to be a beautiful and vigorous young lady, well skilled in all the arts of the back-woods, and a remarkably bold and graceful rider. She was a plump little damsel, with the blackest hair and eyes, and of a very cheerful and friendly disposition. During the temporary residence of her father in Kentucky she gave her hand and heart to one Lewis Robards, and her father returned to Nashville without her.

Colonel Donelson soon after, while in the woods surveying far from his home, fell by the hand of an assassin. He was found pierced by bullets; but whether they were fired by red savages or by white was never known. To comfort her mother in her loneliness, Rachel and her husband came to Nashville and lived with her, intending, as soon as the Indians were subdued, to occupy a farm of their own.

In the year 1788, Andrew Jackson, a young lawyer from North Carolina, arrived at Nashville to enter upon the practice of his profession, and went to board with Mrs. Donelson. He soon discovered that Mrs. Rachel Robards lived most unhappily

with her husband, who was a man of violent temper and most jealous disposition. Young Jackson had not long resided in the family before Mr. Robards began to be jealous of him, and many violent scenes took place between them. The jealous Robards at length abandoned his wife, and went off to his old home in Kentucky, leaving Jackson master of the field.

A rumor soon after reached the place that Robards had procured a divorce from his wife in the legislature of Virginia; soon after which Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson were married. The rumor proved to be false, and they lived together for two years before a divorce was really granted, at the end of which time they were married again. This marriage, though so inauspiciously begun, was an eminently happy one, although, out of doors, it caused the irascible Jackson a great deal of trouble. The peculiar circumstances attending the marriage caused many calumnies to be uttered and printed respecting Mrs. Jackson, and some of the bitterest quarrels which the general ever had, had their origin in them.

At home, however, he was one of the happiest of men. His wife was an excellent manager of a household and a kind mistress of slaves. She had a remarkable memory, and delighted to relate anecdotes and tales of the early settlement of the country. Daniel Boone had been one of her father's friends, and she used to recount his adventures and escapes. Her abode was a seat of hospitality, and she well knew how to make her guests feel at home. It used to be said in Tennessee that she could not write; but, as I have had the pleasure of reading nine letters in her own handwriting, one of which was eight pages long, I presume I have a right to deny the imputation. It must be confessed, however, that the spelling was exceedingly bad, and that the writing was so much worse as to be nearly illegible. If she was ignorant of books, she was most learned in the lore of the forest, the dairy, the kitchen, and the farm. I remember walking about a remarkably fine spring that gushed from the earth near where her dairy stood, and hearing one of her colored servants say that there was nothing upon the estate which she valued so much as that spring. She grew to be a stout woman, which made her appear

shorter than she really was. Her husband, on the contrary, was remarkably tall and slender; so that when they danced a reel together, which they often did, with all the vigor of the olden time, the spectacle was extremely curious.

It was a great grief to both husband and wife that they had no children, and it was to supply this want in their household that they adopted one of Mrs. Donelson's nephews, and named him Andrew Jackson. This boy was the delight of them both as long as they lived.

Colonel Benton, who knew Mrs. Jackson well and long, has recorded his opinion of her in the following forcible language:—

"A more exemplary woman in all the relations of life — wife, friend, neighbor, relation, mistress of slaves — never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had the general's own warm heart, frank manners, and admirable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them, all calling her affectionately 'Aunt Rachel.'"

In the homely fashion of the time, she used to join her husband and guests in smoking a pipe after dinner and in the evening. There are now living many persons who well remember seeing her smoking by her fireside a long reed pipe.

When General Jackson went forth to fight in the war of 1812, he was still living in a log house of four rooms; and this house is now standing on his beautiful farm ten miles from Nashville. I used to wonder, when walking about it, how it was possible for Mrs. Jackson to accommodate so many guests as we know she did. But a hospitable house, like a Third-Avenue car, is never full, and in that mild climate the young men could sleep on the piazza or in the corn-crib, content if their mothers and sisters had the shelter of the house. It was not until long after the general's return from the wars that he built, or could afford

to build, the large brick mansion which he named the "Hermitage." The visitor may still see in that commodious house the bed on which this happy pair slept and died, the furniture they used, and the pictures upon which they were accustomed to look. In the hall of the second story there is still preserved the huge chest in which Mrs. Jackson used to stow away the woollen clothes of the family in the summer, to keep them from the moths. Around the house are the remains of the fine garden of which she used to be so proud, and, a little beyond, are the cabins of the hundred and fifty slaves to whom she was more a mother than a mistress.

A few weeks after the battle of New Orleans, when her husband was in the first flush of his triumph, this plain planter's wife floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans to visit her husband and to accompany him home. She had never seen a city before, for Nashville, at that day, was little more than a village. The elegant ladies of New Orleans were exceedingly pleased to observe that General Jackson, though he was himself one of the most graceful and polite of gentlemen, seemed totally unconscious of the homely bearing, the country manners, and awkward dress of his wife. In all companies and on all occasions he showed her every possible mark of respect. The ladies gathered about her and presented her with all sorts of showy knick-knacks and jewelry, and one of them undertook the task of selecting suitable clothes for her. She frankly confessed that she knew nothing about such things, and was willing to wear anything that the ladies thought proper. Much as she enjoyed her visit, I am sure she was glad enough to return to her old home on the banks of the Cumberland and resume her oversight of the dairy and the plantation.

Soon after the peace, a remarkable change came over the spirit of this excellent woman. Parson Blackburn, as the general always called him, was a favorite preacher in that part of Tennessee, and his sermons made so powerful an impression upon Mrs. Jackson that she joined the Presbyterian Church, and was ever after devotedly religious. The general himself was almost persuaded to follow her example. He did not, however; but he testified his sympathy with his wife's feelings by

building a church for her — a curious little brick edifice — on his own farm; the smallest church, I suppose, in the United States. Of all the churches I ever saw, this is the plainest and simplest in its construction. It looks like a very small school-house; it has no steeple, no portico, and but one door; and the interior, which contains forty little pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. On Sundays, the congregation consisted chiefly of the general, his family, and half a dozen neighbors, with as many negroes as the house would hold, and could see through the windows. It was just after the completion of this church that General Jackson made his famous reply to a young man who objected to the doctrine of future punishment.

"I thank God," said this youth, "I have too much good sense to believe there is such a place as hell."

"Well, sir," said General Jackson, "*I* thank God there is such a place."

"Why, general," asked the young man, "what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?"

To which the general replied, as quick as lightning: —

"To put such rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion."

The young man said no more, and soon after found it convenient to take his leave.

Mrs. Jackson did not live to see her husband President of the United States, though she lived long enough to know that he was elected to that office. When the news was brought to her of her husband's election, in December, 1828, she quietly said: —

"Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake" (she always called him Mr. Jackson), "I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it."

The people of Nashville, proud of the success of their favorite, resolved to celebrate the event by a great banquet on the 22d of December, the anniversary of the day on which the general had first defeated the British below New Orleans; and some of the ladies of Nashville were secretly preparing a magnificent wardrobe for the future mistress of the White House. Six days before the day appointed for the celebration, Mrs. Jackson, while busied about her household affairs in the kitchen

of the Hermitage, suddenly shrieked, placed her hands upon her heart, sank upon a chair, and fell forward into the arms of one of her servants. She was carried to her bed, where, for the space of sixty hours, she suffered extreme agony, during the whole of which her husband never left her side for ten minutes. Then she appeared much better, and recovered the use of her tongue. This was only two days before the day of the festival, and the first use she made of her recovered speech was, to implore her exhausted husband to go to another room and sleep, so as to recruit his strength for the banquet. He would not leave her, however, but lay down upon a sofa and slept a little. The evening of the 22d she appeared to be so much better that the general consented, after much persuasion, to sleep in the next room, and leave his wife in the care of the doctor and two of his most trusted servants.

At nine o'clock he bade her good-night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. When he had been gone five minutes from her room, Mrs. Jackson, who was sitting up, suddenly gave a long, loud, inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by the death-rattle in her throat. By the time her husband had reached her side she had breathed her last.

"Bleed her," cried the general.

But no blood flowed from her arm.

"Try the temple, doctor."

A drop or two of blood stained her cap, but no more followed. Still, it was long before he would believe her dead, and when there could no longer be any doubt, and they were preparing a table upon which to lay her out, he cried, with a choking voice : —

"Spread four blankets upon it; for if she does come to she will lie so hard upon the table."

All night long he sat in the room, occasionally looking into her face, and feeling if there was any pulsation in her heart. The next morning, when one of his friends arrived just before daylight, he was nearly speechless and utterly inconsolable, looking twenty years older.

There was no banquet that day in Nashville. On the morn

ing of the funeral, the grounds were crowded with people, who saw, with emotion, the poor old general supported to the grave between two of his old friends, scarcely able to stand. The remains were interred in the garden of the Hermitage, in a tomb which the general had recently completed. The tablet which covers her dust contains the following inscription: —

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Andrew Jackson was never the same man again. During his presidency, he never used the phrase: "By the Eternal," nor any other language which could be considered profane. He mourned his wife until he himself rejoined her in the tomb he had prepared for them both.

THE WISEST OF THE PAGANS.

MARCUS AURELIUS, AND SOME OF HIS THOUGHTS.

THIS man, the sixteenth of the Roman Emperors, born A. D. 121, has been greatly glorified in modern times by anti-Christian authors. "Behold," say they, "this virtuous Pagan! What Christian has ever been more pure, more just, more magnanimous, more modest than he? If such virtue as his can be attained by the unassisted efforts of man, what need is there of miraculous revelation?" Voltaire, and other writers of his age, never lose an opportunity of extolling in this manner the virtuous Marcus Aurelius. He is a standing subject with them. Of late years, his reign has been the subject of particular investigation in Europe, and to the scanty information furnished by his biographers, much knowledge has been added by those patient and learned men who study the inscriptions, medals, and coins of antiquity. His character, however, bears investigation well, and the more we know of him the more we can respect him.

He was not born heir to the imperial throne, but was the son of private persons of patrician rank, who were related to the Emperor Adrian. His father dying when he was only a child, he was adopted by his grandfather, and this brought him into nearer intimacy with the Emperor, who became warmly attached to him, greatly admiring his good-nature, his docility, and his artless candor. His early education appears to have been conducted with equal care and wisdom. "To the gods," he says, "I am indebted for having had

good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly everything good."

He thanks the gods, also, that he was not hurried into any offence against either of these persons, that his youth was passed in purity and peace, and that he was subjected to a ruler and father, who showed him that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or a splendid attire. And especially he thanks the gods for the excellent teachers that were given him, from whom he says he received clear and correct instruction how to live according to nature. There has recently been discovered, in the library of the Vatican, a familiar correspondence between this studious and affectionate youth, and one of his teachers. He wrote to his teacher as lovingly as a young man writes to his sweetheart.

"How do you think," he says, in one of the letters, "that I can study when I know that *you* are suffering?" And again: "I love you more than any one else loves you; more than you love yourself. I could only compare my tenderness for you with that of your daughter, and I am afraid that mine surpasses hers. Your letter has been for me a treasure of affection, a springing fountain of goodness, a warming fire of love. It has lifted my soul to such a degree of joy, that my words are incapable of uttering it."

He tells his teacher, elsewhere, that he passes many hours of the night in study; and he makes just such remarks on the books he reads, upon the lectures he hears, and upon the lessons he takes, as a student might of the present day. He speaks thus, for example, of one of the most noted Greek teachers of oratory:—

"Three days ago, I heard Polemon declaim. Do you wish to know what I think of him? Well, this is my answer: I compare

him to a farmer well skilled and experienced, who asks nothing of his farm but corn and grapes. Doubtless, he has happy vintages and abundant harvests; but you seek in vain upon his domain for the beautiful fig-tree or the sweet rose; in vain you wish to repose under the shade of a noble tree. All is useful, nothing is agreeable; and we can but coldly praise that which has not charmed us. You will think my judgment rash, perhaps, considering the splendid reputation of the orator; but it is to you that I am writing, my master, and I know that my rashness does not displease you."

We learn from these pleasant letters, also, that he was a merry lad, as well as a studious one. He tells his teacher an incident of one of his rides: "I was on horseback," he says, "and had gone some distance on the road. All at once we perceived directly before us a numerous flock of sheep. It was a solitary place; two shepherds, four dogs, nothing else. One of the shepherds said to the other, as we rode up, 'Let us take care; these people look to me like the greatest thieves in the world.' I heard the remark, and, spurring my horse vigorously, I dashed into the flock. The frightened sheep scattered and fled, pell-mell. The shepherd hurled his crook at me, and it came near hitting the horseman who rode behind me. We started off as quick as possible, and the poor man, who expected to lose his flock, lost nothing but his crook."

These passages give us a lively and pleasing idea of the innocent youth of this excellent man, who appears to have enjoyed every advantage of education which the Roman world afforded, and to have improved his opportunities of education to the utmost. He seems to have been a natural lover of wisdom from his youth up. In those days, persons who wished to be, or to be thought, philosophers, wore a particular kind of dress, and lived austere, — practices which may have suggested the peculiar costume and

rigorous discipline of the Catholic orders. As early as his twelfth year, Marcus Aurelius assumed the philosopher's mantle, ate coarse bread, and delighted to sleep upon the bare ground. His mother, fearing for his health, which really suffered from his austerities, had great difficulty in persuading him to lie at night upon some skins of animals. At fifteen he was betrothed to the daughter of Ælius Cæsar, then heir to the throne; and from this time, young as he was, he was conspicuously favored and employed by the Emperor Adrian, and he shone in the view of mankind as the gifted and fortunate youth whom the Emperor delighted to honor.

When he was seventeen, the event occurred which made him an important personage in the Empire. The heir to the imperial throne suddenly died, leaving a son who gave no promise of ever possessing either the ability or the virtue requisite for governing a great Empire. In these circumstances the aged Adrian adopted as his heir and successor the noble Antoninus, who afterward reigned so gloriously over the Empire and over himself; but Antoninus was adopted on condition that *he* should adopt, as his heirs and successors, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, — the latter being the son of that Ælius Cæsar who had just died. A few months after, Adrian himself died. Antoninus succeeded him, and during the whole of his reign Marcus Aurelius lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy, and shared with him the cares and duties of administration. On the death of Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius and the indolent and sensual Lucius Verus succeeded; but the weight of empire was borne by Marcus alone. Including the period when he was the most trusted counsellor of Adrian, we may say that, for forty years, his was the ruling influence in the Empire.

The history of Marcus Aurelius, during this long period

of time, is the history of the great Roman Empire, which then embraced the civilized world; and that history cannot, of course, be related here. I can say, however, that he displayed, in his high place, great talents and great virtues. He improved the administration of justice; he was prompt in relieving private and public distress. Holding war in dread and abhorrence, he appears never to have engaged in any, except to defend his Empire against attack or conspiracy. He originated a system of educating indigent young men of noble birth, which evidently gave rise to our modern military academies. He was clement and forgiving, even to a fault. On one occasion, when they brought him the head of a nobleman who had led a formidable revolt, he rejected the foul offering with horror and disgust, and refused to admit into his presence the men who had slain him. He wrote to the Senate with regard to the accomplices of this man: —

“Shed no blood. Recall those who have been banished, and restore to their owners the estates which have been confiscated. Would to the gods that I could recall also those who are in the tomb! Nothing is less worthy of a sovereign than to avenge his personal injuries. Accord, then, a full pardon to the son of the guilty man, to his son-in-law, to his wife. And why speak of pardon? *They* are not criminals. Let them live in security, in the tranquil possession of their patrimony; let them be rich, and free to go where they wish; let them carry into every country testimonials of my goodness, and proofs of yours. Procure this glory to my reign, that on the occasion of a revolt aimed at the throne itself, the only rebels who died fell upon the field of battle!”

These are noble sentiments, and they accord with the general character of the man and his government. History records but one similar instance. His forbearance and magnanimity have been equalled only by the people of the

United States, who suppressed the most stupendous rebellion ever seen, and freely forgave every one who had taken part in it.

There is a blot upon the fame of this great ruler. During his reign, the innocent and harmless Christians continued to be persecuted. He regarded the Christians as disturbers of the peace, foolish, fanatical, obstinate, and worthy of death, if they refused to abandon their religion. He regarded them, in fact, as the people of Christian countries would *now* regard a body of men who should denounce the Christian religion, and spend their utmost strength in subverting it. Great pecuniary interests, let us remember, were involved in the support of paganism; multitudes of people gaining subsistence and honor by serving the altars, by providing animals for the sacrifice, by the manufacture of images and other religious objects, — just as among us vast numbers of persons gain their livelihood by serving the church. Marcus Aurelius, with all his wisdom and tolerance, sympathized with those of his subjects who thought that the spread of Christianity would deprive them of their means of living, and he allowed Christians to be tortured and put to death in considerable numbers. Voltaire denies this, and apparently with perfect sincerity; but recent investigation establishes it beyond a doubt. The emperor, in fact, appears to have been ignorant, and, I think, unjustifiably ignorant, of the men stigmatized as Christians, and of the religion they were willing to die for.

"A man," he says, "ought always to be ready to die: but this readiness should come from a man's own judgment, *not from mere obstinacy, as with Christians*, but considerately and with dignity, and in a way to persuade another, without tragic show."

When he was born, Christianity had existed in the world

one hundred and twenty-one years ; and when he died, A. D. 180, it had already outlived savage persecutions, and had its adherents in all the more civilized parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia.

This Emperor, with Christians all around him, appears never to have thought it worth while to inquire personally into their character, conduct, or doctrine. Judging from his writings, as well as from his conduct in allowing Christians to be tortured and put to death, I should say that his ignorance of Christianity was complete, and that whatever he knew, or guessed, of man's duty, origin, and destiny, he had reached without assistance from it. Perhaps readers may feel some curiosity to know the opinions of this great Pagan on some of the subjects most interesting to man, and I have consequently gone over his celebrated Thoughts, and selected a few of them as specimens.

The Emperor, it seems, was in the habit of jotting down his reflections as they occurred to him, whether he was residing peacefully in his palace, or whether he was living in camp, reducing to subjection a revolted province. These thoughts have come down to us in a manuscript now in the Vatican Library at Rome. They were written in the Greek language, and were first printed, with a Latin translation, in 1570. Since that time, they have been translated into many other languages, and they are justly regarded as one of the most precious relics of antiquity.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Upon this question, the most interesting of all others to man, the emperor thought much, but, apparently, without being able to satisfy himself. He weighs the reasons for and against immortality. He imagines an objector to the doctrine of immortality asking, —

"If souls continue to exist for ever, how does the *air* contain them?"

He answers the objection thus : " But how does the earth contain the bodies of those who have been buried from times so remote ? For as the dissolution of bodies makes room for other dead bodies, so the souls which are removed into the air, after subsisting for some time, are transmuted and diffused, and assume a fiery nature by being received into the seminal-intelligence of the universe, and in this way make room for the fresh souls which come to dwell there."

" This," he continues, " is the answer which a man *might* give on the hypothesis of souls continuing to exist. But we must not only think of the number of bodies which are thus buried, but also of the number of animals which are daily eaten by us and the other animals. For what a number is consumed, and thus in a manner buried in the bodies of those who feed on them ! And, nevertheless, this earth receives them."

He concludes, therefore, that there is room in the universe for all the souls which have ever existed, and ever shall exist ; but this does not suffice to convince him of immortality. In another place, discoursing upon death, he asks whether death is a " dispersion, or a resolution into atoms, or annihilation." One of two things, he thinks, it must be : extinction or change.

" How can it be," he asks, " that the gods, after having arranged all things well and benevolently for mankind, have overlooked this alone : that good men, when they have once died, should never exist again, but should be completely extinguished ? But if this is so, be assured that, if it ought to have been otherwise, the gods would have done it. But because it is not so, if in fact it is not so, be thou convinced that it *ought* not to have been so."

It is pretty evident from such passages, first, that Marcus Aurelius did not know whether man is immortal or not ;

and, secondly, that he was inclined to think he is not. He was equally in the dark respecting the First Great Cause.

"There is one light of the sun," he says, "though it is distributed over walls, mountains, and other things infinite. There is one common substance, though it is distributed among countless bodies which have their several qualities. There is one SOUL, though it is distributed among infinite natures and individuals. There is one intelligent soul, though it seems to be divided."

Again he says, "To those who ask, where hast thou seen the gods, or how dost thou comprehend that they exist, and so worshippest them? I answer, that neither have I seen my own soul, and yet I honor it. Thus, then, with respect to the gods; from what I constantly experience of their power, I comprehend that they exist, and I venerate them."

This appears tolerably decisive; but I should suppose, from other passages, that the Emperor was far from having a clear belief in the existence of a supreme intelligence. The following sentences are full of interest:—

"Either there is a fatal necessity and invincible order, or a kind providence, or a confusion without a purpose, and without a director. If, then, there is an invincible necessity, why dost thou resist? But if there is a providence which allows itself to be propitiated, make thyself worthy of the help of the divinity. But if there is a confusion without a governor, be content that in such a tempest thou hast in thyself a certain ruling intelligence. And even if the tempest carry thee away, let it carry away the poor flesh, the breath, everything else; for the intelligence, at least, it will not carry away."

This appears to have been a favorite thought of the Emperor, for he repeats it more clearly and sharply, thus:—

"Either it is a well-arranged universe, or a chaos huddled

together, but still a universe. But can a certain order subsist in thee, and disorder in the All? And this, too, when all things are so separated and diffused and sympathetic."

He has a curious remark upon the manner in which men ought to pray.

"A prayer of the Athenians: 'Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians, and on the plains.' In truth, we ought not to pray at all, or we ought to pray in this simple and noble fashion."

So much for this noble heathen's idea of the Deity. It does not amount to much. When, however, he speaks of man's duties to his fellow, his words are often pregnant with suggestive wisdom. The following sentences might be profitably uttered by every one at the beginning of every day: —

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."

This is indeed an exceedingly fine passage, full of valuable meaning, and one which only a great soul could have uttered. The following is in keeping with it: —

"Everything harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe! Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return."

To these fine passages I will add a few striking sentences, gathered here and there in his writings : —

“Observe how ephemeral and worthless human beings are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, then, through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature that produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew ”

“Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.”

“If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.”

“No longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.”

“Imagine every man who is grieved at anything or discontented, to be like a pig which is sacrificed, and kicks and screams.”

“When thou art offended at any man’s fault, forthwith turn to thyself, and reflect in what like manner thou dost err thyself.”

“Suppose any man should despise thee, let him look to that himself. But *I* will look to this, that I be not discovered doing or saying anything deserving of contempt.”

“In the gymnastic exercises, suppose that a man has torn thee with his nails, and by dashing against thy head has inflicted a wound. Well, we neither show any signs of vexation, nor are we offended, nor do we suspect him afterwards, as a treacherous fellow; and yet we are on our guard against him; not, however, as an enemy, nor yet with suspicion, but we quietly get out of his way. Something like this let thy behavior be in the other parts of life; let us overlook many things in those who are like antagonists in the gymna-

sium. For it is in our power, as I said, to get out of the way, and to have no suspicion or hatred."

"Keep thyself simple, good, pure, serious, free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous in all proper acts; strive to continue to be such as philosophy wished to make thee. Reverence the gods and help men. Short is life. There is only one fruit of this terrene life, a pious disposition and social acts."

Such are some of the thoughts of the famous Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Upon such topics as the immortality of the soul, the supreme power of the universe, the nature of death, he knew simply nothing; all was dream and conjecture with him. But when he speaks of the duty of man to his neighbor and to himself, matters within the compass of human reason, he is often eminently wise.

Marcus Aurelius died A. D. 180, aged sixty-nine years, of which he had reigned nearly twenty. He was mourned throughout the whole of the Roman Empire, which lost in him its noblest citizen. Of all those equestrian bronze statues erected to the memory of Roman Emperors, but one has been spared by the destructive tooth of time and the avidity of men. It is that of Marcus Aurelius.

ARISTOTLE.

HIS KNOWLEDGE AND HIS IGNORANCE.

"It is difficult," says Mr. Lewes, the author of an excellent work upon the science of the ancients, "to speak of Aristotle without exaggeration, he is felt to be so mighty, and is known to be so wrong."

He appears to have possessed the whole of the knowledge which man had accumulated from the creation to his time; but, along with that knowledge, he imbibed many of those errors which are inseparable from knowledge acquired before the true methods of investigation had been discovered. Hence the remark quoted: "He is felt to be so mighty, and is known to be so wrong." Mr. Lewes makes another remark concerning Aristotle which I think is exceedingly fine:—

"It is the glory of science to be constantly progressive. After the lapse of a century, the greatest teacher, on reappearing among men, would have to assume the attitude of a learner. *The very seed sown by himself would have sprung up into a forest to obscure the view.* But he who rejoices in the grandeur of the forest, must not forget by whom the seeds were sown. His heritors, we are richer, but not greater than he."

This is a just and beautiful passage. There is not an intelligent boy or girl in a well-conducted school who could not set Aristotle right on a thousand points of science, who would not laugh at many of his mistakes; and yet it is not

less true, that he was one of the greatest intellects that has ever appeared among men.

It is strange how little we know of the personal history of so great a man. The chief biographer of Aristotle, and the one whom all the others copy, was not born until nearly six hundred years after the philosopher was dead. We possess, therefore, only an outline of his life, and the statements even of that are not certain.

On the coast of northern Greece there was a small seaport town, called Stagira; and there Aristotle was born, three hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of Christ. It is from the name of his birthplace that he is frequently called "the Stagirite." His father was a renowned physician, who practised his profession at the court of the king of Macedon, Amyntas the Second, the father of Philip, and the grandfather of Alexander the Great. While yet a boy, he accompanied his father to the residence of the king, and there attracted the regard of Philip, the future monarch.

When he was seventeen years of age his father died, and left him a large fortune. Some of his biographers state that he squandered his wealth, and was obliged to sell drugs for a livelihood. This, however, is improbable and incredible; for he is known to have collected in the early part of his life a valuable library. Books in those days were about as costly as good pictures now are: the works of some authors selling for as many talents as would be equivalent to four or five thousand of our dollars. His writings show that he had mastered all the literature of the Old World which wealth and research could procure, and that literature must have been his own.

After his father's death, instead of squandering his patrimony in contemptible dissipation, he went to Athens, the centre of the world of intellect, which was something like

going to one of the great universities of the present day. His objects were to buy books, to get knowledge, and to listen, if possible, to the conversations of the illustrious Plato. Plato, it seems, was absent when he arrived, and he studied for three years, while awaiting his return, in order to qualify himself for admission to the circle of the great master's disciples. Once admitted, he was in no haste to withdraw; for he had dedicated his whole existence to the acquisition of knowledge. He remained for seventeen years the pupil and friend of Plato; not always, however, agreeing in opinion with his master, but expressing his dissent occasionally with decision and force. He did not think it was any part of friendship, nor even of discipleship, to render a servile assent to the opinion of his instructor. On the contrary, he maintains, in one of his works, that it is our duty sometimes to attack the doctrines held by dear friends when we feel them to be erroneous.

"We ought," he adds, "to slay our own flesh and blood where the cause of truth is at stake, especially as we are philosophers. Loving both, it is our sacred duty to give the preference to truth."

In one respect he differed very much from Plato. As his mind matured, he lost in some degree his taste for those moral and metaphysical discourses in which Plato delighted, and was powerfully drawn toward physical science, in which he began at length to deliver lectures at Athens. The bias to such studies must have been strong in Aristotle, for Plato cared little for them, and the general taste of Athens was rather averse to natural philosophy.

Philip, meanwhile, who had ascended the throne of Macedonia, had not forgotten the son of his father's physician. Doubtless, the fame of Aristotle had spread over Greece, and kept the recollection of him alive in the memory of the

Macedonian king. His son Alexander being then fourteen years of age, Philip invited Aristotle to reside in his court, and take charge of the Prince's education. This was the greatest honor which a king could then bestow upon a man of learning. Aristotle accepted the invitation. He was received at court with the greatest honor, and Alexander became tenderly attached to his instructor. He said once that he honored Aristotle no less than his own father; for if to the one he owed his life, he owed to the other that which made life worth having. Centuries after the death of Aristotle there still existed the beautiful grove, with its winding, shady walks and seats of stone, which King Philip assigned for the use of his son and his master, in the midst of which he built a commodious school-room. There the philosopher and the Prince strolled and studied and conversed for the space of four years, when those delightful days suddenly terminated by Alexander being compelled, at eighteen years of age, to become the regent of the kingdom.

But Aristotle still remained in Macedon. Alexander gave him royal aid towards making those collections upon which his scientific works are founded. It is said that the young king presented him with a sum of money equal to a million dollars in gold, and that he gave orders to his huntsman and fisherman, during the march into Asia, to furnish him with all the animals he might desire to examine. The first of these statements is certainly an exaggeration; and as to the second, Humboldt declares that in no work of Aristotle is there any mention of an animal brought to the knowledge of Europeans through Alexander's conquests. There is no doubt, however, that the young and liberal king gave important aid to his preceptor in his researches.

After seven years' residence in Macedonia, he returned to Athens, where he obtained permission to teach in the most

splendid of all the Athenian places of instruction, the Lyceum. If we may judge from the descriptions given of it, it was more like a beautiful university town than a college; as it consisted, we are told, of a number of edifices surrounded with gardens, avenues of trees, and groves, and boasted its porticoed courts, its lecture-rooms, covered promenades and baths, its course for foot-races, and a circus for wrestling. In this agreeable and commodious place, Aristotle lived for thirteen years, teaching the young men of Greece, who gathered eagerly around him, and hung upon his lips. There also he wrote those works which have preserved his renown to the present hour.

During the lifetime of Alexander, the politicians of Athens dared not molest his preceptor, although they regarded him with some suspicion as the friend of their country's foe. But when the great news came that Alexander was no more, Aristotle was no longer safe in Athens. A pretext was soon found for his persecution; he was accused, like Socrates, of irreligion. He had the good sense not to confront an ignorant and prejudiced mob, but left the city in time, in order, as he said, "not to give the Athenians a second opportunity of committing a sacrilege against philosophy."

In his retirement he wrote a defence of his conduct; but the Athenians, when he did not appear in answer to the summons, pronounced him guilty, deprived him of all the rights and honors they had conferred upon him, and sentenced him to death. The sentence harmed him not. Worn by excessive study, and wounded, perhaps, by the ingratitude of the people whose city he had rendered glorious by living in it, he died soon after his retreat, in the sixty-third year of his age.

He was twice married, and had children both of his own and by adoption. His will, which has come down to us,

contains thoughtful and kind provisions for his wife, his children, and his slaves. He expressly ordered that none of his slaves should be sold, but that all should be set free on attaining maturity.

Those who have not forgotten their Greek Reader, remember the list of Aristotle's wise sayings given in that work. Here are two or three of them. Being asked in what the educated differ from the uneducated, he said, "As the living differ from the dead." "What grows old soon?" asked one. His reply was, "Gratitude." Being blamed for giving alms to an unworthy person, he said, "I gave; but it was to mankind." Once when he was sick, he said to the doctor, "Do not treat me as you would a driver of oxen or a digger, but tell me the cause, and you will find me obedient."

The world came very near losing all the works of Aristotle before they had seen the light of publicity. The philosopher bequeathed his numerous writings to his friend Theophrastus, who, after having been his favorite disciple, had become his successor as chief lecturer in the Lyceum at Athens. Theophrastus at his death left them to his favorite pupil Neleus, who conveyed them from Athens to a city in Asia Minor, where he lived. When Neleus died, the precious manuscripts became the property of his heirs, who, not being men of letters, valued them only as so much property.

By this time the works of philosophers and men of genius had acquired a great pecuniary value; for many kings had caught, from the example of Alexander, the fashion of collecting manuscripts and founding libraries. Literary works had become indeed objects of such intense desire to kings and princes, that they began to be unsafe, because they were so easily stolen. The heirs of Neleus,

therefore, while awaiting some royal purchaser for the works of Aristotle, did with them what the ancients were accustomed to do with money and jewels, — they buried them in the earth. And in the earth they remained till they were forgotten. Much buried treasure of other descriptions was lost in ancient times by the death of the sole possessors of the secret. Travellers tell us that, to this day, a large amount of gold, silver, and jewels is annually lost in this way, in China, India, and other parts of Asia.

The writings of Aristotle narrowly escaped destruction; for it was only after they had been buried one hundred and thirty years, that they were discovered, and then only by accident. They were much defaced by the dampness of the earth, and some of the writing was obliterated. By a happy chance, a wealthy disciple of Aristotle heard of the discovery of the books, bought them, and employed several copyists in transcribing them. Many pages and some whole treatises were lost beyond recovery, and it is supposed that many of the errors now found in the text were owing to the well-meant endeavors of the purchaser to restore sentences and passages that were partly effaced.

The works thus accidentally preserved were conveyed to Athens, where they remained until the city was captured and plundered by Scylla, by whom they were carried away to Rome, with a vast amount of other literary treasure. This was a fortunate circumstance. At Rome they attracted the attention of a learned Greek, who made additional copies of them. At length, about three hundred years after the death of Aristotle, his works may be said to have been published: that is, copies of them became an article of literary merchandise, and anybody could have a copy who could afford to pay a sum of money equal to four or five thousand dollars. From that time to about two centuries ago, the

works of Aristotle constituted of themselves an important portion of the scientific property of man. It is only during the last two hundred years that discovery has rendered his scientific writings valueless, and only interesting as a curiosity of the past.

It is surprising how little he knew that could be depended upon; and all because he did not follow his own maxim: "Men who desire to learn, must first learn to *doubt*; for science is only the solution of doubts."

He did not doubt enough. He took things too much for granted. He believed too easily. Although a writer on anatomy, for example, it is almost certain that he never examined the inside of the human body, much less dissected one. Imagine a doctor of the present day giving such an account of the liver as the following:—

"The liver is compact and smooth, shining and sweet, though somewhat bitter; and the reason is, that the thoughts falling on it from the intellect, as on a mirror, might terrify it by employing a bitterness akin to its nature; and threateningly mingle this bitterness with the whole liver, so as to give it the black color of bile; or, when images of a different kind are reflected, sweetening its bitterness and giving place to that part of the soul which lies near the liver, giving it rest at night, with the power of divination in dreams. Although the liver was constructed for divination, it is only during life that its predictions are clear; after death its oracles become obscure, for it becomes blind."

This is wonderfully absurd. Elsewhere he informs us that, in his opinion, the seat of the soul is that portion of the brain called the Pineal gland, a small, solid mass of nervous matter in the midst of the lobes of the brain. The reason which this great philosopher gives for so thinking is, that "all the other parts of the brain are double, and thought is single."

Man's soul thus being in the head, he feels it necessary to explain why we are provided with bodies and limbs. Since the soul is completely enclosed within the skull, why should we be encumbered with such a great mass of unspiritual matter? The gods foresaw, he tells us, that the head, being round, would roll down the hills, and could not ascend steep places; and to prevent this, the body was added as a carrier and locomotive of the head.

He has some strange ideas with regard to the heavenly bodies. "The heat and light of the stars," he says, "are evolved from the friction of their bodies against the air; for motion naturally produces heat, even in wood and stones; and still more must this be the case with bodies which are nearer to fire; and air is nearer to fire, as may be concluded from the heat of arrows, which become so heated that sometimes their lead is melted; and when they are heated, the air surrounding them must be heated also. Motion through the air generates heat. Of the heavenly bodies, each is moved in its own circle, so that it does not become hot, but the air surrounding it is made hot, and there hottest where the sun is. We must conclude, therefore, that the stars are neither made of fire nor moved in fire."

It is not surprising that Aristotle should have been ignorant of astronomy, because in his day the instruments did not exist by which the stars are observed, and the science of astronomy had not begun to be. It is, however, very surprising that he should have been so ignorant of the structure of the human body, and even of the bodies of animals. He seems never to have taken the slightest pains to test his conclusions by experiment, or even by close observation. He was satisfied to conjecture, and was contented with an explanation, if it only seemed reasonable to his own mind.

His errors of mere statement respecting the body are numerous and remarkable. He says, for example, that the human kidney is lobed; that man has but eight ribs; that the heart has only three chambers; that the brain contains no blood; and that the back part of the human skull is empty: all of which are manifest errors. His idea of digestion is very curious. He supposed that the food in the stomach was *cooked* by the heat of the body, and that while it is cooking the liquefied food *steams up* into the heart, where it is converted into blood. Nature, he says, being a good economist, gives the best part of the food to the noblest parts of the body; as masters eat the best portions of an animal, the slaves the inferior parts, and the dogs the refuse.

Since the interior of the body is so hot that food is cooked merely by the natural heat, he felt it necessary to explain why the body did not get too hot, and consume itself. This would certainly be the case, he says, if we did not continually inhale cool air! Breathing is the cooling process; and air alone, he adds, would answer the purpose, because its lightness enables it to penetrate into many parts of the body which water could not enter.

He misstates many things which he could have verified with the utmost ease. He says, for example, that a man has more teeth than a woman, and that the ox and the horse have each a bone in its heart. Mice, he informs us, die if they drink in summer; and all animals bitten by mad dogs go mad, except man. He also says, that horses feeding in meadows suffer from no disease except gout, which destroys their hoofs, and that one sign of this disease is the appearance of a deep wrinkle beneath the nose.

He gives the following explanation of the limbs of animals and men:—

"Animals are four-footed, because their souls are not powerful enough to carry the weight of their bodies in an erect position. Therefore all animals in relation to man are dwarfs; for dwarfs are those which have the upper parts large and the organs of progression small. In man there is a proper proportion between the trunk and the limbs; but when newly born, the trunk is large and the limbs small. Hence infants crawl, and cannot walk; at first they cannot even crawl, nor move alone, for all infants are dwarfs. On the contrary, among quadrupeds the under part is at first the larger; but as they develop, the upper part becomes the larger. Hence colts are little if at all shorter than horses, and when they are young they can touch their heads with their hind feet, which they cannot do as adults. Hence all animals are less intelligent than man. And among men children and dwarfs are less intelligent than the adult and well-grown. The reason is, as before stated, because the physical principle is very difficult to move, and is corporeal."

Into such errors can the ablest of men fall when they try to use their minds before they have learned to use their eyes. Aristotle loved to think, but he was averse to the patient observation and the exact experiment by which alone scientific knowledge is gained. His works swarm with curious examples of ingenious reasoning, founded more upon fancy than fact. I will conclude with one more specimen.

"The hand," says he, "is an instrument. Nature, like a rational being, always bestows instruments on those who can use them. For it is better to give a flute to a flute-player, than to make a flute-player of one who possesses a flute; since the inferior ought to be given to the greater and nobler, and not the nobler and greater to the inferior. If, therefore, it is better so, and as nature always acts for the best when possible, evidently man has hands because he is the most intelligent, and is not the most intelligent because he has hands."

THE FOUNDER OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THERE used to be a conundrum current in Europe, which was something like this: "What is the difference between ancient and modern times? Answer: In ancient times, all the Jews had one king; in modern times, all the kings have one Jew."

The Jew referred to in this conundrum was Maier Amsel Rothschild, the founder of the great banking-house so famous throughout the world. The history of this remarkable person, which I shall now briefly relate, is a striking illustration of the well-known truth, that every great and permanent success in business is founded upon the rock of honesty.

A hundred years ago, there lived in the German city of Frankfort a Jewish money-changer, named Amsel Moses Rothschild, who gained a moderate livelihood by buying and selling the coins of the hundred little sovereignties into which Germany was then divided. Frankfort being a place of great trade, merchants resorted to it from most of these sovereignties, each of which had its own coinage and its own standard of the purity of the metals of which its coins were composed. Hence, there was a considerable, though not very profitable, business done in Frankfort in buying, selling, and exchanging coins. Moses Rothschild, though a very honest and respectable man, appears to have had no particular talent or audacity in business, and he acquired, therefore, only that "modest competence" which everybody extols, and with which no one is content.

The founder of the great banking-house was the eldest son of this worthy Israelite. He was accustomed from his youth up to assist his father in his business of money-changing. He counted and sorted the coins, computed their value, procured supplies from other money-changers of such coins as were needed, carried deposits to the bank, and thus obtained a most familiar and exact knowledge of the coin system of the whole world. He became acquainted, also, with the artificial values which some coins possess as specimens and curiosities. This knowledge was the beginning of his fortune. While still a youth, he was in the habit of closely examining the bags of coin in his father's coffers, and selecting from them such as he could sell at a premium to collectors. It sometimes happens in Wall Street, in our own day, that coins of great value are found in a bag of miscellaneous pieces; but Wall Street men and boys are too busy to pick them out,—as any one may see who will go into the office of a Wall Street bullion dealer, and see the rapidity with which the clerks do their work. But they took business more leisurely in Frankfort ninety years ago, and the boy, Maier Rothschild, found many a prize among his father's store.

It was not the intention of his father to bring him up to business. On the contrary, he meant to make a Rabbi of him; and, with that intent, sent him to an institution in which young Jews were fitted for the ecclesiastical office. The youth remained for many months at this establishment. Nature, however, will have her way with all of us, in spite of our fathers and in spite of ourselves; and so this young Rothschild laid aside his books of theology, and took the place of clerk in a banking-house in Hanover. It was immediately evident that finance was his true vocation. As a banker's clerk he was diligent, prudent, faithful, and skilful

in the highest degree, and was trusted by his employers with operations of the first importance.

Men destined to a great career, I have observed, generally serve a long and rigorous apprenticeship to it of *some* kind. They try their forming powers in little things before grappling with great. I cannot call to mind a single instance of a man who achieved a success of the first magnitude who did not first toil long in obscurity.

Maier Rothschild remained a banker's clerk for several years before attempting to set up for himself. At length he returned to his native city, and there established a small business, similar in character to that of his father. Besides being a money-changer, he bought and sold curious coins, jewels, plate, and other precious objects. His knowledge and long training gave him such advantages that, by the time he was twenty-seven years of age, he was a banker of some note and considerable wealth. He was a married man, too, and was, in every respect, an established and prosperous citizen. From this time his wealth increased with a rapidity remarkable for that day; so that, in the year 1780, when he was but thirty-seven years of age, he was already living in the style of an opulent banker, and had already removed into the mansion in which he spent the remainder of his life.

Doubtless he would have lived the life of a private banker of Frankfort to the end, but for that fearful storm of the French Revolution, which swept a large quantity of the wealth of the French nobility into his coffers. During these prosperous years he had been gaining something besides money and bonds. He had been accumulating *character*. He was known to be a man as honest as he was sagacious. His word was as good as his bond. When, therefore, the French emigrants came, bringing with them jewels, plate,

and all that they could seize in the hurry of departure, and conceal during their flight, it was in the banking-house of Rothschild that the most precious of these valuables were deposited, to be by him invested or sold. His vaults were filled with treasures not his own. Looking about over Europe for a place where this property could be safely employed, out of the range of the political tempest which threatened the whole continent, he chose the sea-girt realm of Britain. To that country a great part of his capital — his own as well as that of others — was transported, and ere long he established in London a banking-house to facilitate the transaction of the business resulting from the transfer.

Nevertheless, he was still only a private banker. No king had as yet paid him tribute ; he had taken no government loan. His introduction into the region of grand finance occurred in the year 1801, when he was fifty-eight years of age. The richest of the smaller potentates of Germany at that time was the Landgrave of Hesse, who had still in his strong box two million dollars of the money which the English government had paid him for the hire of the Hessian troops in our Revolution. In 1801, this noble sovereign was in quest of a person to manage his financial concerns, and he asked one of his friends to recommend him a suitable individual. It so happened that the Landgrave's friend, General Estorff, had noticed the accuracy and good sense of Maier Rothschild many years before, when the banker was a banker's clerk in Hanover. He recommended him for the post, and he was summoned to the Landgrave's residence. When he arrived, it chanced that the mighty monarch was getting badly beaten in a game of chess, by General Estorff.

"Do you understand chess?" asked the Landgrave.

"Yes, your highness," said the banker.

"Then step up here, and look at my game."

Rothschild obeyed, and suggested the moves by which the game was easily won.

It was enough. From that time to the end of his life, he managed the finances of the Landgrave of Hesse. This gave him such standing, and the use of so much capital, that when the Danish government in 1804 wished to borrow ten millions of dollars, he was able to take the whole loan. In 1806, the Landgrave of Hesse, an ally of the King of Prussia, was involved in the ruin of that monarch, beaten by Napoleon in the decisive battle of Jena. The Landgrave, obliged to abandon his capital, caused his treasure to be secretly conveyed to Frankfort, and deposited with Maier Rothschild, who in his turn had it all safely conveyed to London. For two or three years he had the use of it without interest, on the easy condition of keeping it safe. Thus strengthened, he was able to undertake to supply the British army in the Peninsula with money, and to make the stipulated payments, on behalf of the British government, to Spain and Portugal. As he rendered this service on terms proportioned to its difficulty and risk, his profits were enormous.

This able and honest man died in 1812, aged sixty-nine years, leaving five sons and five daughters. Since his death, the house has constantly grown in wealth and importance, and the partners now live in a style which would formerly have been considered extravagant in a king.

During the ninety-eight years which have elapsed since the house was founded by Maier Rothschild at Frankfort, it has never failed to keep an engagement.

THE
COOPER INSTITUTE AND ITS FOUNDER.

EIGHTY years ago, in Water Street, New York, not far from the wharves, there was a small manufactory of hats, with a hat store in front, kept by a person who was sometimes styled by his neighbors Captain Cooper. He had indeed served in the Revolutionary war; had taken part in some noted operations; and, at the conclusion of peace, had retired from the service with the rank of Captain. He was not formed to achieve success in civil life, for he lacked perseverance. He was better at forming a scheme than at carrying it out; and the consequence was, that, after a struggle of ten years, he was still but a poor bather in Water Street, with a large and rapidly increasing family.

Like many other amiable, inefficient men, he had had the luck to marry a woman singularly fitted to be the main-stay of a family having an incompetent head. The daughter of a former Mayor of New York, who had served in important positions during the Revolution, she had been reared and educated among the Moravians in Pennsylvania, who had so nourished and strengthened her moral nature as to render her a rare blending of sweetness and fire, of efficiency and tenderness, — a lovely, noble creature, who has transmitted a vivid tradition of her excellent qualities to the third generation of her descendants.

Seven sons and two daughters were born to this couple. Their fifth child was Peter Cooper, who has been for so many

years past, of all the inhabitants of Manhattan Island, the one most honored and beloved. He was born in 1791.

The father's necessities compelling him to employ his children in his business, the earliest recollection of this son is of pulling and picking wool for hat bodies. He was kept at work, assisting his father, all his boyhood, except that during one year he attended school half of every day, when he learned reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. Before his father left the hat business, Peter learned to make a hat throughout; and when afterwards his father removed to Peekskill, and set up a brewery, he learned every branch of that business also; for, from childhood, he was quick to learn, dexterous in handling tools, and much given to inventing improved methods and implements.

At seventeen, not relishing the idea of spending his life in brewing beer, he came, with his father's consent, to New York, intending to put himself apprentice to any trade that he should fancy, after looking about among the workshops of the city. After wandering for some days without finding a shop that he liked, and that also wanted a boy, he went into a carriage factory, near the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, and asked one of the partners if he had room for an apprentice.

"Do you know anything about the business?" asked the master.

He did not.

"Have you been brought up to work?"

He had, most decidedly; he had learned to make hats and to brew beer.

"Is your father willing you should learn this trade?"

"He has given me my choice of trades."

"If I take you, will you stay with me and work out your time?"

He promised so to do. The bargain was struck, — four years' service, at twenty-five dollars a year and his board. In those cheap, simple times, a careful boy, with a little help from his mother or sisters, could clothe himself for twenty-five dollars a year, and have a pretty good suit of clothes for Sunday. In busy seasons, this apprentice, by working over time, earned extra wages, most of which he sent to his father, but a part of which he kept for another purpose.

He painfully felt his ignorance. He had an energetic, inquisitive, inventive mind, which craved knowledge as a hungry man craves food. He bought some books, but a lad unaccustomed to handle books is apt at first to be more perplexed than assisted by them; and so he looked about him for some kind of evening school where he could have the help of the living teacher. In all New York there was then no such thing. There were no free schools of any kind, and no means of instruction for lads who, like himself, had to work all day for their livelihood. He hired a teacher for a while to help him in the evening, and he thus increased his knowledge of arithmetic, and gained a little insight into other branches.

It was then, when he was a poor apprentice boy, thirsting for knowledge and unable to obtain it, that he formed a memorable resolution.

"If," said he to himself, "I ever prosper in business, and acquire more property than I need, I will try to found an institution in the city of New York, wherein apprentice boys and young mechanics shall have a chance to get knowledge in the evening."

This purpose was distinctly formed in his mind before he was of age, and he kept it steadily in view for forty years, before he was able to accomplish it.

When he was out of his time, his employers offered to

help him into business for himself, but he declined the offer from the natural dread which such men have of getting into debt. And fortunate it was for him that he did decline it; for, a few months after, the war of 1812 broke out, which would certainly have proved ruinous to the business of a young carriage-maker without capital. The war, however, was the beginning of his fortune. The supply of foreign merchandise being cut off, a great impulse was given to manufactures. Cloth, for example, rose to such an extravagant price that cloth factories sprang up everywhere, and there was a sudden demand for every description of cloth-making machinery. Peter Cooper, who possessed a fine genius for invention, invented a machine for shearing the nap from the surface of cloth. It answered its purpose well, and he sold it without delay to good advantage. Then he made another; and as often as he had one done, he would go to some cloth mill, explain its merits, and sell it. He soon had a thriving shop, where he employed several men, and he sold his machines faster than he could make them.

In 1814, before the war ended, he contracted that exquisite marriage which gave him fifty-five years of domestic happiness, as complete, as unalloyed, as mortals can ever hope to enjoy. It is believed by members of his family that during that long period of time there was never an act done or a word spoken by either of them which gave pain to the other. They began their married life on a humble scale indeed. When a cradle became necessary, and he was called upon to rock it oftener than was convenient, he invented a self-rocking cradle, with a fan-attachment, which he patented, and sold the patent for a small sum.

The peace of 1815 ruined his business; for no more cloth could be manufactured at a profit in America. He tried cabinet-making for a while. Then he went far up town and

bought out a grocery store on the site of the Cooper Institute, which even then he thought would become by and by the best place in the city for the evening school which he hoped one day to establish. It was where the Bowery terminated by dividing into two forks, one of which was the old Boston road, now called the Third Avenue, and the other was the Middle road, now called the Fourth Avenue. He thought that by the time—a far-distant time—he was ready to begin his school, those vacant fields around him would be built over, and that that angle would be not far from the centre of the town.

The grocery store prospered. But he was not destined to pass his life as a grocer. One day, when he had been about a year in the business, as he was standing in the door of his shop, a wagon drove up, from which an old acquaintance sprang to the sidewalk.

"I have been building," said the new-comer, after the usual salutations, "a glue factory for my son; but I don't think that either he or I can make it pay. But *you* are the very man."

"Where is it?" asked the young grocer.

It was on what we should now call the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, the present centre of elegance and fashion in New York.

"I'll go and see it."

He got into the wagon with his friend, and they drove to the spot. He liked the prospect. All the best glue was then imported from Russia, the American glue being of the most inferior quality, and bringing only one fourth the price of the imported article. He saw no reason why as good glue could not be made in New York as in Russia, and he determined to try. The price was two thousand dollars. It so happened that he possessed exactly that sum, over and

above the capital invested in his grocery business. He concluded the bargain on the spot, sold out his grocery forthwith, and began to make glue.

Now followed thirty years of steady hard work. He learned how to make the best glue that ever was made in the world, and it brought the highest price. For twenty years he had no book-keeper, no clerk, no salesman, no agent. He was up at the dawn of day. He lighted the factory fires, so as to be ready for the men at seven o'clock. He boiled his own glue. At mid-day he drove into town in his wagon, called upon his customers, and sold them glue and isinglass. At home in the evening, posting his books and reading to his family.

Such was his life for thirty years, his business producing him thirty thousand dollars a year, a large portion of which he saved, always thinking and often talking of the institution which he hoped to found. Glue is made from bullocks' feet, and for many years he consumed in his glue factory all the feet which the city yielded, and saw the price gradually rise from one cent to twelve cents per foot.

When he had become a capitalist, he embarked in other enterprises, and made many inventions, some of which have since proved profitable, though for a long time they were a heavy charge upon his resources, and retarded the execution of his favorite scheme. It was at Peter Cooper's iron works in Baltimore, that the first locomotive was made ever employed in drawing passengers on the Western Continent; and it was in Peter Cooper's ingenious brain that the idea originated of using iron for the beams and girders of houses.

After forty years of active and successful business life, he found himself able to begin the execution of the project formed when he was a New York apprentice boy.

At the head of the famous street called the Bowery, in

the city of New York, stands the lofty edifice of brown stone which is known throughout the country as the Cooper Institute. There is a little park in front of it; and, standing unconnected with other buildings, at the point where the Bowery divides into two avenues, it makes a noble termination to the broadest and not least imposing of our streets. The ground floor of the building is occupied by showy stores, and the second story by the offices of various public institutions, the rents of which, amounting to about thirty-five thousand dollars a year, are the fund which supports the institution.

Under ground is a vast cavern-like lecture room, in which political meetings are held, and where courses of popular lectures are delivered upon Art and Science. In the third story there is an extensive reading-room, furnished with long tables and newspaper stands, wherein the visitor has his choice of about three hundred journals and periodicals from all parts of the world.

This room is not much frequented in the daytime; but in the evening every seat is filled, and every stand is occupied by persons, well dressed and polite indeed, who observe the strictest order, and yet have evidently labored all day as clerks, mechanics, or apprentices. Several ladies are generally present, reading the magazines; for this apartment is free to all, of every age, sex, condition, and color, provided only that they are cleanly dressed and well behaved. On a platform at one end of the room a young lady sits, the librarian, who exercises all the authority that is ever needed. The most perfect order prevails at all times, and no sound is heard except the rustling of leaves. In all the city of New York, a more pleasing spectacle cannot be found than is exhibited in this spacious, lofty, and brilliantly lighted room, with its long tables bordered on both sides by silent

readers, presided over by a lady quietly plying her crochet needle.

If you ascend to the stories above, you behold scenes not less interesting. The upper stories are divided into class-rooms and lecture-rooms. In one, you may see fifty or sixty lads and lasses listening to a lecture upon Chemistry, illustrated by experiments. In another, a similar class is witnessing an exposition of the Electric Telegraph. In another apartment there will be a hundred pupils seated at long tables, drawing from objects or copies; and in another, a smaller class is drawing a statue, or a living object, placed in the centre of the room. Drawing, indeed, would appear to be a favorite branch with the frequenters of this establishment, nearly all of whom are engaged in some mechanical business which drawing facilitates. Young machinists and engineers, young carpenters and masons, who hope one day to be builders and architects, young carriage-makers, upholsterers, and house painters, who aspire to exercise the higher grades of their vocation, are here in great numbers in the various rooms devoted to drawing and painting. There are classes, also, the pupils of which, both boys and girls, learn to model in clay, several of whom have produced creditable works.

In the daytime most of these upper class-rooms are empty; but, soon after seven in the evening, crowds of young people begin to stream in from the streets, ascend the stairs, and fill all the building with eager young life. At half-past seven work begins, and after that time no one is admitted. The classes continue for an hour or two hours, according to the nature of the subject or exercise. By half-past nine the rooms are again silent and deserted. The reading-room closes at ten; the lights are extinguished, and the Cooper Institute has discharged its beneficent office for one day more.

All this is free to every one, on two simple conditions : first, that the applicant knows how to read, write, and cipher ; and, secondly, that he desires to increase his knowledge. Of course, every one must observe the ordinary rules of decorum ; but this is so uniformly done by the pupils that it scarcely requires mention.

Such is the Cooper Institute. This is that Evening School which Peter Cooper resolved to found as long ago as 1810, when he was a coach-maker's apprentice looking about in New York for a place where he could get instruction in the evening, but was unable to find it. Through all his career, as a cabinet-maker, grocer, manufacturer of glue, and iron-founder, he never lost sight of this object. If he had a fortunate year, or made a successful speculation, he was gratified, not that it increased his wealth, but because it brought him nearer to the realization of his dream.

When he first conceived the idea, there were no public schools in the city, and such a thing as an evening school had not been thought of. His first intention, therefore, was to establish such an evening school as he had needed himself when he was an apprentice boy, where boys and young men could improve themselves in the ordinary branches of education. But by the time that he was ready to begin to build, there were free evening schools in every ward of the city. His first plan was therefore laid aside, and he determined to found something which should impart a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences involved in the usual trades ; so that every apprentice could become acquainted with the mechanical or chemical principles which his trade compelled him to apply.

Before any plan was fully formed in his mind, he met in the street one day a friend, an accomplished physician, and the alderman of his ward, who had just returned from a tour

in Europe. New York aldermen were then its most eminent and worthy citizens, — many of them men of education and public spirit, who had the greatest pride and interest in the improvement and progress of the city, — men who would have been hewn in pieces rather than accept a bribe, and who would have been strongly disposed to perform that operation upon the man who had dared to offer one. Peter Cooper was himself an alderman in those happy days.

This physician, on meeting his friend Cooper, aware of his interest in the scientific education of mechanics, began to describe, in glowing language, the Polytechnic School in Paris, where just such instruction was given as intelligent mechanics and engineers require.

"Why," said the alderman, "young men come from all parts of France, and live in Paris on a crust a day, in order to attend the classes at the Polytechnic."

Mr. Cooper listened eagerly to his friend's description, and he determined that his institution should be founded upon a similar plan. Already he had begun to buy portions of the ground for the site. I have been informed by a member of his family that he bought the first lot about thirty years before he began to build, and from that time continued to buy pieces of the ground as he could spare the money. In 1854 the whole block was his own, and he began to erect thereon a massive structure of stone, brick, and iron, six stories in height, and fire-proof in every part. It cost seven hundred thousand dollars, which was all the fortune the founder possessed, except that invested in his business. In 1859 he delivered the property, with the joyful and proud consent of his wife and children, into the hands of trustees, and thus placed it forever beyond his control. Two thousand pupils immediately applied for admission, a number which has greatly increased every year, until now most of

the departments are filled during the winter season with attentive students. From the beginning, as many as three thousand persons used the reading-room every week.

Along with the title-deeds, the founder presented to the trustees a singularly wise and affectionate letter, in which he expressed the objects he had had in view in founding the institution. "My heart's desire is," said he, "that the rising generation may become so thoroughly acquainted with the works of nature, and the mystery of their own being, that they may see, feel, understand, and know that there are immutable laws, designed in infinite wisdom, constantly operating for our good,—so governing the destiny of worlds and men that it is our highest wisdom to live in strict conformity to these laws."

The whole letter is in this strain of benevolent wisdom. Perhaps the most characteristic passage is the following:—

"My feelings, my desires, my hopes, embrace humanity throughout the world; and, if it were in my power, I would bring all mankind to see and feel that there is an almighty power and beauty in goodness. I would gladly show to all, that goodness rises in every possible degree, from the smallest act of kindness up to the Infinite of all good. My earnest desire is to make this building and institution contribute, in every way possible, to unite all in one common effort to improve each and every human being, seeing that we are bound up in one common destiny, and by the laws of our being are made dependent for our happiness on the continued acts of kindness we receive from each other."

He concludes this long and eloquent epistle with the utterance of a desire, that thousands of youth thronging the halls of the institution might learn "those lessons of wisdom so much needed to guide the inexperience of youth amid the dangers to which they are at all times exposed."

A pleasant sight it is, at the annual exhibition of the Institute in the spring, when, for three days and evenings, the halls are crowded with people viewing the works of art, — the drawings, the models, the paintings produced by the pupils during the year, — to see the venerable founder, his countenance beaming with happiness, moving about among the company, and receiving their congratulations upon the success of his enterprise. Few evenings in the winter pass without his visiting the Institute. It is the delight of his old age to see so many hundreds of young people freely enjoying the advantages which he longed for in early life, and could not obtain. He has recently given one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to provide the institution with a library of books of reference.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SCIENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOUNDING OF HARVARD AND YALE. — HOW THE EARLY PROFESSORS
WERE FORMED. — CAREER OF PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

ONE of the most remarkable facts of the early history of New England is, that the colonists of Massachusetts, only six years after the founding of Boston, should have set about establishing a College. Perhaps the New England historians, however, boast somewhat too much of this. These people had come into the wilderness for the sole purpose of enjoying and perpetuating their peculiar religion, one of the most essential features of which was a learned ministry. But as the English Universities were under the control of the Episcopal Church, and the Nonconformists in England were persecuted and discouraged in every way, there was no reason to expect that England would long continue to supply the growing colonies with competent clergymen. The colonists, therefore, were compelled to provide for this difficulty, or give up the object of their founding the colony. A nursery for the education of clergymen was one of the necessities of the situation, and the first college was founded for that purpose.

Almost as soon as the colony was planted, in 1630, the people began to think of rearing clergymen, and a few young men were lodged in the families of ministers, from whom they received instruction in the languages and theology.

But this resource being manifestly inadequate, the Legislature, in the sixth year of the colony's existence, when the country was threatened with an Indian war, and all New England contained but five thousand white families, voted four hundred pounds toward the building of a college. This sum was about as much for the Massachusetts of 1636, as ten millions of dollars would be for the Massachusetts of 1871

The next year, the Legislature appointed twelve of the leading men to superintend the work, and changed the name of the place where it was appointed to be established, from New Town to Cambridge. Many of the leading men of the colony had been students at Cambridge in old England, and they gave the town this new name in grateful recollection of the happy days of their youth.

The Pequot war ensued, which obliged the colonists to put forth all their strength, and expend far more than their revenue; so that the vote of the Legislature would have probably remained inoperative for several years, but for the beneficence of a private individual.

There was then living at Charlestown, on the other side of Charles River, an invalid clergyman named John Harvard, who had brought with him from England some property and a considerable number of books. He had been educated at Cambridge, in England, and had emigrated to Massachusetts in 1637, the very year of the Pequot war, and the year after the four hundred pounds had been voted for a college. An opinion was current at the time that the voyage across the Atlantic and a residence in New England were good for consumptives; and there is some reason to believe that John Harvard, sharing this opinion, had removed to Massachusetts for the restoration of his health.

He does not appear to have preached in America, nor, as

far as we know, to have contemplated preaching. But after struggling with disease for about a year, he died of consumption. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left his whole library of two hundred and sixty volumes, and one half of his estate, to the proposed college, — his estate being worth nearly sixteen hundred pounds sterling. Provided thus with a fund of nearly twelve hundred pounds, the trustees went forward, erected a building, established the college, and conferred upon it the name of its first benefactor.

The example of John Harvard was more beneficial even than the money which he bequeathed; for it inspired a large number of other persons with generous feelings toward the infant institution. Some of the early donations were very simple and curious. A clergyman, for example, having neither money nor lands to bestow, gave the college two cows, valued at nine pounds. A gentleman presented nine shillings' worth of cotton cloth. Another contributed forty shillings a year for ten years; and a farmer, who lived in Hartford, bequeathed a hundred pounds, to be paid in corn and meal, the college to defray the cost of transportation. One of the Bahama Islands, for which at a time of famine collections had been made in New England, now, in its turn, made a collection for the college, "out of their poverty," as they said, and sent a hundred and twenty-four pounds.

The college received various gifts of land, from one acre to six hundred acres, as well as "two shops" in Boston, let by the president of the college for ten shillings a year. Among the smaller gifts, were a piece of plate valued at three guineas, a silver fruit dish, a sugar spoon, a silver-tipped jug, "one great salt and one small trencher salt," one pewter flagon worth ten shillings, a pair of globes, a bell,

a silver tankard, two silver goblets, thirty ewe sheep worth thirty pounds, and some horses which brought seventy-two pounds.

A large number of books, the weighty quartos and folios of the olden time, were presented to the college. One London lawyer gave eight chests of books at one time, worth four hundred pounds; and it seems to have been a common thing for clergymen and others to bequeath their libraries to the College. Books were then high-priced, few in number, and highly valued. We have an interesting proof of this in a document which may still be read in the college records, to the effect, that a certain Henry Stevens gave to the College his Greek Dictionary, in four volumes, folio, on the following conditions, to wit: that if his son should ever have occasion to use the work, he should have free access to it, and that if "God should bless the said Joshua with any child or children that shall be students of the Greek tongue, then the said books above specified shall be unto them delivered." It so happened that the said Joshua had a son who studied Greek, to whom the Dictionary was delivered on demand accordingly.

These voluntary contributions being insufficient, the Government assigned for the support of the College the profits of the ferry over the Charles River, and the people were called upon to make an annual contribution to it, of at least *one peck of corn!* For many years, however, the College was a heavy charge upon the people, and the tutors and president were most scantily and precariously maintained.

A sad misfortune befell the institution at the start. The first president, Nathaniel Eaton, although an excellent scholar, proved to be a man of violent temper and cruel disposition. In all colleges, then, the president was authorized to inflict corporeal punishment on the students; and

this Eaton, besides half starving his scholars, pummelled them so outrageously that even the stern Puritans of that severe age could not endure it.

"Among many of the instances of his cruelty," says Cotton Mather, "he gave one in causing two men to hold a young gentleman, while he so unmercifully beat him with a *cudgel*, that upon complaint of it unto the court, in September, 1639, he was fined an hundred marks, besides a convenient sum to be paid unto the young gentleman that had suffered by his unmercifulness; and for his inhumane severities towards the scholars, he was removed from his trust."

This was an inauspicious beginning, and it was some time apparently before the College recovered from the check which the unfortunate choice of a President gave it. Under better men, however, the institution grew and throve, and acquired so high a reputation that Puritan families in England sent over their sons to be educated in it.

The journal of a Dutch traveller, who made the tour of the American colonies when the college was forty years old, describes an unexpected scene which the author witnessed at Harvard College in 1680. The manuscript of this work was accidentally discovered, a few years ago, in a bookseller's shop at Amsterdam, by an American citizen, who caused it to be translated and published. In this strange, roundabout way, we get an interesting glimpse of old Harvard. The author records, that, being at Boston, he started one morning about six o'clock to go to Cambridge, to see the college and the printing-office, the latter a great wonder then in America. After being rowed across the Charles River, he and his companion lost their way, so that they did not reach Cambridge until eight o'clock. He describes the village as being small, the houses standing very much apart,

and the college building conspicuous in the midst. Upon approaching the college, they neither heard nor saw anything remarkable, until they had got round to the back of the edifice; where, he says, "we heard noise enough in an upper room to lead my comrade to suppose they were engaged in disputation." They entered and went up-stairs, where they were met by a gentleman, who requested them to walk into the apartment whence the noise proceeded.

"We found there," our Dutchman reports, "*eight or ten young fellows sitting around smoking tobacco*, with the smoke of which the room was so full, that you could hardly see, and the whole house smelt so strong of it, that when I was going up stairs, I said this is certainly a tavern. . . . We inquired how many professors there were, and they replied not one, as there was no money to support one. We asked how many students there were. They said, at first, thirty, and then came down to twenty: I afterwards understood there were probably not ten. They could hardly speak a word of Latin, so that my comrade could not converse with them."

It was true that, at the time of this visit, there was a vacancy in the office of the President, and that there was no one connected with the college entitled to be called Professor; the classes being instructed by tutors. Nevertheless, it shows a want of discipline that the students should smoke so as to make the whole building smell like a tavern. One of the rules expressly forbade the use of tobacco, "unless with the consent of parents or guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." But among Puritans, as among other people, "when the cat's away the mice will play."

As to their not being able to speak Latin, they probably could not understand that language as pronounced by a Dutchman. The first rule of the college was, that no student

should be admitted to the Freshman class, until he could translate such Latin as that of Cicero at sight, and "speak true Latin in verse and prose." If this rule were strictly observed at the present day, every college in America would be empty. The students of Harvard were even required to speak Latin in their ordinary conversation; one of the rules being, "The scholars shall never use their mother tongue, except that, in public exercises of oratory, or such like, they be called to make them in English."

Another curious rule was the following: "Every scholar shall be called by his surname only, till he is invested with his first degree, except he be a fellow-commoner, or knight's eldest son, or of superior nobility." Another rule reads thus: "They shall honor their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors and aged persons by being silent in their presence (except they be called on to answer), not gainsaying; showing all those laudable expressions of honor and reverence in their presence that are in use, as bowing before them, standing uncovered, or the like."

A very simple examination decided who was worthy of his Bachelor's degree. Every scholar was entitled to it who was found capable of translating the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament into tolerable Latin; but for the degree of Master of Arts, the student was required to possess a competent knowledge of logic, natural and moral philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. Such was Harvard College during the first half-century of its existence.

Then another college began to be talked of. Other settlements had attained importance; Hartford and New Haven had been founded; the supply of ministers was still thought to be inadequate. And it was deemed a hardship by the people of Connecticut to be compelled to send their sons so far away for education.

The reader is aware, probably, that the State of Connecticut, though not the largest in the world, has two capitals, Hartford and New Haven. If he reads on, he will discover the reason of this superfluity ; for it grew out of the founding of Yale College.

We must go back to the year 1635, when so large a number of emigrants had fled to Massachusetts from persecution in England, that the group of settlements about Boston had become over-crowded, and people could scarcely subsist their cattle through the long winters. At that day, the rough-and-ready mode of clearing land since practised, by merely felling the trees, burning off the timber, and letting the stumps remain in the ground, had not been thought of ; but every one supposed that the stumps must all be grubbed up and destroyed, before the land could be cultivated. By this slow process, few farmers could clear more than an acre or two in a year ; and but for the fact that there was a great quantity of cleared land about Boston and Salem, the Indian owners of which had died of a plague some years before, the colonists could not have subsisted at all.

But in 1635, five years after the settlement of Boston, the good cleared lands along the coast were all taken up, and a number of settlers resolved to remove to the beautiful meadows upon the banks of the Connecticut River, of which glowing accounts had reached them from traders who had sailed up the Connecticut for traffic with the Indians. Having made up their minds to settle near the site of the city of Hartford, they chose a most unfortunate time for their removal. It was on the 15th of October, 1635, when the weather was already cold, that about fifteen families, numbering sixty persons, men, women and children, with horses, cattle, and pigs, began their march from the neighborhood of Boston.

The distance is about one hundred miles, and the whole journey lay through a wilderness, trackless and untrodden. There were rivers to cross, high hills to surmount, and tangled swamps to get through. The sufferings of the little band were severe and long; and when at length they arrived at the shores of the broad Connecticut, they were on the wrong side of the river, and at a loss how to get their cattle over. By the 15th of November, while they were still engaged in getting their cattle across, the winter set in with such severity that the stream was frozen over, and there was deep snow upon the ground. A whole month had been consumed, and there was scarcely a hut yet erected which could shelter the young children from the withering blasts of this premature winter.

It was a season of misery, famine, and death. Two vessels laden with their goods were wrecked on the voyage round, and all on board were lost. By the end of November, the situation was so appalling, that thirteen persons went back through the woods starving to Boston, only saved from perishing in the wilderness by the kindness of the Indians. Seventy more, in the very middle of the winter, contrived to make their way back by water. Those who remained lived on acorns, nuts, game, and what little corn they could get from the Indians. Amid sufferings seldom paralleled even in the early history of New England, the State of Connecticut was planted.

With returning spring, however, relief was afforded to the settlers; the fugitives went back; Hartford was founded; and new colonists came in. After the Pequot war of 1636, the settlements on the fertile shores of the beautiful Connecticut flourished exceedingly, and the province soon acquired some little importance.

It was in old Connecticut that the American method of

clearing land was first hit upon; and, without that invention, the American wilderness never could have been cleared fast enough to receive the tide of emigration which set toward it.

The fact, though not mentioned by any historian of note, is of so much importance that I will copy here the original record of it, as contained in an old manuscript history of Guilford, Connecticut, written one hundred years ago by the minister of that town, Rev. Thomas Ruggles, and published a year or two since in the "New York Historical Magazine." The passage has historical value.

"It was a great many years the planters were chiefly confined to the lands cleared by the Indians, near the sea, in their husbandry. They indeed early made a law that every planter should clear up yearly half an acre of new land. This was a hard piece of labor. It was all done by hand — by digging and stubbing up the trees and small growths by the roots — although they quite spoiled the land by it; but they knew of no other way, and it was a severe penalty to be guilty of transgressing this town order. It was a long time before the present way of clearing new land was practised. The first adventurer herein was John Scranton, upon the top of a good hill of land, now the property of Mr. Ruggles. He cleared about an acre.

"The inhabitants were amazed, first at his courage, that he would venture so far, about two miles, into the wood to labor; then at his folly, that he should think a crop of wheat would grow in such a way. So strange are new things to the world. But they were perfectly astonished when they saw twenty bushels of the best of wheat reaped at harvest from only three pecks of seed on an acre of ground sown in that manner by such tillage.

"Experience, from whence almost all useful knowledge, especially in husbandry, is derived, convinced them of the truth; and the same spirit spread, and the wood-lands soon became fields of wheat."

Nine years after that winter march through the wilderness, the Connecticut colonists began to contribute a little toward the support of Harvard College, each family being requested by the legislature to give one peck of wheat per annum. When the colony was seventeen years old, a project was seriously discussed of founding a college of their own; but it was thought best, for a while longer, for all New England to unite in supporting Harvard. In the year 1700, when Connecticut contained twenty-eight towns, and fifteen thousand inhabitants, the clergy of the colony formed themselves into a society for the purpose of establishing a college in Connecticut. There was a meeting of this society soon after, to which each member brought from his own precious little store of volumes those which he thought suitable, and laying them upon a table, said these words: "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony."

The number of volumes thus collected was only forty; but they were all solid folios of the olden time. The trustees took possession of them, deposited them in a safe place, and they formed the nucleus around which gathered the venerable institution now called Yale College. Other books were added; a little money was given; and one gentleman presented six hundred and thirty-seven acres of land, and engaged to supply all the glass and nails that should be necessary to build the college. The legislature agreed to give sixty pounds a year toward the support of the institution, and this they did for fifty-four years.

The college was ready to receive pupils in the spring of 1702. The first who entered was Jacob Hemmingway, who, from March to September, remained the only student. But in September, the number of students was increased to eight;

a tutor was appointed to aid the rector; and the college entered upon its long and honorable career.

One of the earliest settlers of New Haven was an English gentleman, named Thomas Yale, who arrived in 1638, and after remaining twenty years in the colony, went back to England, returning to America no more. He took back with him to his native land his son, Elihu Yale, a little boy ten years of age, born in New Haven. This son, after growing to manhood in England, went out to seek his fortune, as so many young Englishmen did, and do, to the East Indies, where he married an heiress; and, returning to England, was chosen Governor of the East India Company. That he was a man interested in learning, if not possessed of it, we may infer from the fact that he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, — that honorable institution to which Newton and Franklin communicated their discoveries.

Hearing what was going forward in his native Connecticut, he sent over, from time to time, donations of books, money, and merchandise, for the benefit of the new college. Some of his gifts arriving just in time to aid the trustees in the construction of a new building at New Haven, they named the edifice Yale College, and this name was finally assigned, by common usage, to the institution itself. It was a grand day in New Haven, in September, 1718, when the first Commencement took place after the completion of this building. In the presence of the Governor, the legislature, the judges, the clergy, and a great concourse of spectators from far and near, one of the trustees read a memorial in pompous Latin, which concluded thus: —

“We, the trustees, having the honor of being intrusted with an affair of so great importance to the common good of the people, do, with one consent, agree, determine, and ordain, that our College House shall be called by the name of its munificent patron, and

shall be named YALE COLLEGE: that this province may keep and preserve a lasting monument of such a generous gentleman, who, by so great benevolence and generosity, has provided for their greatest good, and the peculiar advantage of the inhabitants both in the present and future ages."

On this joyful occasion an oration was pronounced by one of the trustees, in which he extolled the generosity of Yale in the most glowing terms. Eight students received their bachelor's degree, and the ceremony concluded with an oration in Latin, pronounced by the Governor of the State, in which the benevolence of Mr. Yale was again warmly commended.

It remains to be told how Connecticut came to be blest with two capitals. As soon as the college was determined upon in 1700, the question arose, and was discussed with the energy and heat with which such questions usually are, In what town shall it be situated? The institution was begun at Saybrook, and was not finally established at New Haven until 1718, which was sixteen years after the first student entered. This removal, as the reader may imagine, was keenly resented, not only by Saybrook, but by other towns which had hoped to be chosen as the site of the college, particularly Hartford. To reconcile Hartford to the disappointment, the legislature agreed to build a State House there, as they said, "*to compensate for the college at New Haven.*" They tried to appease Saybrook by voting twenty-five pounds sterling for the use of its school. But Saybrook was irreconcilable. When the sheriff, by order of the trustees, attempted to remove the library to New Haven, a riot ensued, in the course of which two hundred and fifty volumes were conveyed away to parts unknown, and never recovered.

Elihu Yale lived to the age of seventy-three years, dying

in 1721, and was buried at Wrexham, in Wales. The epitaph on his tombstone is still legible. After the date of his birth and death these lines follow : —

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived : at London, dead.
Much good, some ill, he did : so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare :
For only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

The time came when the enlightened minds connected with Harvard and Yale, sharing the modern enthusiasm for science, felt the incompleteness of the old college course. I have often admired the sensible manner in which they proceeded to *form* Professors of science, when they could not find any. That, for example, was an important conversation which occurred in 1801, under the noble elms of New Haven, between Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, and young Silliman, tutor and student of law.

Benjamin Silliman, twenty-two years of age, of Mayflower ancestry, and the son of a Revolutionary general, was one of the most promising young men of New England, and he would have begun the profession of the law with every advantage that can be derived from birth, connections, and natural talent. Dr. Dwight, theologian as he was, was a man of vigorous, inquisitive mind, interested in branches of knowledge beyond the range of a college founded and maintained chiefly for the purpose of supplying New England with clergymen. The young man cherished for the President the profoundest veneration.

"When I hear him speak," he wrote in his college diary, "it makes me feel like a very insignificant being, and almost prompts me to despair; but I am reëncouraged when I reflect that he was once as ignorant as myself, and that learning is only to be acquired by long and assiduous application."

He had just received an invitation to take charge of an academy in Georgia, and was deliberating on the proposal on the College Green, under the beautiful elms, on a warm July morning, when he met President Dwight and asked his advice.

"I advise you not to go to Georgia," said the President. "I would not, voluntarily, unless under the influences of some commanding moral duty, go to live in a country where slavery is established. You must encounter, moreover, the dangers of the climate, and may die of a fever within two years. I have still other reasons which I will now proceed to state to you."

He told the young man that the corporation of the college had, several years before, at his recommendation, resolved to establish a professorship of Chemistry and Natural History as soon as the college could afford to pay another salary. The time had come; but there was a difficulty in the way. In the United States there was then not a single individual competent to fill such a professorship, and there were objections to the employment of a foreigner, who, whatever his scientific knowledge, could not be expected to harmonize with the college system so well as a native of the soil and a graduate of the institution.

"I see no way," added he, "but to select a young man worthy of confidence, and allow him time, opportunity, and pecuniary aid, to enable him to acquire the requisite science and skill, and wait for him until he shall be prepared to begin."

Dr. Dwight concluded by offering to recommend to the corporation the appointment of his young friend. The tutor was startled at a proposal so novel and unexpected, the acceptance of which would compel him to renounce his long-cherished ambition of a distinguished career at the bar, and to enter upon a course of life of which there was no American example. He stood confounded and speechless. The President, perceiving his embarrassment, continued to enlarge upon the scheme.

"I could not," he said, "propose to you a course of life and of effort which would promise more usefulness, or more reputation. The profession of law does not need you; it is already full, and many eminent men adorn our courts of justice. In the profession which I proffer to you there will be no rival here. The field will be your own. Our country is rich in unexplored treasures, and by aiding in their development you will perform an important public service, and connect your name with the rising reputation of our native land. Time will be allowed to make every necessary preparation, and when you enter upon your duties you will speak to those to whom the subject will be new. You will advance in the knowledge of your profession more rapidly than your pupils can follow you, and will be always ahead of your audience."

This view of the subject strongly impressed the young man, and he asked for a few weeks for consideration and consultation with friends, chief among whom, he records, was "a wise and good mother." The result was, that he accepted the appointment; not, however, without stipulating that he should first pass his examination for the bar, "as a retreat, in case of disaster to the college, from the violence of party spirit." President Dwight, he explains, was "an ardent Federalist of the Washington school, and his eloquent

appeals excited the hostility of the rising democracy." In 1802, his appointment was announced, to the wonder of the public, and he soon began the work of preparation.

He was almost totally ignorant of the sciences which he had undertaken to teach; nor was there a person in New England to whom he could apply for instruction. He could not even find, nor did there exist, an elementary work upon chemistry simple enough for a beginner. After his conversation with Dr. Dwight, he had procured a few books upon chemistry, but he could make little of them, and he found it necessary to proceed to Philadelphia, which was then, in everything which pertained to science and learning, the metropolis of the country.

The means of instruction in chemistry were extremely limited even there, consisting chiefly of a course of lectures delivered every winter in a small, inconvenient room by one of the physicians attached to the medical school. The laboratory was a few closets; the apparatus was barely sufficient for beginners; and the lecturer was neither deeply versed in the science nor skilful in exhibiting its laws. To the young tutor, however, even the rudiments of chemistry had the attraction of novelty, and the lectures, as he says, were a treasure to him. An instance of the lecturer's want of skill used to be related by Professor Silliman. After informing the class, one day, that life could not be sustained in hydrogen gas, a hen was placed under a bell glass filled with hydrogen. The hen gasped, kicked, and was still.

"There, gentlemen," said the lecturer, "you see she is dead."

He had no sooner uttered these words, than the hen overturned the bell glass and flew screaming across the room, flapping with her wings the heads of the students, who roared with laughter.

After attending these lectures for two winters, and availing himself of all other means of acquiring knowledge, he returned to New Haven and entered upon the duties of his professorship. During his absence, a laboratory had been constructed in one of the new college buildings; but such complete ignorance prevailed of chemistry and its requirements, that the young professor found his laboratory a gloomy cavern, sixteen feet below the surface of the ground, to which access could be gained only by a trap-door and a ladder. The architect had some confused notion that chemistry was one of the black arts, like alchemy, with its fiery furnaces, explosions, and incantations. Confounded at the sight of this dungeon, the young professor invited the corporation of the college to descend with him into its gloomy depths; which resulted in their authorizing him to make such alterations as were necessary to let in light and air; and in that room he labored and taught during fifteen of the best years of his life.

Another curious proof of the universal ignorance of science at the time, Professor Silliman has recorded. He applied to a glass manufacturer to make some retorts for him. The man replied that he had never seen a retort, but he had no doubt he could make some, if a pattern were sent him.

"I had a retort," says Professor Silliman, "the neck or tube of which was broken off near the ball; but as no portion was missing, and the two parts exactly fitted each other, I sent this retort and its neck in a box. In due time my dozen of green glass retorts of East Hartford manufacture arrived, carefully boxed, and all sound, except that they were all cracked off in the neck exactly where the pattern was fractured; and broken neck and ball lay in state, like decapitated kings in their coffins."

With such rudimentary difficulties had science to contend

in the infant Republic. In October, 1804, the young professor, in his subterranean laboratory, began to lecture upon chemistry. He was a very handsome man, of stately proportions, elegant and dignified in his manners, of bland and courteous demeanor, and with that happy manual dexterity so important to an experimenter. Thus endowed, he lectured with striking success from the beginning, and gave an impetus to the study of Natural Science in America which will never cease as long as this continent remains inhabited by civilized men. Among his pupils that winter were Galaudet, Heman Humphrey, John Pierpont, and Gardiner Spring; and often when the Senior class descended into the laboratory, President Dwight would follow, and humbly taking his seat as a learner among them, listen to the lecture and watch the experiments with the deepest interest. The poet Pierpont, who heard the first lecture, remembered for sixty-one years the words of its opening sentence: "Chemistry is the science that treats of the changes that are effected in material bodies or substances by light, heat, and mixture."

The college authorities, under the influence of President Dwight, were bountiful to the new professorship, appropriating soon ten thousand dollars for apparatus, and sending Professor Silliman to Europe to purchase it, and to improve himself by intercourse with the learned men of the old world. The Professor remained fifteen months abroad, and returned to New Haven provided with ample means for elucidating chemistry, and enriched with the results of the most recent investigation.

"Why, Domine," said a member of the college corporation to Professor Silliman one day, "is there not danger that with these physical attractions you will overtop the Latin and the Greek?"

"Sir," replied the professor, "let the literary gentlemen push and sustain their departments. It is my duty to give full effect to the sciences committed to my care."

This he continued to do for more than half a century. Collections of great value gathered round him. A better laboratory and ampler apparatus followed in due time. Other branches of natural science, under Day, Olmstead, and others, received their share of attention, and no college has since existed in the United States in which the natural sciences have not held a leading place in the routine of studies. In 1818, Professor Silliman began the publication of the "Journal of Science," a quarterly periodical, which he continued to edit for thirty years, and which has had much to do with promoting a taste among learned men for knowledge purely scientific.

It cannot be said of Professor Silliman that he greatly increased the sum of human knowledge, but few men have ever lived who have done more to diffuse it. He was a great teacher, and an excellent man. He was one of the first of Americans to see through the wine delusion which we inherit from our ancestors. Like most people of his day, he supposed that stimulants were necessary for the preservation and restoration of health; and consequently when, in middle life, his system had become thoroughly disorganized and enfeebled, he resorted to the means then usually employed for its restoration. I wish to give the result of his experiment in his own language, for the consideration of those who still believe in the restoring virtue of alcoholic drinks.

"I yielded, for a time," he says, "to the popular belief that good wine and cordials were the lever which would raise my depressed power; but the relief was only temporary. . . . No medical man informed me that I was pursuing a wrong course; but the same wise and good friend to whom

I had been already so much indebted, Mr. Daniel Wadsworth, convinced me, after much effort, that my best chance for recovery was to abandon all stimulants, and adopt a very simple diet, and in such quantities, however moderate, as the stomach might be able to digest and assimilate. I took my resolution in 1823, in the lowest depression of health. I abandoned wine and every other stimulant, including, for the time, even coffee and tea. Tobacco had always been my abhorrence. . . . I persevered a year in this strict regimen, — of plain meat, vegetables, bread, and rice, — and after a few weeks, my unpleasant symptoms abated, my strength gradually increased, and health, imperceptibly in its daily progress, but manifest in its results, stole upon me unawares.”

He lived to the age of eighty-five, enjoying life almost to his last hour, a happy, beautiful, affectionate old man. He would have lived longer, if science had progressed far enough in 1864 to show us some safe, easy way of ventilating public rooms. He suffered extremely from the bad air of a crowded chapel, upon leaving which, the wintry wind struck his irritated and enfeebled lungs, causing a cold, of which he died.

The colleges, thus formed in the infancy of New England, continue to hold the first rank among the institutions of learning in America. The time, I hope, is not distant, when “these physical attractions,” and the languages now spoken in the world, “*will* overtop the Latin and Greek,” not only in these institutions, but in all others which aim to prepare the youth of America for the work America has for them to do. No one ever more keenly enjoyed the study of those ancient languages than I did; but no one has oftener had occasion to deplore that the time expended in getting a very imperfect knowledge of Latin and Greek, was not employed in obtaining a competent knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, — four useful languages, and four rich literatures!

ORIGIN OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

DURING the voyage of the packet ship Sully, from Havre to New York, in October, 1832, a conversation arose one day in the cabin upon electricity and magnetism. Dr. Charles S. Jackson, of Boston, described an experiment recently made in Paris with an electro-magnet, by means of which electricity had been transmitted through a great length of wire, arranged in circles around the walls of a large apartment. The transmission had been instantaneous, and it seemed as though the flight of electricity was too rapid to be measured. Among the group of passengers, no one listened more attentively to Dr. Jackson's recital than a New York artist, named Samuel Finley Breece Morse, who was returning from a three years' residence in Europe, whither he had gone for improvement in his art.

Painter as he was, he was nevertheless well versed in science, for which he had inherited an inclination. His father was that once famous geographer and doctor of divinity, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose large work upon geography was to be found, half a century ago, in almost every considerable collection of books in America. Besides assisting his father in his geographical studies, Samuel Morse had studied chemistry at Yale College, under Professor Siliman, and natural philosophy under Professor Day. After graduating from Yale, in 1810, he went with Washington Allston to London, where he received instruction in painting from Sir Benjamin West. Returning to the United States

in 1815, he pursued his vocation with so much success, that he was elected the first president of our National Academy, and held the office for sixteen years. In 1829, he went again to Europe, for further improvement; and it was when returning from this visit that the conversation took place in the cabin of the Sully. During all the years of his artist life, he had retained his early love for science, and usually was himself well informed of its progress. Hence the eagerness with which he listened to Dr. Jackson's narrative.

"Why," said he, when the Doctor had finished, "if that is so, and the presence of electricity could be made visible in any desired part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence might not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity."

"How convenient it would be," added one of the passengers, "if we could send news in that manner."

"Why can't we?" asked Morse, fascinated by the idea.

From that hour the subject occupied his thoughts; and he began forthwith to exercise his Yankee ingenuity in devising the requisite apparatus. Voyages were long in those days, and he had nothing to do but meditate and contrive. Before the Sully dropped her anchor in New York harbor, he had invented and put upon paper, in drawings and explanatory words, the chief features of the apparatus employed, to this hour, by far the greater number of the telegraphic lines throughout the world.

The system of dots and marks, the narrow ribbon of paper upon a revolving block, and a mode of burying the wires in the earth after inclosing them in tubes, all were thought of and recorded on board the packet-ship. The invention, in fact, so far as the theory and the essential devices were concerned, except alone the idea of suspending the wires upon posts, was completed on board the vessel.

A few days after landing, the plan, now universally employed, of supporting the wires, was thought of by the inventor, though he still preferred his original conception of the buried tubes.

The reader, of course, is aware that the mere idea of transmitting intelligence by electricity was not original with Samuel Morse. From the time when Dr. Franklin and his friends stretched a wire across the Schuylkill River, and killed a turkey for their dinner by a shock from an electrical machine on the other side of the stream, the notion had existed of using the marvellous fluid for transmitting intelligence; and long before the Sully was launched, some attempts had been made in this direction, which were not wholly unsuccessful.

There is no instance on record, I believe, of a great invention completed by the efforts of one man. Usually, an invention of first-rate importance is originated in one age, and brought to perfection in another; and we can sometimes trace its progress for thousands of years. Probably so simple a matter as a pair of scissors — one of the oldest of inventions — was the result of the cogitations of many ingenious minds, and has undergone improvements from the days of Pharaoh to those of Rogers & Sons. The most remarkable case of rapid invention with which I am acquainted is that of the sewing-machine, which, in twenty-five years, has been brought to a point not distant from perfection. But then *thousands* of ingenious minds have exerted themselves upon it! In the Patent Office at Washington, not less than thirteen hundred devices and improvements have been patented relating to this beautiful contrivance.

The electric telegraph is an instance of the slow growth of a great invention. The first step was taken toward it thousands of years ago, when some one observed that if a

piece of amber was rubbed against cloth, it attracted small objects and emitted a spark. In Greek, the word *electron* signifies amber; and hence the name which has been given to the mysterious and wonderful fluid that pervades the universe. The second step toward the telegraph was not made until the middle of the last century, when a Dutch professor invented the Leyden jar, by which electricity can be accumulated, and from which it can be suddenly discharged in an electric shock.

From that time electricity became, in all civilized countries, the favorite branch of science. Franklin's discoveries quickly followed. Galvani led the way to electro-magnetism, which Volta pursued with striking success. The galvanic battery was speedily added to the resources of science. The electro-magnet followed; and in 1719, Professor Oersted, of Denmark, so increased our knowledge of these instruments, that little remained except for ingenious inventors to devise the mechanical apparatus of the telegraph.

An artist, arriving at home after a three years' residence in foreign countries, is not apt to be furnished with a great abundance of cash capital; nor is he usually able to spend any more time in unproductive industry. Three years passed before Mr. Morse had set up his rude apparatus of half a mile of wire and a wooden clock, adapted to the purpose by his own hands, and sent a message from one end of his wire to the other, legible at least by himself. He used to exhibit his apparatus now and then to his friends, and he spent all the time he could spare from his profession in perfecting it. For some time it was placed in a large room of the New York University, where, in the fall of 1837, large numbers of persons witnessed its operation.

The invention attracted much notice at the time, as I can just remember. Every one said, How wonderful! how

ingenious ! and boasted of the progress man was making in science ; but scarcely any one believed that the invention could be turned to profitable account, and no man could be found in New York willing to risk his capital in putting the invention to a practical test. By this time, however, Mr. Morse had become fully possessed of the inventor's mania, which shuts a man's eyes to all obstacles, and forces him to pursue his project to the uttermost.

Having no other resource, he went to Washington in 1838, arranged his apparatus there, exhibited its performance to as many members as he could induce to attend, and petitioned Congress for a grant of public money with which to make an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, a distance of forty miles. It is weary work getting a grant of money from Congress for such a purpose ; and it *ought* to be, for Congress has no constitutional right to give away the people's money to test such an invention. A committee reported upon it favorably, but nothing further was done during the session.

He crossed the ocean to seek assistance in Europe. His efforts were fruitless. Neither in France nor in England could he obtain public or private encouragement. It seemed out of the sphere of government, and capitalists were strangely obtuse, not to the merits of the invention, but to the probability of its being profitable. They could not conceive that any considerable number of persons in a country would care to pay for the instantaneous transmission of news. Returning home disappointed, but not discouraged, he renewed his efforts, winter after winter, using all the influence of his personal presence at Washington, and all his powers of argument and persuasion.

March the third, 1843, the last day of the session, was come. He attended all day the House of Representatives,

faintly hoping that something might be done for him before the final adjournment; but as the evening wore away, the pressure and confusion increased, and at length hope died within him and he left the Capitol. He walked sadly home and went to bed.

Imagine the rapture with which he heard on the following morning that Congress, late in the night, amid the roar and stress preceding the adjournment, had voted him thirty thousand dollars for constructing his experimental line! Eleven years and a half had passed since he had made his invention on board the ship. Perhaps, on that morning, he thought it worth while to strive and suffer for so long a period, to enjoy the thrill and ecstasy which he then experienced.

But his troubles were far from being over. Clinging still to his original notion of inclosing the wires in buried tubes, he wasted nearly a whole year, and spent twenty-three thousand dollars of his appropriation in discovering that the plan would not work.

And this brings another character on the scene,—the founder of the Cornell University. Ezra Cornell has a place in the history of the telegraph, which would have caused his name to be remembered if he had never founded a university. At a critical moment, his ingenuity came to the rescue of Morse's enterprise, and saved it, perhaps, from premature extinction. The telegraph, in return for this service, has since given him a colossal fortune, part of which he has expended in a manner with which the world is acquainted.

On a certain day in 1842, when he was a travelling agent for a patent plough, he arrived at Portland, in Maine, and, naturally enough, called at the office of an agricultural journal, edited by Mr. F. O. J. Smith, with whom he was well acquainted. This visit proved to be the turning-point in the

plough agent's career. Horace Greeley often says, that every man has one chance in his life to make a fortune; and Mr. Disraeli has recently informed mankind that the secret of success is, to be ready for your opportunity when it comes. Mr. Cornell's opportunity was now coming, and he was ready for it. On entering the office, he found the editor on his knees, with parts of a plough by his side, drawing on the floor with a piece of chalk, and trying to explain his drawing to a plough-maker named Robinson, who was standing near.

"Cornell," said the editor, with animation, and as if much relieved, "you are the very man I want to see. I want a scraper made, and I can't make Robinson understand exactly what I want. But you can understand it, and make it for me too."

Ezra Cornell had indeed learned the trade of a machinist. The son of a farmer, named Elijah Cornell, in Westchester County, New York, he had passed his boyhood, as our country boys usually do, in working on his father's farm, and going to the district school during the winter. In 1828, when he came of age, he went to Ithaca, New York, in search of employment, and there worked a while in a machine-shop, and afterwards passed several years as the superintendent of a large mill in Ithaca. Of an ingenious, inventive turn of mind, he had become familiar with the mechanical powers, could handle tools with dexterity, and was fertile in what may be called mechanical ideas. He was one of those men who would undertake on the spot to build a mill, dig a canal, bore the Hoosac Tunnel, or construct the High Bridge, and execute the work in a triumphant manner. He was a sound, healthy man, too, who drank no intoxicating drink, used no tobacco, and lived cleanly in every respect. It was with reason, therefore, that the editor

felt relieved when he saw him enter his office that day in Portland, while he was vainly expounding an imaginary scraper to Mr. Robinson.

"What do you want your scraper to do?" asked Cornell.

Mr. Smith explained. Congress had made an appropriation to build a line of telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, and Mr. Smith had taken the contract from Professor Morse to lay down the pipe in which the wire was to be inclosed. Finding that it would cost a great deal more to do the work than he had calculated upon, he was trying to invent something which would dig the ditch, and fill it with dirt again, after the pipe was laid at the bottom. Cornell asked various questions concerning the size of the pipe and the depth of the ditch, and, after thinking a while, said:—

"You don't want either a ditch or a scraper."

He then took a pencil and drew the outline of a machine, to be drawn by a yoke of oxen, which, he said, would cut open the ground to the depth of two feet, deposit the pipe at the bottom, and cover it with earth, as the oxen drew the machine along. The editor was incredulous. Cornell, however, expressed unbounded confidence in its successful working, and Smith at last agreed to pay for one, provided Cornell would superintend its construction. If it succeeded, the inventor was to be handsomely paid; if it failed, he was to receive nothing. Ten days after, the trial took place, when one yoke of oxen, with the assistance of the machine and three men, laid one hundred feet of pipe and covered it with earth in the first five minutes. The contractor found that he could lay the pipe for about ten dollars a mile, for which he was to receive a hundred dollars.

Nothing would now content the contractor but Cornell's going to Baltimore and superintending the working of the machine which he had invented; and as he made an advan-

tageous offer, Cornell agreed to go. Upon conversing with Professor Morse, and inspecting the pipe that was to be used, he predicted failure, and endeavored to convince the Professor that the pipe would not answer. Morse clung to the child of his brain, and the work was begun. The pipe was laid with great rapidity, and it was not until Mr. Cornell had ploughed in ten miles of pipe, nearly all the way from Baltimore to the Relay House, that Morse was satisfied messages could not be transmitted through it. But, as our French friends say, "The eyes of the universe were upon him," and he shrank from the comments of the press upon the waste of the public money in an experiment so prolonged. The ready Cornell quickly relieved him from this embarrassment. He shouted to his men one day : —

"Hurry up, boys. Start the team lively! We must reach the Relay House before we leave off to-night."

Cornell, who was guiding the machine, directed it so that it caught under a rock, and in a moment it was smashed to pieces. The newspapers lamented the catastrophe, and condoled with the inventor upon the delay which it would cause. Another kind of pipe was tried, and failed. The whole of that year was consumed in such experiments. At last, when but seven thousand dollars of the appropriation was left, and Professor Morse was almost in despair, he gave up the execution of the work to Mr. Cornell, who forthwith, with the Professor's approval, abandoned the pipe system, and set up the telegraphic wire upon poles, employing an insulator and a relay magnet of his own invention.

On the first of May, 1843, the first message was sent; and although every part of the apparatus worked imperfectly, and sometimes would not work at all, the line was sufficiently successful to establish the electric telegraph as a permanent addition to the possessions of man. No one more constantly

studied its defects than Ezra Cornell; for, from this time forward, it became his business to construct telegraphic lines. After a long struggle with the early difficulties — mechanical, scientific, pecuniary — he systematized the business so that it became profitable. Like most contractors, he occasionally received part of his compensation for constructing a line in stock of the company owning it; and when the great rise in the value of telegraphic stock occurred, some years ago, he found himself a very rich man.

A FRENCH TORY.

PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER.

It is curious to notice how limited are reputations. I suppose that for every individual in the world who has heard of Queen Victoria, there are ten who do not know that such a person exists; and I am sure that there are thousands in the United States who never heard of General Grant. Many reputations are limited by the sect, profession, or party to which the individual belongs. A man's name may be as familiar as a household word to all the Baptists in the world, and yet the majority of Presbyterians may know nothing of him; or a man may have in his own country an immense and dazzling reputation, and be unknown to all the world besides.

A case in point is that of the great French lawyer, Berryer, who died recently in Paris. Americans in general know about as much of Berryer as French people in general know of our famous lawyer, James T. Brady, whose death occurred in New York a short time ago. But M. Berryer was so interesting a person that I am tempted to give a little account of him.

Pierre Antoine Berryer, born at Paris in 1790, was the son of a lawyer, and was descended from a family that had come originally from Germany, but had long been settled in France. He seems to have been composed almost entirely of the stuff of which romances are made. It is wonderful that such a man should ever have been able to

adopt the profession of the law. His father, who was a warm adherent of the Bourbon dynasty, placed him at a college near Paris, which was conducted by priests, and there he showed a strong inclination to enter the church. He yielded, however, to his father's wishes, and prepared for the legal profession.

He completed his studies, and was about to begin the practice of law, at the age of twenty-one, when he fell in love with an attractive young lady, aged sixteen, whom he immediately married. This was in 1811, when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power.

After his marriage, he threw himself ardently into his profession, and endeavored also to attract attention by public addresses, for which he had a particular talent. Inheriting his father's political opinions, he was never reconciled to the sway of Napoleon; and when, in 1814, the allies entered France, and Napoleon was obliged to surrender, young Berryer announced his downfall to a company of magistrates and law students. The intelligence not being believed, an order was issued for his arrest; but he was forewarned, and made his escape. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he joined the volunteers who turned out to defend the ancient dynasty; but resumed his profession after Waterloo and the second return of Louis the Eighteenth.

As yet, he had won no great distinction at the bar. In 1815, being then but twenty-five years of age, he was one of the three lawyers engaged to defend Marshal Ney, who was tried for rejoining the Emperor, after the escape from Elba. It was on this occasion that the talents of young Berryer, both as a lawyer and an orator, were revealed to his countrymen. It was a cause which gave immense opportunities for a display of knowledge, skill, and eloquence; and the young advocate is said to have improved those oppor-

tunities to the utmost, and his closing speech is, to this day, regarded as a model of its kind. He could not save Marshal Ney, but he made himself the first of the young lawyers of his country. He was employed to defend other generals of Napoleon, and acquitted himself to admiration.

It is, however, as a politician that he is interesting to us. I consider him in the light of a curiosity. With talents surpassed by few men of his time, with great and exact knowledge, and a patriotism which no one that knew him could doubt, he was nevertheless, from youth to hoary age, a zealous, consistent, uncompromising adherent of the old Bourbon dynasty, now represented by the person known in Europe generally as the Count de Chambord, but who is styled, by the legitimists of France, Henry the Fifth. There is something strange in this. It is incomprehensible to us how a man so able, so pure, and in many respects so wise as Berryer, could honestly think that this poor, foolish Count de Chambord had a divine right to reign over France, and that France could never be tranquil or happy until she dutifully accepted him as her king. So it was, however, and he was true to his belief to the last hour of his life.

He was too sensible a man not to know that the time had not come for the return of the Bourbons. In 1832, when the Duchess de Berri attempted to raise an insurrection against the government of Louis Philippe, he went to La Vendée, where the Duchess was, and begged her to abandon an attempt which he saw could end in nothing but defeat. Notwithstanding he had given her this excellent advice (which of course she, being a Bourbon, disregarded), he was arrested on a charge of promoting the insurrection. He was tried and triumphantly acquitted. Soon after this, his friend Viscount de Chateaubriand, another legitimist, in a pamphlet

upon the imprisonment of the Duchess de Berri, apostrophized her thus : —

“ Your son is our King.”

The Viscount was prosecuted by the government, together with half a dozen editors who had published an address of de Chateaubriand's, of a similar tenor. Who could defend these prisoners but Berryer? His conduct of the case was in the highest degree effective, and all the prisoners were acquitted.

During the whole of the reign of Louis Philippe, he was sure to be employed whenever a legitimist of rank was cited before the tribunals. In 1836, the legitimist party in France subscribed to purchase an estate for the great advocate who had delivered so many of them from trouble. In the same year, when it was announced that the exiled King, Charles the Tenth, was near his end, Berryer visited him in his retreat near Trieste, and paid a last homage to the man whom he revered as his rightful sovereign.

It was Berryer who, in 1840, defended Louis Napoleon after he had made his ridiculous attempt to corrupt the garrison of Boulogne. But it was with great difficulty that he was induced to undertake the cause, and he did so at length, because, as he said Louis Napoleon was certainly the heir of the Napoleon dynasty and ought not to be condemned to death for asserting what he considered to be his rights.

“ All that I can do,” said the great advocate, “ is to save his life ; perpetual imprisonment must at all events be his fate.”

An interesting anecdote is related of this trial. Louis Napoleon, it was agreed, should deliver a short address to the Court, and then refuse to answer any questions. He

prepared a draught of such an address as he wished to deliver, and handed it to his lawyer for emendation. M. Berryer, thinking the address was much too inflated, read it over to an English friend to get his suggestions upon it.

"You English," said M. Berryer, "who have so much common-sense, can suggest what is ultra and exaggerated."

The reading began. Various alterations were made in the opening sentences. At length M. Berryer came to the following : —

"I represent before you a principle and a cause — the first, the Sovereignty of the People, and the second, that of the Empire."

Upon hearing these words the Englishman laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the lawyer.

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think there is one other thing the Prince represents."

"What is that?"

"A defeat," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Waterloo," answered the Englishman.

"It is the word! the very word!" cried M. Berryer, and he instantly altered the passage so that it read thus :

"I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the Sovereignty of the People; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle, you have recognized it; the cause, you have served it; the defeat, you would avenge it."

This piece of clap-trap was accordingly delivered by the prisoner. Years after, when Louis Napoleon, as Emperor of France, was seeking the alliance of Great Britain, some prying journalist fished out this forgotten passage from the dead sea of journalism, and spread it before Europe. The

English Press poured torrents of invective upon the person supposed to be the author of it; and it was only a few months ago, since M. Berryer's death, that the Englishman who figures in the story communicated the facts to one of the London papers.

During the last twenty years, M. Berryer's name appears in the report of almost every important trial that has occurred in Paris, and he has usually been a member of whatever semblance of a legislature France may have had. Always faithful to the ancient Royal Family, he protested, in 1851, *against* repealing the law which forbade the Bourbons from entering France. "The Count de Chambord," said he, "is not a Frenchman in exile; he is a King of France unlawfully excluded from the throne, and no monarch can accept permission to enter his own dominions."

On his death-bed, in November, 1869, a few hours before he expired, after he had received the last sacraments of the church, M. Berryer wrote the following letter to the Count de Chambord: —

"Oh, Monseigneur — oh, my King! they tell me that my last hour is at hand. Alas! that I should die without having seen the triumph of your hereditary rights, consecrating the establishment and the development of those liberties of which our country stands in need.

"I bear these vows to Heaven for your Majesty, for her Majesty the Queen, for our dear France. That they may be less unworthy to be heard by God, I leave this life armed with all the succors of our holy religion.

"Adieu, Sire; may God protect you and save France.

"Your devoted and faithful subject. BERRYER.

"18th November, 1868."

He died soon after these words were written. His remains were followed to the grave by a great concourse of his legal

brethren and others, among whom were several distinguished members of the English bar.

A writer in the "London Times," who has frequently heard Berryer speak, gives a glowing description of his eloquence.

"His speeches," says this writer, "had in them at once all the charm of finished orations and the force of the suddenness, vivacity, and fire of extempore harangues. . . . When he stood at the tribune, with his head raised and his arm uplifted, and poured forth his torrent of eloquence, nothing could be superior to him in style or in action. Possessing a most musical voice, and thoroughly gifted with every oratorical resource, he was listened to with profound silence, broken by applause only at the end of some fine period. Add to this the fact that he had an astonishing aptitude for business, and an intuitive quickness in mastering the details of the most complicated questions, and the reader may have an idea of the versatile and powerful orator whom France has just lost."

Though M. Berryer was, during most of his professional life, in the receipt of a very large income, he lived so freely that he left little more to his son than the estate which was presented to him, and a library valued at half a million francs.

JARED SPARKS.

FROM THE CARPENTER'S BENCH TO THE PRESIDENCY OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

I TELL you again, boys, that you may all be as learned as you wish, even though you have no rich father to send you to college. The history of the late Dr. Jared Sparks, President of Harvard University, and editor of the works of Washington and Franklin, is another illustration of this truth.

He was a Connecticut boy, born as long ago as 1789, and as poor as any boy that reads this book. He earned his living as soon as he was strong enough to wield a hoe or drive a plough-horse, by working on a rough, stony Connecticut farm; and when he had grown to be a pretty stout lad, he was occasionally employed in a saw-mill of the neighborhood. When the time came for him to learn a business, he apprenticed himself to a carpenter; and he worked diligently at this trade for two years. When he was twenty years of age, he was still hammering, planing, and mortising as a carpenter's apprentice.

But during all this time, whether working on a farm, or in the saw-mill, or in the carpenter's shop, he spent his leisure hours in reading and study. He had a most extraordinary thirst for knowledge. The clergyman of the town, observing his studious habits, spoke to him about his books, and, finding him intent on getting knowledge, offered to

give him some regular instruction in mathematics, and advised him to study Latin. The youth joyfully accepted this offer; but with that fine, manly spirit that distinguishes the stock from which he sprang, he compensated the minister by shingling his barn for him. With all his studying, however, he had no expectation of ever being anything but an honest Yankee carpenter, until he was a young man of nearly twenty. A circumstance then occurred which opened the way for him to a college education.

He was sitting, one day, in the chimney corner of his clerical instructor's house, so intensely engaged in study as to be unconscious of all else. The clergyman, as it happened, had a visitor that day, the minister of an adjacent town, and the two gentlemen conversed together for some time in the same apartment. Afterwards, being in another room, they had a conversation together which determined the whole future career of the silent and absorbed young carpenter. Dr. Sparks used to relate this conversation himself, and one of his friends has recently put it on record in the "Historical Magazine."

"Did you notice the young man in the other room with his books?" asked the clergyman in whose house the colloquy occurred.

"Yes," said the other.

"He is a very remarkable young man," continued the clergyman; "he has a great thirst for knowledge, and ought to be helped to obtain a liberal education. I have promised to give him two months' instruction, and hope to interest the neighboring clergy to do as much for him."

"Most certainly I will help him," said the other minister, who was himself a great lover of knowledge; "and I will try to do better for him than to give him tuition at my own house. I am acquainted with the trustees of Exeter Acad-

emy, in New Hampshire, where there is a provision for worthy scholars who may be unable to pay their expenses, and I think I can get him a place there."

This Exeter Academy was founded in 1778 by two noble brothers, John and Samuel Phillips. Among those who have been educated there, in part, we find the names of Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Levi Woodbury, Benjamin F. Butler, Alexander Everett, Edward Everett, and George Bancroft. To this list we must add the name of Jared Sparks; for the friendly interposition of this good clergyman procured for him a scholarship in the academy at Exeter, which entitled him to his board and tuition.

Jared Sparks was a happy young man when this intelligence reached him, but his difficulties were not yet over. Readers must not forget how very poor and frugal people were fifty years ago in Connecticut. This apprentice had scarcely a dollar in the world, and his time was not yet out. His master, however, fully sympathizing with his love of knowledge, gave him his liberty without any compensation, and nothing remained but for him to pack his trunk and go to school. But Exeter was one hundred and fifty miles distant.

"How can you manage to get to Exeter?" asked the clergyman who had procured him the scholarship.

The reader may ask, Why did not the clergyman just put his hand into his pocket and pay the young man's fare by the stage? To which I reply, that a Connecticut minister, in 1809, was a man who had to bring up a large family, respectably, upon five or six hundred dollars a year, or less. Such a man has not twenty dollars to spare.

"If it were not for my trunk," replied the student, "I should walk."

The minister replied in the spirit of one who said, "Sil-

ver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you."

"Within a few weeks," said he, "I shall make a journey to Boston" (which is far on the way to Exeter), "and if you can get along till that time, I will tie your trunk to the axle-tree of my chaise, and bring it to you."

The young man gladly consented to this arrangement, and, a few days after, he bade good-by to his friends, and, especially, to his two benefactors, slung his bundle over his back, and set off upon his long tramp.

He reached Exeter in safety. The school gave him his food and instruction, and he earned his clothes and his books by teaching school in the vacations. It so chanced that three young men, destined to distinction as American historians, were all at this school at the same time, — George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and J. G. Palfrey, the historian of New England. After two years of most faithful study, Jared Sparks had completed the academical course and was ready to enter college.

He was as poor as ever, and the expenses of a residence at Harvard University amounted, at that time, to about four hundred dollars a year. But, all this time, although he had not saved any money, he had been accumulating character and reputation. A virtuous young man, who is trying hard to educate himself, finds friends everywhere. On this occasion, the President of Harvard, the benevolent Dr. Kirkland, who had been told the history of young Sparks, stepped forward and gave him a helping hand. He procured for him a "scholarship" in the University, which entitled him to his tuition, and part of the cost of his board. Thus aided, he ventured, when twenty-two years of age, to enter college, and, during the vacations, earned the rest of his expenses by teaching school. Generally he taught in district

schools of the neighborhood, but once he went as far as Maryland, and taught awhile in an academy there. It was during the war of 1812 that he taught in Maryland, and he was there when the British landed and invaded the State. All the men being called to arms, he, too, shouldered a musket, and served in the militia until the enemy had withdrawn. Returning to college, he completed his studies, and graduated with high distinction in 1815, being then twenty-six years of age.

So far, so good. He had worked his way, with the assistance of generous friends, through college, and now he was to choose what he would do with his knowledge. It is a beautiful arrangement of things in the United States that a poor young man, who wishes to educate himself, can only earn the means of doing it by helping to educate others; and when even he has gone through college, if he desires to study for a profession, still he is obliged to teach in order to live until he is ready to practise his profession. Jared Sparks had resolved to study for the ministry, and he did so for the space of four years, during which he performed labor enough for two ordinary men. After teaching a while in a boys' school, he was appointed tutor in Harvard College. Soon after, he was engaged to edit the "North American Review," which he did for two years, with general approval. It was not till 1819, when he was thirty years of age, that his theological studies were completed, and he was ordained a Unitarian minister. Thus, it required ten years to transfer this young man from the carpenter's shop to the pulpit. Having reached the pulpit, he found its labors unsuited to his bodily constitution, and therefore, after preaching for four years in Baltimore, he resigned his charge, and spent the whole of the rest of his long life in instructing his countrymen by means of printed books.

Six hundred thousand volumes, bearing his name on the title-page, have been sold in the United States during the last forty years.

He became an author while yet a pastor, having published some theological works. Returning to Boston, he purchased the "North American Review," edited it for many years, and wrote for its pages more than fifty articles. It was Jared Sparks who gathered up and gave to the world, in twelve precious volumes, the writings of George Washington. It was Jared Sparks who collected the widely scattered letters and works of Benjamin Franklin, and published them in ten volumes. The Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States during the period of the Revolution, gathered patiently in the archives of France, England, Germany, and the United States, was published by him in seventeen volumes. Four interesting volumes of letters, addressed to General Washington, were edited by this indefatigable man. He also wrote, or caused to be written, thirty or forty small volumes of American biography, designed for general circulation.

These arduous and useful labors resulted in placing Dr. Sparks at his ease in pecuniary matters. Every dollar that friends had advanced him at school or college he repaid, principal and interest, and he was always most ready to assist young men who were striving for an education against adverse circumstances. As President of Harvard University, he favored a mild and confiding system of government. One of his friends has related the following anecdote of him, as President of the college :—

"One of the scholars in the institution made a noise somewhat derisive to one of the tutors, as he was coming out from recitation. The tutor stated the case to the Faculty, and gave the names of several who, if not guilty, he thought might know who was. These young men were summoned

before the President, who was requested to ask them, one by one, if they made the noise, or who made it? Dr. Sparks addressed them, when they came before him, in substance as follows :—

“ ‘I have been requested by the Faculty to ask you if you made, or know who made, the disturbance at the close of your recent recitation. I have stated to you their request, but if you know who made the noise, I do not intend to ask you to tell.’

“ ‘They answered, one after another ; some did not know ; some said they knew, but did not tell. Finally, one was called forward who said :—

“ ‘I did it myself ; I know I ought not to have done it ; I am sorry that I did it ; I hardly know why I did it ; yes, I should say it was because I did not like the tutor, as I thought he had not used me fairly in some of my recitations.’

President Sparks told the Faculty that he ought rather to be commended than punished ; but the tutors outvoted the others, and he was suspended. Dr. Sparks wrote a note to his father, saying that he considered it no dishonor, as young men did not often have such an opportunity to show themselves so frank and noble.”

Dr. Sparks died at the age of seventy-seven, leaving his only son a student at the college to which he owed his own education. He was a kind and happy old man. We have had in the United States many literary men more brilliant and famous ; but, I venture to predict, not one to whom posterity will be so much indebted as Jared Sparks, who, in his twentieth year, was a carpenter’s apprentice.

WHAT SORT OF MAN IS BISMARCK?

HE is descended from a noble and ancient family, which traces its origin far back into the middle ages, and which has contributed to the service of the state many able men, both in the cabinet and in the field. In the early part of the reign of Frederick the Great, a Bismarck was one of the ministers of that king, and appears to have stood high in his confidence. A Count Bismarck, who had served with distinction in the armies of several of the German States, was living recently in retirement, an old man past eighty. This aged soldier is the author of many works upon military science, which are held in esteem in Europe.

Baron Von Bismarck, born in 1814, studied at three of the principal universities of Germany, and went from college into the army. In Prussia every man of whatever rank is required to serve in the army for a short time, and after learning the trade of soldier, he is liable to be called on for the defence of his country in time of need. Bismarck, it appears, adopted the military profession from choice; but, in 1846, when he attended the Diet of his province, he retired from the army. Both in that body and in the general Diet of the following year, he acquired some notoriety for the boldness with which he denounced everything that savored of democracy. He is said to have expressed the desire that all the large cities might be swept from the surface of the earth, because they were the centres of democracy and constitutionalism. If he said this, it was probably only

the extravagance of a young man irritated by contradiction, or heated with wine.

In 1848, the storm swept over Europe which drove one king from his throne, and made every king feel unsafe. He is remembered at that period as an inflexible opponent of popular government, and a defender of Absolutism. In 1851, the ability and audacity with which he supported his ideas in the Prussian Parliament attracted the notice of the King, Frederick William the Fourth. The king invited him into the diplomatic service, and gave him the important appointment of Minister Resident of Frankfort, one of the most important diplomatic posts. Even then he had distinctly conceived the policy which he has since so triumphantly carried out. Even then, while appearing to oppose and distrust the people of Germany, he was preparing the way for the realization of their dearest wish.

The dream of every good German, for many a year, has been to see the entire German people, all who speak the German tongue and share the German character, united as a Confederation under one head, so as to form a great German nation, and be a controlling power in the centre of Europe. Bismarck, too, indulged this fond desire, and he saw clearly the only probable means of realizing it. Either Prussia or Austria, he thought, must gain such an ascendancy in Germany as to draw to itself a great preponderance of the smaller States, and thus *unite Germany by absorbing it*. Austria he believed incapable of playing this grand part, nor would he have been willing to see her attempt it. Devoted to Prussia, he naturally desired Prussia to be chief in Germany, and to become another name *for* Germany. To accomplish this, he foresaw that Prussia must encounter, first, Austria in the field, and submit the question to the arbitrament of the musket. But, twenty years ago, Prussia

was not considered a match for Austria in the field. Bismarck himself did not consider her such; and he early conceived the plan for dividing her powers, which he has since executed.

From Frankfort, Bismarck was transferred, in 1852, to Vienna, where he studied the Austrian Empire with special reference to his favorite system. While still in the diplomatic service, he published his celebrated pamphlet, entitled "Prussia and the Italian Question," in which he expressed the opinion that Italy's sullen discontent was Austria's weakness; and endeavored to show that an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France was the true method by which Prussia could gain the ascendancy in Germany, while delivering the northern provinces of Italy from the grasp of Austria. This pamphlet produced considerable effect in Prussia, and attracted attention elsewhere.

In 1859, Bismarck was appointed Ambassador to Russia. He resided at St. Petersburg three years, and it is supposed that he then prepared the Russian Emperor for the events which followed, and disposed him to witness the aggrandizement of Prussia with satisfaction. In May, 1862, he reached the highest diplomatic honor by being appointed Ambassador to Paris; but after a stay of but three months at the gay capital, he was suddenly recalled to Berlin, where he received appointments which made him Prime Minister of the king, and the almost absolute controller of the policy of the government.

It was not, however, without a severe struggle that he held in check the democratic tendencies of the nation. Both in parliament and at the council board he was the supporter of measures which tended to strengthen the authority of the king, and enable him to wield without restraint the resources of the kingdom. He was an exceedingly unpopular min-

ister, down to the very moment when he gave his countrymen the keen gratification of seeing their country the unquestionable head of Germany.

The series of masterly manœuvres by which he hurled Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, and the Italian people upon the rear of Austria, while the Prussian Army attacked her in front, is still fresh in the recollection of every reader. Prussia was perfectly ready for the struggle, and the Prussian army had that effective weapon, the needle-gun. Austria, unprepared, ill-armed, deep in debt, and powerfully attacked in the south, was unable to withstand the vigorous onslaught of the Prussian forces. One short campaign sufficed. Austria was compelled to relinquish her hold upon Venetia, and compelled to acquiesce in the absorption into Prussia of several powerful German States.

Passing over his more recent exploits, let me answer the question proposed: What sort of man is he?

On the first of April, 1880, Bismarck was sixty-five years of age.

In person he is tall and strongly built, with the imposing carriage that belongs to a large and well-proportioned figure. We are all familiar with the lineaments of his countenance,—his lofty forehead, his bald head, his full, military mustache; but there is said to be an animation in his face, and an air of high breeding, which photographs seldom preserve. In his demeanor and conversation there is a blending of soldier-like directness with the courtesy of the aristocrat. When he is dressed in his white military uniform, and sits upon one of his own thorough-bred horses, he is one of the most distinguished looking men in Europe.

He is a man of homely, domestic habits. In the letters to his wife and sister, a great number of which have been published, there are many allusions to his three children,

their infantile complaints, the trouble he had in buying them suitable Christmas presents, and to the pains he took with their habits and education. A gentleman who lived for several months under Bismarck's roof, records that the great statesman constantly exhorted his two boys at table to sit upright; and that in consequence of his hearing so much said upon this point, he got into the habit of sitting upright himself, and found, at the end of his visit, that he had become two inches taller. At Christmas time, while the children were young, there was always a great Christmas tree in the dining-room, which was consecrated and exhibited with all the usual ceremonies.

Naturally — as he frequently himself remarks — Bismarck was an idle, pleasure-loving man, who desired nothing better than to lead the life and enjoy the sports of "an honest country gentleman." He said, in 1863, when he was in the full tide of his career as Prime Minister, "I regard every one as a benefactor who seeks to bring about my fall." Nothing is more evident in his family letters, than that he is extravagantly fond of hunting. We find such passages as this: —

"Besides several roebucks and stags, I shot five elks, one a very fine stag, measuring roughly six feet eight, without his colossal head. He fell like a hare, but as he was still alive, I mercifully gave him my other barrel. Scarcely had I done so when a second came up, still taller, so close to me that Engel, my loader, had to jump behind a tree to avoid being run over. I was obliged to look at him in a friendly way, as I had no other shot."

Even when he had no such luck as this, or no luck at all, he hunted all day. In another letter, he writes: —

"Yesterday we had a very tired day's sport, long and rocky; it produced me one woodcock; but it has tamed me so completely, that to-day I am sitting at home with bandages, so as to be ready

to travel to-morrow and shoot the next day. I really am astonished at myself for stopping at home alone in such charming weather, and can scarcely refrain from the abominable wish that the others will shoot nothing."

Usually he had excellent luck in his hunting. One day, when he shot over one of the imperial parks near Vienna, he killed fifty-three pheasants and fifteen hares; and, on another day, eight stags. "I am quite lame," he adds, "in hand and cheek from shooting." He had all the other tastes of the country gentleman. He was passionately fond of his horses, and often when he was away at Paris or some other distant place, he would sigh for some favorite animal in his stables at home. "Next to my wife and children," he once wrote from Paris, "I want my black mare." It was his boast, too, that the country gentlemen of his neighborhood treated the peasantry with a degree of consideration and generosity, of which "a savage Democrat" could form no idea.

If we may judge from his private letters, he is a religious man of the old type, and attends punctually to the observances of the national church of his country. To a friend who once wrote to him respecting a scandalous picture, in which he was represented sitting beside a noted actress, he made a long reply, denying the imputation, and defending the lady. In the course of this epistle, the following sentences occur: —

"I would to God that, besides what is known to the world, I had not other sins upon my soul, for which I can only hope for forgiveness in a confidence upon the blood of Christ! As a statesman, I am not sufficiently disinterested; in my own mind, I am rather cowardly; because it is not easy always to get that clearness on the questions coming before me which grows upon the soil of divine

confidence. . . . Among the multitude of sinners who are in need of the mercy of God, I hope that His grace will not deprive me of the staff of humble faith, in the midst of the dangers and doubts of my calling."

We observe also that he had his children both baptized and confirmed, and that, if he is unable to attend church, he usually has prayers read by some young clergyman at home.

In former days, before experience and observation had instructed and broadened him, he was a Tory of the most pronounced description. They relate an anecdote of him in Berlin, to this effect: At a beer saloon much frequented by conservatives, Bismarck, one evening, just as he had taken his seat, and was about to drink his first glass of beer, overheard a man, who sat at the next table, speak of a member of the royal family in a particularly insulting manner. Bismarck rose, and, lifting his glass of beer, thundered out: "Out of the house! If you are not off when I have drunk this beer, I will break the glass on your head!"

Upon this there was a wild commotion in the room, and loud outcries, but Bismarck drank his glass of beer with the utmost composure. When he had finished it, he smashed the glass upon the offender's head. The outcries ceased for a moment, and Bismarck said quietly: "Waiter, what is to pay for this broken glass?"

The manner in which this outrage was committed — Bismarck's commanding look and bearing — carried the day; the beer drinkers applauded the act, and the man dared not resent it.

Bismarck's attachment to the Crown of Prussia was, at first, merely the instinctive feeling of a nobleman for his King. "I am the King's man," he once said in Parliament; and it was such words as these that made him Prime Minis-

ter. But Bismarck is a man of understanding, as well as a nobleman, and this understanding has constantly grown and expanded with the march of events. When he began his public life, he was an admirer of the Austrian system; but when, after a residence near the Austrian Court, he knew what the Austrian system was, his feelings underwent a complete change, and he adopted it as the aim of his public life, "to snatch Germany from Austrian oppression," and to gather round Prussia, in a North German Confederation, all the States "whose tone of thought, religion, manners, and interests" were in harmony with those of Prussia.

"To attain this end," he once said, in conversation, "I would brave all dangers — exile, the scaffold itself! What matter if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hung binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?"

In the course of the conversation in which he used this language, which occurred in 1866, he denied that he was an enemy to a truly liberal government.

"When the King sent for me," said he, "four years ago, his Majesty laid before me a long list of liberal concessions. I said to the King: "I accept; and the more liberal the government can prove itself, the stronger it will be." The Chamber had been obdurate on one side, and the Crown on the other. In the conflict I remained by the King. My respect for him, all my antecedents, all the traditions of my family, made it my duty to do so. But that I am an adversary of parliamentary government, is a perfectly gratuitous supposition."

The leading ideas of his policy appear to be these: 1. The Northern states of Germany united, and Prussia supreme over all. 2. The Prussian military system to be preserved intact. 3. The King's person and authority inviolable.

4. As much parliamentary palaver as may be necessary to relieve the minds of the people and veil the fact of Despotism under Republican forms. But his is a growing mind, and, if he lives long enough, he may yet coöperate with the next King in making a parliament of the Germanic Empire the supreme power of the land. Tory as he may be, he is not deceived by the shows of this world. When he was Ambassador at Frankfort, twenty years ago, he saw, with the clearness of an honest mind, all the humbug of what is called diplomacy. He gives a humorous account of the manner in which he and his fellow-diplomatists "worried themselves with their important nothings."

"Nobody," he wrote, "not even the most malicious sceptic of a Democrat, believes what quackery and self-importance there is in this diplomatizing. . . . I am making enormous progress in the art of saying nothing in a great many words. I write reports of many sheets, which read as tersely and roundly as leading articles; and if the minister can say what there is in them, after he has read them, he can do more than I can."

There is a good sense and good-humor in his private letters, which indicate the man who can rise superior to the traditions of his order, and who, from being the King's man at forty, may grow to be the Nation's man and the People's man at sixty.

PAINLESS SURGERY BY ETHER.

DISCOVERY OF THE PROCESS.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there was a dentist in Boston named William Thomas Green Morton, a native of Massachusetts, about twenty-five years of age. Zealous and successful in his calling, he had already improved in some particulars upon its usual practice; but he was much perplexed by the difficulty of inducing patients to have their old teeth entirely removed before new ones were inserted. It was not common at that day, as it now is, for dentists to advise so unpopular an operation, and it seemed presumption in this young practitioner to demand it. It was useless to explain to patients the great and lasting advantages of such a method, for the pain was too great to be endured, so long as dentists of repute pronounced it unnecessary.

The thought occurred to the young man one day, that perhaps a way might be discovered of lessening human sensibility to pain. He had not received a scientific education, nor had he more scientific knowledge than an intelligent young man would naturally possess who had passed through the ordinary schools of a New England town. Instead of resorting to books, or consulting men of science, he began, from time to time, to experiment with various well-known substances.

First he tried draughts of wine and brandy, sometimes to the intoxication of the patient; but as soon as the instrument was applied, consciousness revived, and long before

the second tooth was out, the patient, though not perfectly aware of what was going on, was roaring with agony. He tried laudanum in doses of two hundred and three hundred drops, and opium in masses of ten grains, frequently renewing the dose until the patient would be in a condition truly deplorable. Dr. Morton records in his diary, that on one occasion he gave a lady five hundred drops of laudanum in forty-five minutes, which did indeed lessen the pain of the operation, but it took her a whole week to recover from the effects of the narcotic.

This would never do, and he soon abandoned the practice. Attributing his failure to his ignorance, he entered a physician's office as a student of medicine, and while still carrying on his business, pursued his medical studies until he graduated from the medical school of Harvard College a Doctor of Medicine.

One day in July, 1844, a young lady called upon him to have a tooth filled which was in so sensitive a condition that she could not endure the touch of an instrument. It occurred to him, at length, to apply to the tooth some sulphuric ether, the effect of which, in benumbing the parts of the body to which it was applied, had become familiar to him during his medical studies. The ether seemed to allay the sensitiveness of the tooth in some degree, but not enough to admit of the operation being finished at one sitting. She had to call several times, and every time she came the ether was applied, always with some effect in lessening her pain. On one occasion, when he happened to use the ether more freely and for a longer time than before, he was surprised to discover that the gum near the tooth was so benumbed as to be almost insensible to the pressure of the instrument.

Now it was that the idea occurred to him, that if, in some

way, *the whole system could be etherized*, his dream of extracting teeth without pain might be realized, at least in part.

But how could this be done? Could the body be bathed in ether? Would washing the whole surface answer? Such thoughts as these passed through his mind; for although he had witnessed the effects of laughing-gas, it did not yet occur to him to try whether ether inhaled would benumb the common source of pain and pleasure, the brain. Meanwhile he reflected constantly upon ether, read and conversed upon ether; always hopeful, and sometimes confident that he was upon the path leading to a discovery that would make his fortune.

Baffled for the time in his experiments, and absorbed in business and study, several months passed before he took another step toward the great achievement of his life. The subject, indeed, had somewhat faded from his mind, when it was revived by a ludicrous scene in one of the medical class-rooms at the University. Some laughing-gas was administered to a patient for the purpose, as the experimenter said, of pulling a tooth without pain. This is now done every day; but the experiment did not succeed. The gas was administered, but as soon as the experimenter began to pull at the tooth, the patient gave such a yell of agony, that the students laughed and hooted as only medical students can, and the operator retired in confusion.

Here let me pause and tell who the unlucky operator in laughing-gas was. He too, played a leading, perhaps an essential, part in the great discovery. His name was Horace Wells, dentist, of Hartford.

But observe, first of all, that neither of these young men claim to have invented the substances — ether and laughing-gas — now used in destroying sensibility to pain; nor was

either of them the first to originate the idea of inhaling gas for the purpose. The idea was original with Sir Humphry Davy. In 1798, when he was twenty years old, he was appointed chemical superintendent of a hospital for the cure of pulmonary diseases by the inhalation of different gases. This appointment led to his undertaking a series of experiments with the various gases employed, particularly the protoxyd of nitrogen, sometimes called by him, "the pleasure-giving air," and by us laughing-gas. In the course of his remarks on this gas, he used the following language:—

"As nitrous oxide (another name for the same gas), in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, *it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations*, in which no great effusion of blood takes place."

Here, then, is the suggestion, but only the suggestion, and it was put forward by Sir Humphry, with a hesitation unusual in an experimenter twenty-one years of age. The gas only *appeared* capable of destroying pain, and its advantageous use was only *probable* in some cases. Sir Humphry Davy's experiments with the laughing-gas, an account of which he published in the year 1800, attracted universal attention, and it became common, in courses of chemical lectures, both in colleges and lyceums, to administer the gas. The fact, therefore, became familiar to a large number of persons, that people under the influence of this gas were not susceptible to such pain as is inflicted by pinching or slight pricking with a pin.

Horace Wells, born in Vermont in 1815, established himself, in 1836, at Hartford as a dentist. Being an intelligent man and skilful operator, he soon obtained a large practice. Like Dr. Morton, he was much inconvenienced by the unwillingness of patients to submit to the pain of having dental

operations performed thoroughly ; and like Dr. Morton, too, he had tried the effect of laudanum and spirituous liquors in lessening sensibility. He had even thought of trying the laughing-gas ; but he was prevented from doing so by the dread of it which existed in the public mind, owing to a person having died from the effects of it in Connecticut some years before. It does not appear, from his narrative, that he had ever heard of Sir Humphry Davy's suggestion. quoted above.

"Reasoning from analogy," he says, "I was led to believe that surgical operations might be performed without pain, by the fact that an individual, when much excited from ordinary causes, may receive severe wounds, without manifesting the least pain ; as, for instance, the man who is engaged in combat, may have a limb severed from his body, after which he testifies that it was attended with no pain at the time ; and so the man who is intoxicated with spirituous liquor may be severely beaten without his manifesting pain, and his frame in this state seems to be more tenacious of life than under ordinary circumstances. By these facts I was led to inquire if the same result would not follow the inhalation of exhilarating gas."

This was the state of his mind on the subject when, on the 10th of September, 1844, Mr. G. Q. Colton gave in Hartford a public exhibition of the laughing-gas, which Dr. Wells attended. In the course of the evening a man, after inhaling the gas, bruised himself severely by falling over some benches. Dr. Wells was quick to observe that the man felt no pain, and he at once said to a friend : "A man, by taking that gas, could have a tooth extracted, or a limb amputated, and not feel the pain !"

The very next day — that is to say, September the 11th, 1844 — he put the matter to the test by having one of his

own teeth extracted while under the influence of the gas. The operation was painless. Soon after he repeated the experiment about fifteen times with perfect success. Other dentists in Hartford employed the same gas in their practice during the autumn of 1844. We have the sworn testimony to this effect of respectable dentists who used the gas at that time, and of several gentlemen who had teeth extracted without pain after inhaling it. The friends of Horace Wells, I think, have established their main position, that he was the first man in the world who ever successfully used a gas for destroying sensibility to pain. If human testimony can establish anything, it has established this.

It seems, also, that Dr. Wells was aware that ether possessed the same property, that he often conversed with professional friends upon the pain-suspending power of ether, and that the question was discussed between them, whether it would answer as well as the nitrous oxide. They concluded — but without having tried the experiment — that the nitrous oxide gas was easier to inhale, less offensive, and more safe. For the extraction of teeth, the laughing-gas is still found more convenient than ether; but it would not avail for any operation in surgery which requires more than a few minutes.

In December, 1844, Dr. Wells went to Boston for the purpose of making known his discovery to physicians and scientific men. Dr. Jackson, he says, received his statements with ridicule and contempt. The celebrated surgeon Dr. Warren, however, gave him an opportunity to address the medical class of Harvard College on the subject, and to perform an experiment before them.

It is not an easy matter to address a class of medical students with effect, for they are not the most patient of mortals, and they are accustomed to express their feelings

in a noisy and emphatic way Dr. Wells, too, — not yet thirty years of age, — was constitutionally diffident, and did not succeed very well in his preliminary remarks. But a successful experiment would have made amends. The class having assembled in another room to see a tooth extracted without pain, the gas was administered to the patient. Unfortunately he did not take enough, and the moment the wrench was applied he roared with pain. The class hooted, hissed, and laughed immoderately. Dr. Wells retired in confusion, and returned to Hartford to report that Boston had given a sorry welcome to his discovery.

This scene it was which set young Morton again upon the path of discovery. The thought flashed upon his mind: Why not try the effect of inhaling ether? But at once another question arose: Is it safe?

On searching his medical books, he found a passage which informed him that ether, when long inhaled, produces a kind of stupefaction, from which it was not certain that the patient could be restored. At least, it was not possible to ascertain to what degree of stupefaction it was safe to reduce the patient. Discouraging as this was, he began from this time timidly to experiment upon himself. At first he made a mixture of opium and ether, which he warmed over a fire, and then inhaled the vapor that was generated. Some degree of numbness, he thought, was produced, but the experiment gave him headaches so severe that he was obliged to discontinue them.

He received soon after a student of dentistry, who told him that he had often inhaled pure ether when he was a school-boy, and in considerable quantities, without experiencing any harm.

Fortified by this and other testimony, he bought a quantity of ether, and went into the country to make experiments

upon animals. After many absurd failures and some partial successes, he succeeded in etherizing a dog, a frisky black-and-tan terrier, and this he accomplished in the way commonly practised at the present time. A handful of cotton saturated with ether was placed at the bottom of a tin vessel, and the dog's head held directly over it.

"In a short time," says Morton, "the dog wilted completely away in my hands, and remained insensible to all my efforts to arouse him by moving or pinching him."

And, what was infinitely more important, three minutes after the vessel was taken away, the dog was frisking about as usual, totally unharmed! Need I say that the experimenter was in the highest elation?

"Soon," said he to a friend, "I shall have my patients coming in at one door, have all their teeth extracted without knowing it, and then, going into the next room, have a full set put in."

Feeling now that he held a great discovery in his hand, he engaged an experienced dentist to take entire charge of his business, while he devoted all his time to experimenting with ether. Again he went into the country, where he again subjected his innocent dog to the process. One day the animal, exhilarated by the ether, dashed against the glass jar containing the fluid, and broke it, so that only a small portion remained at the bottom. There was no further supply nearer than Boston, and, unwilling to lose the fruits of his journey, he suddenly determined to use the little ether remaining in an experiment upon himself. He dipped his handkerchief in the ether, held it over his mouth and nose, and inhaled the gas strongly into his lungs. A feeling of lassitude stole over him, and this was followed by a single moment's unconsciousness.

"I am firmly convinced," he afterwards said, "that a tooth could have been drawn at that time without pain."

Nothing remained but to try the complete experiment of actually extracting a tooth from a patient under the influence of ether. Long he tried in vain to hire and persuade some one to run the risk of a trial. He repeated the experiment upon himself more than once, remaining on one occasion insensible for nearly eight minutes without experiencing any subsequent harm. Having now no lingering doubt of the safety of the process, he waited impatiently for some one to come in who would consent to submit to the stupefying influence.

"One evening," he tells us, "a man entered the office suffering great pain, and wishing to have a tooth extracted. He was afraid of the operation, and asked if he could be mesmerized. I told him I had something better; and saturating my handkerchief with ether, gave it to him to inhale. He became unconscious almost immediately. It was dark, and Doctor Hayden held the lamp, while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspid tooth. There was not much alteration in the pulse, and no relaxation of the muscles. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had been done to him!"

The discovery was accomplished. A short time after, the process was repeated on a large scale in the operating room of the Massachusetts General Hospital, in the presence of a great number of contemptuous students and incredulous physicians. A painful and widely rooted tumor was cut from the face of a young man while he was under the influence of ether, administered by Dr. Morton. When the patient returned to consciousness, he said to the surgeon:—

"I have felt no pain, but only a sensation like that of scraping the part with a blunt instrument."

The students were no longer contemptuous, nor the doctors unbelieving; but all gathered about Dr. Morton, profoundly impressed with the importance of what they had seen, and overwhelmed him with congratulations.

This great discovery brought upon the discoverer, during the rest of his life, little but vexation and bitterness. As the process could not be patented, he wasted many years and many thousands of dollars in trying to induce Congress to make him a grant of public money. He did not succeed; and, although he received considerable sums from hospitals and medical colleges in recognition of his right, he became at last a bankrupt, and the sheriff held his estate. His circumstances afterwards improved; but he died upon his farm in Massachusetts, a few years ago, a comparatively poor man.

He was ever hopeful and cheerful. More than once I have heard him relate this tale, and I witnessed his calm demeanor under the repeated disappointments he had to suffer from not receiving expected aid from Congress. He never complained, and was never cast down; but, making the best of such good fortune as befell him, enjoyed life to the end, and never so much as during his last years.

By all means let the people of Connecticut erect their monument to the memory of Dr. Wells, who, first of all mankind, succeeded in destroying sensibility to pain through the inhalation of a gas. Not the less let us honor the memory of Morton, who carried the discovery another step forward, — that *last* step, which renders it one of the most precious of all the incidental results of scientific discovery.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON,

ALIAS COUNT RUMFORD.

WHAT a strange tale is the life of this Yankee Count ! His real name was Benjamin Thompson, and he was born of a respectable family of farmers in 1753, at North Woburn, Massachusetts, in a plain country house that is still standing. The boy was father of the man. From childhood he exhibited a remarkable interest in natural objects, and scientific experiments ; and this trait attracted the notice of a clergyman of the neighborhood, who gave him instruction in mathematics and astronomy. Before he was fourteen, he could calculate an eclipse. At the same time he displayed a singular manual dexterity, being skilful in the use of his pocket knife and in constructing apparatus for experiments, in making curious nick-nacks and mechanical contrivances. He also learned to play the violin in his boyhood, and showed a great love for music, flowers, and other refined pleasures.

With all his talents and aptitudes, he was obliged, from the narrow circumstances of his family, to be apprenticed at thirteen to a store-keeper at Salem, with whom he remained three years. Hogarth, probably, would not have pronounced him a "good apprentice." He was prone, it is said, to play on the fiddle when customers were not pressing ; he was particularly skilful in engraving the names of his companions upon the handles of their knives ; he constructed an electrical machine ; he attempted to produce per-

petual motion ; he experimented in chemistry ; he made fireworks to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act ; he watched closely the winds and the weather ; he addressed inquiries to learned friends concerning the mysteries of the universe ; and he reflected upon the greatest mystery of all, -- the origin of life. A capital draughtsman, too, he was ; excelling in caricature likenesses. In short, he knew everything better than business, and did everything better than serve his master.

He changed his vocation in his sixteenth year, beginning the study of medicine, and earning his livelihood by teaching school, according to the time-honored New England custom.

At nineteen, we find him at Concord, New Hampshire, teacher of a school there, a splendid and gifted youth, six feet in stature, nobly proportioned, with handsome features, bright blue eyes, and hair of dark auburn. He was what we may call a natural gentleman ; one of those who easily take to polite ways, and assume without an effort an agreeable demeanor ; one who, though country-born and village-bred, could have adapted himself to the life of a court.

While teaching school at Concord, he attracted the regard of a young widow of good family and fortune, whom, after a short courtship, he married. At twenty-one he was both a husband and a father, living with considerable elegance in the principal mansion of the town, and, to all appearance, he was settled for life, as gentleman farmer and philosopher. The Governor of New Hampshire appointed him major of a regiment, so that an honorable military title was added to the other distinctions of his lot.

But the storm of the Revolution was impending, and then appeared the radical defect of his understanding. If he was a gentleman and courtier by nature, he was also a tory by nature, and his heart was not with his country at this crisis

of her fate. He performed no overt act of hostility to the patriot cause ; but his neighbors felt and knew that he was not one of them. At such a time as that, silence cannot conceal a man's sentiments, because silence betrays the secret of his heart more forcibly than words. His house was mobbed. Fortunately he was absent, or it might have gone ill with him. At twenty-two he was a fugitive from his home and family, domesticated with the tories in Boston ; and when, at length, General Washington compelled the British to abandon that city, he had done the enemy such service that he was commissioned to bear the tidings of the evacuation to England in a British ship of war. He never saw his home, nor his wife, nor his native State again.

In England he at once won powerful friends, for he had just what they most wanted at the moment, — information respecting affairs in America. His agreeable manners, his commanding presence, his admirable talents, his heartfelt toryism, all stood him in good stead ; and he soon won the affections of the War Secretary, Lord George Germaine, to whom he made himself indispensable. Under this lord, he held a lucrative office, that of Under Secretary of State, which gave him charge of transporting supplies and raising troops, — duties which at that time brought great profit. When Lord George Germaine was compelled to resign, he provided handsomely for his factotum, by procuring for him a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army.

But he was a lieutenant-colonel without a regiment. The regiment was to be gathered in America from the "loyalists." To America he went, accordingly, where he raised a regiment, which he commanded, and which he did not scruple to lead against his countrymen. So lost was he to a sense of his position, that he could write of an action in which he took part, in such language as the following : —

"We had *the good fortune* this morning to fall in with a chosen corps, under the command of General Marion in person, which we attacked and totally routed, killing a considerable number of them, taking sixteen prisoners, and driving General Marion and the greater part of his army into the Santee, where it is probable a great many of them perished."

This he calls "good fortune" That native of America who could speak so of the slaughter of some of his countrymen, and the lingering death of others, must indeed have had what the phrenologists call a "defective organization."

The war ended, he returned to England, and retired from the army on half pay. He was now an English gentleman of rank, fortune, celebrity, prestige, and thirty years. What more natural than that such a person should avail himself of the peace to make the tour of Europe?

A new chapter of his strange history now opens. At Strasbourg, one day, mounted upon a superb English horse, and dressed in his uniform, he attended a grand parade. Prince Maximilian, heir to the throne of Bavaria, but then a field-marshal in the service of France, commanded the troops on that occasion. Struck with the fine appearance of Colonel Thompson, he accosted him, conversed with him, was captivated by him, and invited him to dinner. In short, the Prince conceived so lively a regard for the British officer, that it ended in his inviting him to enter the service of Bavaria, in a capacity which gave him all the power, at once, of a favorite and a prime minister. This office, however, he could not accept without the permission of the King of England. George the Third not only granted the permission, but allowed him to retain his half pay, and knighted him; so that he took up his abode in Munich, as Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Benjamin Thompson. The Elector

soon gave him the title of Count Rumford, by which name he has ever since been known. It was only in occasional letters to his mother that he had the good sense to use the old familiar Benjamin. Plain *Thompson* he sunk entirely, preferring always to sign himself by the rather ridiculous name of "Rumford." Such is the weakness of the Tory mind !

The glorious part of his career now begins. He was one of the greatest benefactors Bavaria has ever known. Armed with authority little less than sovereign, and wielding the revenues of an important state, he introduced into every branch of the public service the most radical and useful improvements. He reduced the excessive power of the church ; he restored discipline and efficiency to the army ; he established foundries and factories ; he drove the swarms of beggars from the high roads and streets, and gave them profitable employment ; he drained marshes, and converted them into gardens ; he turned waste places into beautiful parks ; he founded schools ; he caused the cities and towns to be perfectly cleansed ; he invented ovens, kitchens, laundries, so contrived that vast numbers of people would be provided for at the minimum of expense. In a word, he was a Yankee, with all a Yankee's thrift, invention, love of order, love of cleanliness, dropped down into a kingdom burdened with the accumulated abuses of centuries ; and he was a Yankee who wielded the power of an absolute prince. Wealth and honors flowed in upon him. When he was sick, vast numbers of the poor went in procession to church to beseech Heaven for his recovery, and to this day a monument, surmounted by a statue, standing in the streets of Munich, attests the veneration in which he was held.

Imagine such a man alighting in the city of New York, with absolute power, and twenty-five millions a year to

spend in putting the city in order! What a bewildering thought!

When he had worked for Bavaria twenty years, the death of the elector, and the coming in of a prince who valued him less, enabled him to transfer his beneficent activity to England; where he erected a monument to himself far more honorable, and, I hope, more lasting, than his Munich statue. He founded the ROYAL INSTITUTION, which employed Sir Humphry Davy, and gave to Faraday the opportunity to spend his life in discovering scientific truth.

Some years later, he contracted an unfortunate marriage with a brilliant, wealthy, French widow, which embittered his closing years.

She was wholly a woman of the drawing-room. He was an inventor, a philosopher, and a lover of order even to fanaticism. An infuriate "incompatibility" was rapidly developed. One of their quarrels he has himself recorded:—

"A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house (near Paris) was in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates. I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let any one in. Besides, I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived she talked with them,—she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers."

A recurrence of such scenes soon rendered the connection insupportable, and the unhappy pair had the good sense to separate. If we believe the husband, we shall certainly have a very bad opinion of this lady. In a letter to his American daughter, he calls her "the most imperious, tyrannical, unfeeling woman that ever existed"; and he

speaks of her as one, "whose perseverance in pursuing an object is equal to her profound cunning and wickedness in framing it." Observers of life will know how to interpret these words. The habits of both of these people were fixed before they saw one another, and they had passed the period when change is possible. Such incompatibility is the fault of neither party, but the calamity of both. How was it possible that they should agree? She loved society; he loved quiet. He was willing enough to spend money for permanently improving or embellishing their abode; she rejoiced in giving the most profuse entertainments, happy to live all the week upon scraps, if she could give a gorgeous banquet on Sunday. Their house was filled with Frenchmen who detested Rumford, and whom he detested. He says, in one of his letters, that no one can imagine the utter want of nobleness in the French character unless he lives long in France. It was a happy day for both when the husband took up his abode in another mansion near Paris, and resumed his bachelor life; which, however, he alleviated, according to the bad custom of the country, by keeping a mistress. His wife, it appears, occasionally visited him, and he visited her; so that the separation was what is called "amicable."

Rumford was a strange mixture of great and little, of good and evil. If he abandoned his home and country, he cherished a tender recollection of his mother, and provided generously for the comfort of her old age. His interest, too, in the welfare of the poor appears to have been genuine and deep. In one of his essays, we find the following passage:—

"Amongst the great variety of enjoyments which riches put within the reach of persons of fortune and education, there is none more delightful than that which results from doing good to those

from whom no return can be expected, or none but gratitude, respect and attachment. . . . Is it not possible to draw off the attention of the rich from trifling and unprofitable amusements, and engage them in pursuits in which their own happiness and reputation, and the public prosperity, are so intimately connected? . . . What a wonderful change in the state of society might in a short time be effected by their united efforts!"

No doubt his heart spoke in these words. On the other hand, he was firmly convinced that the poor were incapable of helping themselves, and can never be raised from their miserable condition except through the generosity of the rich. He approved the social arrangements existing in the Old World. He thought China the nearest approach to a perfect state, because there the principle of ORDER was developed to the uttermost; and, for the same reason, he approved American slavery. Such minds as his can form no conception of a state of things, like that which exists in the best portions of the United States, where no class depends upon another for its welfare and happiness, but all classes are equally dependent and equally independent.

This extraordinary man died in 1814, at Auteuil, near Paris, where he was buried, and a handsome monument covers his remains. His daughter, Sarah, who inherited his title, spent most of her days in New England, where she was called the "Countess of Rumford." One of his illegitimate sons, born in the last year of his life, entered the French army as an officer, won distinction in the service, and fell before Sebastopol during the Crimean war. A son of this officer is still living in Paris, to whom the "Countess of Rumford" left a portion of her fortune.

To Harvard College he left, first, a thousand dollars a year; secondly, his daughter's annuity after her death, of four hundred dollars a year; and, thirdly, his whole estate

after the decease of persons dependent upon its income. The object of this handsome bequest was to endow a professorship for the promotion of physical and mathematical science. He bequeathed to the government of the United States all that part of his library which related to military subjects, as well as all his military plans and designs, for the use of the Military Academy at West Point. In accordance with his bequest to Harvard College, the Rumford Professorship of Science was founded in 1816, and the first person who held the appointment was Dr. Jacob Bigelow, an eminent physician and man of science.

Count Rumford, in his lifetime, presented five thousand dollars to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, an endowment which has increased, in the course of years, to more than six times that amount. Under the auspices of this institution a complete edition of the works of Count Rumford, in four handsome volumes, has been recently published. Fifty years ago, his essays and papers, philanthropic and philosophical, were highly esteemed, ran through many editions, and were translated into several languages. A superb biography has recently been written by a distinguished member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Rev. George E. Ellis, of Boston.

POCAHONTAS AND HER HUSBAND.

THE UNROMANTIC TRUTH.

HAVING duly celebrated various triumphant exertions of human ingenuity, let me now relate one instance of successful imposture. But it will oblige us to bid farewell to our childhood's Pocahontas. Dusky maiden, heroine of Captain John Smith's romantic story, farewell forever!

It is strange we should have believed this pleasing fiction so long; for the other incredible tales of the same author ought to have put us upon our guard. He describes Powhatan, for example, as living in great state, like an "emperor," who gave audience to Captain Newport, with twenty women on each side of the room, and a guard of four or five hundred men around the house; while on each side of the door stood forty platters of "fine bread." John Smith knew the Indians better than that. He knew very well that a people without cattle, horses, sheep, or swine, with little cleared land, and only two or three rude implements, could never maintain an imperial court and retinue in that style.

It seems to have been a habit of this adventurer to attribute his deliverance from peril to the friendship and intercession of beautiful damsels. In Turkey he won the tender love of the lovely Tragabigzanda, who gave him substantial aid in his time of trouble. At another place, it was the noble Lady Callamata who "largely supplied all his wants." But let him speak for himself. In the dedication of his

History of Virginia to the Duchess of Richmond, he holds the following language : —

“ My comfort is, that heretofore honorable and virtuous ladies, and comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest danger. Even in foreign parts I have felt relief from that sex. The beauteous lady Tragabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the bashaw of Nalbritz in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of many extremities, that blessed Pocahontas, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life. When I escaped the cruelties of pirates and most furious storms, a long time alone in a small boat at sea, and driven ashore in France, the good Lady, Madam Chanoies, bountifully assisted me. And so verily these my adventures have tasted the same influence from *your* gracious hand.”

Then he never tells his story twice alike. In one of his versions, Pocahontas is spoken of as “ a child of tenne ”; in another, as a maiden of twelve or thirteen; and in the passage just quoted, he goes beyond previous statements in saying that she *oft* saved his life. But the most remarkable discrepancy, and the one that led to the detection of the braggart, remains to be told. In the year 1608, a few weeks after his return to Jamestown from his residence with Powhatan, he wrote a long letter home, in which he gave an account of the manner in which he was taken prisoner, and of what transpired during the month of his detention among the Indians. In this letter there is no allusion to Pocahontas; he does not mention her name; nor does he relate any story at all resembling the one with which we are all so familiar. On the contrary, he assures us that Powhatan treated him with the most bountiful generosity, and he speaks of him as “ this kind king.”

Wingfield, President of the colony, was in the habit of recording in his diary everything of interest that occurred in Virginia. He mentions the fact of Smith's imprisonment and safe return, but says nothing whatever of an Indian maiden having saved his life. In short, of the events which occurred in Virginia during the first ten years of the colony's existence, we have seven distinct sources of information, all but one of which are the productions of men who had lived in the colony; but in none of them is there an intimation that Pocahontas saved the life of Captain Smith. Two of these narratives contain several particulars of the life and death of this Indian girl, and the authors of them had a strong interest in exalting her reputation.

The reader, if he knows anything of the Indian character, is aware that nothing is more unlikely than that an Indian chief should be diverted from his purpose by the entreaties of a little girl; and that Indian children, so far from being disposed to intercede for a prisoner, enjoyed the execution and torture of captives as our children do the circus and the Fourth of July.

I say, then, farewell the Pocahontas of romance! and approach the true Pocahontas, the dumpy, dingy little squaw whom John Rolfe married, and the council sent to England to advertise forlorn Virginia!

Pocahontas was born in the year 1598. Her father Powhatan, by reason of his age and former prowess, was the principal chief of the tribe of Indians inhabiting the region about the falls of the James, — a tribe that may have numbered three hundred warriors, and was connected by intermarriage and alliance with tribes living upon the Potomac and other rivers flowing into the Chesapeake. We get our first glimpse of Pocahontas when she was a naked girl of twelve, who used to visit Jamestown and play about the

peninsula with the white boys. William Strachey, secretary of the colony, and one of its first historians, describes her as he first saw her in 1610: —

“ The younger Indian women goe not shadowed (clad) amongst their owne companie until they be nigh eleaven or twelve returnes of the leafe old (for so they accompt and bring about the yeare, calling the fall of the leafe taquitoock) ; nor are they much ashamed thereof; and therefore would the before remembered Pochahuntas a well-featured but wanton young girle, Powhatan’s daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleaven or twelve yeares, get the boyes forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on with their hands, turning up their heeles upwards, whome she would follow and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over.”

This, then, is her first appearance in the history of Virginia, — a wanton young girl, naked, wheeling and wheeled about the market-place at Jamestown! Three years passed; during part of which, it is intimated by one of the early chroniclers, she lived with one of the settlers as his mistress. Powhatan becoming actively hostile to the whites she left them, and went to reside for a while with a chief and his wife, whose village was situated on the shores of the river Potomac. She was living there in the spring of 1613; but the place of her retreat was unknown to the English.

One Captain Argol, a noted man in the early days of Virginia, was despatched that season for the third time, in the vessel which he commanded, to trade with the Potomac Indians for corn; and while he lay anchored in their river, he heard that Pocahontas was living near, in the village of the very chief with whom he was most intimate. Japazaws was the name of this potentate. He had had many a bauble from Captain Argol in exchange for corn, and was accus-

tomed to style the Captain his brother. At this time Powhatan had eight white captives, and Captain Argol conceived that by getting Pocahontas into his possession, he could induce her father to give them up in exchange for her. He enlisted Japazaws in the scheme, promising to give him a copper kettle if he would lure Pocahontas on board his ship. The temptation was too much for the Indian. His wife, too, gave way at the prospect of such an addition to her household treasures, and promised her assistance.

So, on a certain day the chief and his wife, accompanied by Pocahontas, strolled down to the river's bank to see the ship; and while there the wife was seized with a longing to go on board. Her husband objected. She persisted, saying that this was the third time the vessel had been in their river, and yet she had never visited it. The chief still refusing, she resorted to the expedient employed by lovely woman, in all ages and climes, to subdue the obstinacy of man: she began to cry. Then her husband, as husbands generally do, relented; and when Pocahontas joined her entreaties, the chief launched his canoe and took the ladies on board. The treacherous couple returned to the shore rejoicing over their copper kettle, but Pocahontas was a prisoner.

Arrived at Jamestown, she was kept as a hostage while the Governor negotiated the exchange, and during her stay she caught the fancy of one of the early settlers, styled in the list of passengers, "John Rolfe, gentleman." I think he really liked the girl. We have a very long and very sanctimonious letter of his, in which he declares that his motive in desiring to marry her was, to promote the welfare of the colony, and the conversion of the heathen. He says this at such length, and in such pious phraseology, that we are justified in disbelieving him. It was evidently his cue to exalt

Pocahontas, but there is no hint in his letter of her saving John Smith's life six years before. The Governor and Council consenting, and Pochontas having been baptized, the marriage was solemnized in 1613.

Powhatan was conciliated. He gave up his prisoners, and much of his plunder. He remained the friend and ally of the whites as long as he lived.

For three years John Rolfe and his wife Rebecca—*née* Pocahontas—lived together in Jamestown. A son was born to them. In 1616, when Sir Thomas Dale was going home to see his friends, it occurred to the Council to send with him, at the expense of the colony, this interesting family, as a kind of first fruit of missionary success. The colony was in ill repute in England, needed friends there, and they thought Pocahontas and her child, would advertise poor Virginia effectively.

The family reached England, where Captain John Smith was still living. *Then* it was—eight years after his residence with Powhatan—that he first told the famous tale of his rescue by Pocahontas from a violent death. Doubtless he told it to help the advertising scheme, and to excuse his old friend Rolfe for marrying an Indian girl. He had probably been reading a tract, published in London in 1609, concerning De Soto's exploits in Florida, in which there is an account given of the Spaniard, John Ortiz, falling into the hands of the savages, who bound him to stakes, and were about to burn him, when a daughter of the chief interceded for him and saved his life. The ingenious Smith improved upon this simple tale. He wrote a letter to the Queen of England, recommending the "Virginia Princess" to her majesty, in which he used the following language:—

"After some six weeks' fattening amongst those savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her

own brains to save mine ; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown."

The trick succeeded to admiration. Pocahontas became the lion of the London season. The king and queen received her at court with gracious civility ; the bishop of London gave her a banquet ; and King James consulted his council upon the question, whether Rolfe had not committed a grave offence in marrying a princess of an imperial house ! After a year's stay in England, poor Pocahontas, sick from the change in her mode of living, and yet unwilling to go, set out with her husband on her return home. While waiting at Gravesend for the sailing of the ship, she died, and was buried in one of the parish churches of that town.

Rolfe returned to Virginia, where he founded a considerable estate. His son, Thomas Rolfe, after being educated in England and growing to manhood there, joined his father in America. He left one son ; that son had one daughter ; that daughter became the mother of a family of daughters, who married respectable young men of the colony ; and thus the blood of Pocahontas circulates to this day in the principal families of Virginia.

Later in life, John Smith, being in London poor and neglected, appears to have fallen into the hands of the booksellers, for whom he wrote various versions of his travels and adventures. It was at this part of his life, and to make these works more attractive, that he expanded the tale of Pocahontas into the form in which we usually find it. His writings have been received with full credit almost to the present day. A copy of his History of Virginia was sold at auction the other evening in New York, for two hundred and sixty-two dollars.

In another way, Rolfe is connected with the early history of Virginia. In the spring of 1612, the fifth year of the

Colony, he performed an action which, if we were to judge it by its consequences only, we might pronounce the most important deed ever done in colonial Virginia. Being an old smoker, he had the curiosity to know whether white men could raise good tobacco in Virginia; and, accordingly, he planted some tobacco seed at Jamestown. It grew well during the summer, and when the leaves were ripe, he cured them as best he could; for not a person in the colony was acquainted with the proper process. When the leaves were dry, he tried them in his pipe, and pronounced the tobacco excellent. His friend, Ralph Hamor, secretary of the colony, tried it; and finding it very much to his taste, planted some seed in his own garden, in the following spring. Mr. Hamor, in his tract upon Virginia, published in 1615, gave Virginia tobacco a strong indorsement.

"I dare affirm," he wrote, "that no country under the sun can or doth afford more pleasant, sweet, and strong tobacco than I have tasted there, even of my own planting; which, howsoever, being then the first year of a trial thereof, we had not the knowledge to cure and make up; yet are there some men resident there, out of the last year's well-observed experience, which both know, and, I doubt not, will make and return such tobacco this year (1615) that even England shall acknowledge the goodness thereof."

DAVID CROCKETT.

A SKETCH OF HIS EVENTFUL LIFE, AND AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF HIS
EXPLOITS.

FEW men have reached Congress by a stranger road than the eccentric individual named at the head of this article. Some men have talked, others have written, others have fought themselves into Congress; but David Crockett *shot* himself thither. It was his wonderful skill as a marksman, and his daring as a bear-hunter, which made him so popular in his district, that when he chose to run for office he usually distanced all competitors. He could shoot a humming-bird on the wing with a single ball. Seated upon the margin of a river, he would aim at a fish, and as soon as the crack of his rifle was heard, one of the little inmates of the stream would be seen struggling on the surface. He used to speak of his battered old rifle in words like these: "She's a mighty rough old piece, but I love her; for she and I have seen hard times. She mighty seldom tells me 'a lie. If I hold her right, she always sends the ball where I tell her."

Shooting was not his only qualification. He had other gifts and graces calculated to win the favor of a frontier population; although it was his matchless skill with the rifle that first drew attention to him. He was an abundant relator of comic anecdotes, and an utterer of those eccentric remarks which are passed from mouth to mouth, and form a large part of the common stock of wit in a country place. Forty or fifty years ago, almost every newspaper that appeared had

a story in it, in some odd corner, in which the name of David Crockett figured.

He was born in East Tennessee, in 1786, the youngest but one of the six sons of John Crockett, who by turns was farmer, miller, and tavern-keeper. This John Crockett was the son of an emigrant from the north of Ireland, who, after fighting with noted courage through the Revolutionary war, settled in East Tennessee. There he and his wife were murdered by the Creek Indians. One of their sons was wounded, and another was carried into captivity, and remained a prisoner with the Indians for seventeen years. John Crockett escaped, grew up, and in due time became the father of the famous David. When the boy was seven years old, his father met with a misfortune which reduced him to utter poverty. A freshet swept away a new mill in which he had invested the savings of a lifetime. It was carried off bodily, leaving not a wreck behind. The unfortunate proprietor then removed to another county, and opened a small tavern not far from the present city of Knoxville.

It happened, one evening, when David was twelve years of age, that an old Dutchman, a drover, put up at his father's tavern, having with him a drove of cattle. To this Dutchman John Crockett hired his son, as drover's boy, with the understanding that he was to help drive the cattle as far as Richmond, and then return. Away he went, and was soon in high favor with the Dutchman, from whom he learned those Dutch anecdotes and the Dutch brogue which he afterwards employed with so much effect. He liked his master very well, but after travelling for some weeks with the cattle, he became homesick, ran away, joined a wagoner bound for East Tennessee, and so reached home again.

The next winter his father sent him to school for the first

time in his life ; but before he had been at school a week, he had a fight with one of the scholars, in which he gained the victory, and beat his antagonist so severely that he dared not show himself in school again. So he played truant for several days ; but discovering that his father had found him out, he thought it prudent to beat a retreat, and hired himself to another drover who was going to Virginia. Many were his adventures. His employer, after ill-treating him in various ways, turned him adrift hundreds of miles from home, with only four dollars. Then he joined a wagoner once more, and soon found himself at Baltimore, where, for the first time in his life, he saw a ship.

As he stood on the dock, gazing at the ship with open eyes and mouth, bewildered at the sight, one of the sailors accosted him and asked him if he would not like to go to Liverpool. Forgetting his engagement with the wagoner, he joyfully consented, and rushed off to the wagon to get his clothes, although ten minutes before he did not know that there was such a thing as a ship in the world. The wagoner positively refused to let him go. Watching his chance, however, he bundled up his clothes and started for the wharf ; but it so chanced that in turning the corner of a crowded street, he came full upon his master, who collared him and brought him back.

Leaving his wagoner soon after, he started, penniless, to work his way home. First he worked a while as a laborer, and, with the money thus earned, he travelled a few miles towards Tennessee. When his money was gone, he would stop and work again for the first farmer who wanted him. Once he bound himself as an apprentice to a hatter, for four years, and worked for him a few months, until the hatter failed, and he was homeless once more. At length, after two years' absence, one winter evening he entered his father's

tavern with his bundle, and asked permission to sit down and rest. No one knew him. His father, a somewhat infirm old man, was waiting upon his guests ; his mother was cooking supper ; and his sister was also working about the house. He remained silent for an hour, when, supper being ready, he was asked to come to the table, where, the light falling upon his face, his sister recognized him. The truant had a joyful welcome, and he kept the family up late relating his adventures.

He now set to work in earnest to assist his old father, to whom he had not given much help or comfort hitherto. By six months' hard work he paid one of his father's debts, which had caused the old man much anxiety. Then he worked six months more to cancel a note of thirty dollars which his father had given, and brought it to his father as a present. Next he went to work for sundry other months, until he had provided himself with a supply of decent clothes. He was now nearly twenty years of age, and being much mortified with his inability to read or write, he made a bargain with a Quaker schoolmaster, agreeing to work two days on the Quaker's farm for every three that he attended his school. He picked up knowledge rapidly, and, after six months of this arrangement, he could read, write, and cipher sufficiently well for the ordinary purposes of life on the frontier.

He now began to be extremely susceptible to the charms of the female sex. Marriageable girls were as scarce on the frontiers then as they now are in some parts of California and Oregon. Accordingly, a young fellow had to be prompt both at popping the question and in fulfilling his engagement. The first girl with whom he was smitten was a young relative of his schoolmaster, but, while he was courting her with the vigor and warmth of a backwoodsman, and flattering himself that his passion was returned, a wealthy suitor came along,

and snapped her up before his eyes. He soon fell in love again, at a ball, and, before the evening was finished, he was engaged to be married, and a day was appointed for him to announce the fact to the girl's parents.

On the appointed day, he started for the young lady's abode, but falling in on the way with a gay party, he spent the whole night in a frolic; and when, the next morning, he approached the house of his lady-love, he learned that she was to be married that evening to another man. His riding-whip slipped from his hand; his jaw fell; and he sat on his horse staring wildly at his informant. He recovered his spirits, however, went to the wedding, and danced all night, the merriest of the merry.

He was soon in love again, over head and ears, and in due time was happily married. He lived, at first, with his wife's mother, working a little, and hunting a great deal, for his subsistence. After two years he set up his own cabin on the Elk River, where he cultivated a few acres for his bread, and ranged the forest for his meat.

The Creek War, in 1813, summoned the yeomen of Tennessee to arms under General Jackson. No young man of them all was prompter to take the field than David Crockett. He was in most of the principal engagements under General Jackson, and if ever he obtained leave of absence, he soon tired of the monotony of home, and was off again for the army. He was the life of the camp. His merriment, his Dutch anecdotes, his bear stories, his wonderful shooting, his fortitude and courage, made him a universal favorite.

The war over, he removed his little family one hundred and fifty miles to the west, and settled in the midst of a wilderness forty miles distant from the nearest settlement. There he built his cabin, dug his well, cleared his cornfield, and lived the life of a pioneer in its perfection. His skill

and courage in hunting the deer, the panther, and the bear, were wonderful indeed ; and I must find room for one of his bear stories before I close.

Years passed on. The country filled up with settlers. The fame of David Crockett, as a hunter, story-teller, and general good fellow, spread far and wide, and at last he found himself elected to the Legislature. So popular was he in the Legislature that, in 1824, he was set up as an anti-tariff candidate for Congress, and was only beaten by two votes, in a district of seventeen counties. At the next election, he was returned by the extraordinary majority of twenty-seven hundred votes.

At Washington, he was a conspicuous personage, for his fame preceded him, and he was, perhaps, the only genuine pioneer and backwoodsman that ever sat in Congress. He was a member four years, and would, no doubt, have been again elected, if he had not differed with his old commander, President Jackson, on the removal of the Cherokees. He found, at the next election, that Andrew Jackson was too strong for him. He was defeated, and, soon after, joined in the movement started by General Houston, which was designed to sever Texas from Mexico, and annex it to the United States.

His exploits were as romantic as any which have ever been related. He was caught, at length, in a fort garrisoned by a hundred and forty Texans, when it was invested by a Mexican army of two thousand. Never was a place more valiantly defended. After ten days of conflict and starvation, every man of the garrison had perished, except six, one of whom was Colonel Crockett. These six heroes then surrendered to Santa Anna, the dastardly traitor and coward, who commanded the Mexican army. This base wretch, so far from being touched by the heroism of

Colonel Crockett, ordered him to be murdered, and the gallant pioneer fell, pierced with a dozen swords.

This is the merest outline of a life so full of strange and romantic adventure, that if it could be truly and fully written, it would attract universal attention, and be a permanent addition to our literature. It is a subject worthy the pen of an Irving or a Cooper.

Let me give one incident of his life as a bear-hunter, as related by himself to his friends.

The scene of this thrilling adventure was the region near the Mississippi river called the "Shakes," from its having been *shaken*, and tumbled into chaos, by the great earthquake of 1812. This region is thus described by a gentleman familiar with it from having hunted over it, with Crockett himself:—

"The Obion River, a navigable stream which empties into the Mississippi nearly opposite to New Madrid, was dammed up, and two considerable lakes, one nearly twenty miles long and varying in its breadth, the other not quite so large, have been formed of unknown depth. The bed of the river has been changed; and fissures or openings, made in the earth by the concussion, still remain, running parallel to each other, of various lengths, from three to thirty feet wide, and from ten to forty feet deep. One, to visit these "Shakes," would see striking marks of the gigantic power of an earthquake. He would find the largest forest trees split from their roots to their tops, and lying half on each side of a fissure. He would find them split in every direction, and lying in all shapes. At the time of this earthquake, no persons were living where those lakes have been formed. Colonel Crockett was among the nearest settlers; and to this day, there is much of that country entirely uninhabited, and even unknown. Several severe hurricanes have passed

along, blowing down all the trees in one direction, and an undergrowth has sprung up, making these places almost impenetrable to man. This section of country which has been visited by the *shakes*, forms the best hunting-ground in the west. There are bears, wolves, panthers, deer, elk, wild cats, in abundance; and this is the only place within my knowledge east of the Mississippi, where elk are yet to be found."

Such was the scene of the unique bear-hunt now to be related. Imagine the mighty hunter himself telling the story to a group of backwoodsmen on the stoop of a country store.

"It has been a custom with me," began Colonel Crockett (so his neighbors always called him), "ever since I moved to this country, to spend a part of every winter in bear-hunting, unless I was engaged in public life. I generally take a tent, pack horses, and a friend 'long with me, and go down to the "Shakes," where I camp out and hunt till I get tired, or till I get as much meat as I want. I do this because there is a great deal of game there; and, besides, I never see anybody but the friend I carry, and I like to hunt in a wilderness, where nobody can disturb me. I could tell you a thousand frolics I've had in these same "Shakes"; but perhaps the following one will amuse you:—

"Some time in the winter of 1824 or '25, a friend called to see me, to take a bear-hunt. I was in the humor; so we got our pack horses, fixed up our tent and provisions, and set out for the "Shakes." We arrived there safe, raised our tent, stored away our provisions, and commenced hunting. For several days we were quite successful; our game we brought to the tent, salted it, and packed it away. We had several hunts, and nothing occurred worth telling, save that we killed our game.

"But one evening, as we were coming along, our pack horses loaded with bear-meat, and our dogs trotting lazily after us, old Whirlwind held up his head and looked about; then rubbed his nose agin a bush, and opened. I knew, from the way he sung out, 't was an old *he* bear. The balance of the dogs buckled in, and off they went right up a hollow. I gave up the horses to my friend, to carry 'em to the tent, which was now about half a mile distant, and set out after the dogs.

"The hollow up which the bear had gone, made a bend, and I knew he would follow it; so I run across to head him. The sun was now down; 't was growing dark mighty fast, and 't was cold; so I buttoned my jacket close round me, and run on. I had n't gone fur, before I heard the dogs tack, and they come a tearing right down the hollow. Presently I heard the old bear rattling through the cane, and the dogs coming on like lightning after him. I dashed on; I felt like I had wings, my dogs made such a roaring cry; they rushed by me, and as they did I harked 'em on; they all broke out, and the woods echoed back and back to their voices. It seemed to me they fairly flew, for 't wasn't long before they overhauled him, and I could hear 'em fighting not fur before me. I run on, but just before I got there, the old bear made a break and got loose; but the dogs kept close up, and every once in a while they stopped him and had a fight. I tried for my life to git up, but just before I'd get there, he'd break loose. I followed him this way for two or three miles, through briers, cane, etc., and he devilled me mightily. Once I thought I had him: I got up in about fifteen or twenty feet, 't was so dark I could n't tell the bear from a dog, and I started to go to him; but I found out there was a creek between us. How deep it was I did n't know; but it was dark and cold, and too late to turn back;

so I held my rifle up and walked right in. Before I got across, the old bear got loose and shot for it, right through the cane; I was mighty tired, but I scrambled out and followed on. I knew I was obliged to keep in hearing of my dogs, or git lost.

"Well, I kept on, and once in a while I could hear 'em fighting and baying just before me; then I'd run up, but before I'd get there, the old bear would git loose. I sometimes thought 'bout giving up and going back; but while I'd be thinking, they'd begin to fight agin, and I'd run on. I followed him this way 'bout, as near as I could guess, from four to five miles, when the old bear could n't stand it any longer, and took a tree; and I tell you what, I was mighty glad of it.

"I went up, but at first it was so dark I could see nothing; however, after looking about, and gitting the tree between me and a star, I could see a very dark-looking place, and I raised up old Betsy, and she lightened. Down came the old bear; but he was n't much hurt, for of all the fights you ever did see, that beat all. I had six dogs, and for nearly an hour they kept rolling and tumbling right at my feet. I could n't see anything but one old white dog I had; but every now and then the bear made 'em sing out right under me. I had my knife drawn, to stick him whenever he should seize me; but after a while, bear, dogs, and all rolled down a precipice just before me, and I could hear them fighting, like they were in a hole. I loaded Betsy, laid down, and felt about in the hole with her till I got her agin the bear, and I fired; but I did n't kill him, for out of the hole he bounced, and he and the dogs fought harder than ever. I laid old Betsy down, and drew my knife; but the bear and dogs just formed a lump, rolling about; and presently down they all went again into the hole.

“My dogs now began to sing out mighty often; they were getting tired, for it had been the hardest fight I ever saw. I found out how the bear was laying, and I looked for old Betsy to shoot him again; but I had laid her down somewhere and couldn't find her. I got hold of a stick and began to punch him; he didn't seem to mind it much, so I thought I would git down into the crack, and kill him with my knife.

“I considered some time 'bout this; it was ten or eleven o'clock, and a cold winter night. I was something like thirty miles from any settlement; there was no living soul near me, except my friend, who was in the tent, and I didn't know where that was. I knew my bear was in a crack made by the shakes, but how deep it was, and whether I could get out if I got in, were things I couldn't tell. I was sitting down right over the bear, thinking; and every once in a while some of my dogs would sing out, as if they wanted help; so I got up and let myself down in the crack behind the bear. Where I landed was about as deep as I am high; I felt mighty ticklish, and I wished I was out; I couldn't see a thing in the world, but I determined to go through with it. I drew my knife and kept feeling about with my hands and feet till I touched the bear; this I did very gently, then got upon my hands and knees, and inched my left hand up his body, with a knife in my right, till I got pretty fur up, and I plunged it into him; he sunk down and for a moment there was a great struggle; but by the time I scrambled out, everything was getting quiet, and my dogs, one at a time, came out after me and laid down at my feet. I knew everything was safe.

“It began now to cloud up: 't was mighty dark, and as I didn't know the direction of my tent, I determined to stay all night. I took out my flint and steel and raised a little

fire; but the wood was so cold and wet it would n't burn much. I had sweated so much after the bear, that I began to get very thirsty, and felt like I would die, if I didn't git some water: so, taking a light along, I went to look for the creek I had waded, and as good luck would have it, I found the creek, and got back to my bear. But from having been in a sweat all night, I was now very chilly; it was the middle of winter, and the ground was hard frozen for several inches, but this I had not noticed before; I again set to work to build me a fire, but all I could do could n't make it burn. The excitement under which I had been laboring had all died away, and I was so cold I felt very much like dying; but a notion struck me to git my bear up out of the crack; so down into it I went, and worked until I got into a sweat again; and just as I would git him up so high, that if I could turn him over once more he'd be out, he'd roll back. I kept working, and resting, and while I was at it, it began to hail mighty fine; but I kept on, and in about three hours I got him out.

"I then came up almost exhausted; my fire had gone out and I laid down, and soon fell asleep; but 't was n't long before I waked almost frozen. The wind sounded mighty cold as it passed along, and I called my dogs, and made 'em lie upon me to keep me warm; but it would n't do. I thought I ought to make some exertion to save my life, and I got up, but I don't know why or wherefore, and began to grope about in the dark; the first thing I hit again was a tree: it felt mighty slick and icy as I hugged it, and a notion struck me to climb it; so up I started, and I climbed that tree for thirty feet before I came to any limb, and then slipped down. It was awful warm work. How often I climbed it, I never knew; but I was going up and slipping down for three or four hours, and when day first began to

break, I was going up that tree. As soon as it was cleverly light, I saw before me a slim sweet gum, so slick, that it looked like every *varmunt* in the woods had been sliding down it for a month. I started off and found my tent, where sat my companion, who had given me up for lost. I had been distant about five miles; and, after resting, I brought my friend to see the bear. I had run more perils than those described; had been all night on the brink of a dreadful chasm, where a slip of a few feet would have brought about instant death. It almost made my head giddy to look at the dangers I had escaped. My friend swore he would not have gone in the crack that night with a wounded bear, for every one in the woods. We had as much meat as we could carry; so we loaded our horses, and set out for home."

This, I think, is the most remarkable narrative of the kind ever put upon paper. It has haunted me for years; and I copy it now for the reader's entertainment from the little volume, published nearly forty years ago, in which I read it.

HISTORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

IN Cornhill, Boston, thirty years ago, there was a shop for the manufacture and repair of nautical instruments and philosophical apparatus, kept by Ari Davis. Mr. Davis was a very ingenious mechanic, who had invented a successful dovetailing machine, much spoken of at the time, when inventions were not as numerous as they are now. Being thus a noted man in his calling, he gave way to the foible of affecting an oddity of dress and deportment. It pleased him to say extravagant and nonsensical things, and to go about singing, and to attract attention by unusual garments. Nevertheless, being a really skilful mechanic, he was frequently consulted by the inventors and improvers of machinery, to whom he sometimes gave a valuable suggestion.

In the year 1839, two men in Boston—one a mechanic, and the other a capitalist—were striving to produce a knitting-machine, which proved to be a task beyond their strength. When the inventor was at his wit's end, his capitalist brought the machine to the shop of Ari Davis, to see if that eccentric genius could suggest the solution of the difficulty, and make the machine work. The shop, resolving itself into a committee of the whole, gathered about the knitting-machine and its proprietor, and were listening to an explanation of its principle, when Davis, in his wild, extravagant way, broke in with these words: "What are you bothering yourselves with a knitting-machine for? Why don't you make a sewing-machine?"

"I wish I could," said the capitalist; "but it can't be done."

"O, yes it can," said Davis; "I can make a sewing-machine myself."

"Well," said the other, "you do it, Davis, and I'll insure you an independent fortune."

There the conversation dropped, and it was never resumed. The boastful remark of the master of the shop was considered merely one of his sallies of affected extravagance, as it really was; and the response of the capitalist to it was uttered without a thought of producing an effect. Nor did it produce any effect upon the person to whom it was addressed. Davis never attempted to construct a sewing-machine.

Among the workmen who stood by and listened to this conversation was a young man from the country, a new hand, named Elias Howe, then twenty years old. The person whom we have named the capitalist, a well-dressed and fine-looking man, somewhat consequential in his manners, was an imposing figure in the eyes of this youth, new to city ways; and he was much impressed with the emphatic assurance that a fortune was in store for the man who should invent a sewing-machine. He was the more struck with it, because he had already amused himself with inventing some slight improvements, and recently he had caught from Davis the habit of meditating new devices. The spirit of invention, as all mechanics know, is exceedingly contagious. One man in a shop who invents something that proves successful, will give the mania to half his companions, and the very apprentices will be tinkering over a device after their day's work is done. There were other reasons, also, why a conversation so trifling and accidental should have strongly impressed itself upon the mind of this particular youth. Before that day, the idea of sewing by the aid of a machine had never occurred to him.

ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing-machine, was born in 1819, at Spencer, in Massachusetts, where his father was a farmer and miller. There was a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a shingle-machine on the place ; but all of them together, with the aid of a farm, yielded but a slender revenue for a man blessed with eight children. It was a custom in that neighborhood, as in New England generally, forty years ago, for families to carry on some kind of manufacture at which children could assist. At six years of age, Elias Howe worked with his brothers and sisters at sticking the wire teeth into strips of leather for "cards," used in the manufacture of cotton. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted upon the farm and in the mills, attending the district school in the winter months. He is now of opinion, that it was the rude and simple mills belonging to his father, which gave his mind its bent toward machinery ; but he cannot remember that this bent was very decided, nor that he watched the operation of the mills with much attention to the mechanical principles involved. He was a careless, play-loving boy, and the first eleven years of his life passed without an event worth recording. At eleven, he went to "live out" with a farmer of the neighborhood, intending to remain until he was twenty-one. A kind of inherited lameness rendered the hard work of a farmer's boy distressing to him, and after trying it for a year, he returned to his father's house, and resumed his place in the mills, where he continued until he was sixteen.

One of his young friends, returning from Lowell about this time, gave him such a pleasing description of that famous town, that he was on fire to go thither. In 1835, with his parents' reluctant consent, he went to Lowell, and obtained a learner's place in a large manufactory of cotton machinery, where he remained until the crash of 1837 closed the mills

of Lowell, and sent him adrift, a seeker after work. He went to Cambridge, under the shadow of venerable Harvard. He found employment there in a large machine-shop, and was set at work upon the new hemp-carding machinery invented by Professor Treadwell. His cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks, since Speaker of the House of Representatives and Major-General, worked in the same shop and boarded in the same house with him. After working a few months at Cambridge, Elias Howe found employment more congenial in Boston, at the shop of Ari Davis, where the conversation occurred which we have just related.

Judging merely by appearances, no one would have pitched upon *him* as the person likely to make one of the revolutionizing inventions of the age. Undersized, curly-headed, and exceedingly fond of his joke, he was at twenty more a boy than a man. Nor was he very proficient in his trade, nor inclined to put forth extra exertion. Steady labor was always irksome to him; and frequently, owing to the constitutional weakness to which we have alluded, it was painful. He was not the person to seize an idea with avidity, and work it out with the passionate devotion of a Watt or a Goodyear. The only immediate effect upon him of the conversation in the shop of Mr. Davis was to induce a habit of reflecting upon the art of sewing, watching the process as performed by hand, and wondering whether it was within the compass of the mechanic arts to do it by machinery. His uppermost thought, in those years, was, What a waste of power to employ the ponderous human arm, and all the intricate machinery of the fingers, in performing an operation so simple, and for which a robin's strength would suffice! Why not draw twelve threads through at once, or fifty? And sometimes, while visiting a shop where army and navy clothing was made, he would look at the heaps of unsewed gar-

ments, all cut alike, all requiring the same stitch, the same number of stitches, and the same kind of seam, and say to himself, "What a pity this cannot be done by machinery! It is the very work for a machine to do." Such thoughts, however, only flitted through his mind now and then; he was still far from any serious attempt to construct a machine for sewing up the blue trousers.

At twenty-one, being still a journeyman machinist, earning nine dollars a week, he married; and, in time, children came with inconvenient frequency. Nine dollars is a fixed quantity, or, rather, it was *then*; and the addition of three little mouths to be fed from it, and three little backs to be clothed by it, converted the vivacious father into a thoughtful and plodding citizen. His day's labor at this time, when he was upon heavy work, was so fatiguing to him, that, on reaching his home, he would sometimes be too exhausted to eat, and he would go to bed, longing, as we have heard him say, "to lie in bed for ever and ever." It was the pressure of poverty and this extreme fatigue, that caused him, about the year 1843, to set about the work of inventing the machine which, he had heard four years before, would be "an independent fortune" to the inventor. Then it was that he caught the inventor's mania, which gives its victims no rest and no peace till they have accomplished the work to which they have abandoned themselves.

He wasted many months on a false scent. When he began to experiment, his only thought was to invent a machine which should do what he saw his wife doing when she sewed. He took it for granted that sewing must be *that*, and his first device was a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should work up and down through the cloth, and carry the thread through it at each thrust. Hundreds of hours, by night and day, he brooded

over this conception, and cut many a basket of chips in the endeavor to make something that would work such a needle so as to form the common stitch. He could not do it. One day, in 1844, the thought flashed upon him, Is it necessary that a machine should imitate the performance of the hand? May there not be *another* stitch? This was the crisis of the invention. The idea of using two threads, and forming a stitch by the aid of a shuttle and a curved needle, with the eye near the point, soon occurred to him, and he felt that he had invented a sewing-machine. It was in the month of October, 1844, that he was able to convince *himself*, by a rough model of wood and wire, that such a machine as he had projected would sew.

At this time he had ceased to be a journeyman mechanic. His father had removed to Cambridge to establish a machine for cutting palm-leaf into strips for hats,—a machine invented by a brother of the elder Howe. Father and son were living in the same house, into the garret of which the son had put a lathe and a few machinists' tools, and was doing a little work on his own account. His ardor in the work of invention robbed him, however, of many hours that might have been employed, his friends thought, to better advantage by the father of a family. He was extremely poor, and his father had lost his palm-leaf machine by a fire. With an invention in his head that has since given him more than two hundred thousand dollars in a single year, and which is now yielding a profit to more than one firm of a thousand dollars a day, he could scarcely provide for his little family the necessaries of life. Nor could his invention be tested, except by making a machine of steel and iron, with the exactness and finish of a clock. At the present time, with a machine before him for a model, a good mechanic could not, with his ordinary tools, construct a

sewing-machine in less than two months, nor at a less expense than three hundred dollars. Elias Howe had only his model in his head, and he had not money enough to pay for the raw material requisite for one machine.

There was living then at Cambridge a young friend and schoolmate of the inventor, named George Fisher, a coal and wood merchant, who had recently inherited some property, and was not disinclined to speculate with some of it. The two friends had been in the habit of conversing together upon the project of the sewing-machine. When the inventor had reached his final conception, in the fall of 1844, he succeeded in convincing George Fisher of its feasibility, which led to a partnership between them for bringing the invention into use. The terms of this partnership were these: George Fisher was to receive into his house Elias Howe and his family, board them while Elias was making the machine, give up his garret for a workshop, and provide money for material and tools to the extent of five hundred dollars; in return for which, he was to become the proprietor of one half the patent, if the machine proved to be worth patenting. Early in December, 1844, Elias Howe moved into the house of George Fisher, set up his shop in the garret, gathered materials about him, and went to work. It was a very small, low garret, but it sufficed for one zealous, brooding workman, who did not wish for gossiping visitors.

It is strange how the great things come about in this world. This George Fisher, by whose timely aid such an inestimable boon was conferred upon womankind, was led into the enterprise as much by good nature as by expectation of profit, and it was his easy acquisition of his money that made it easy for him to risk it. So far as we know, neither of the partners indulged in any dream of benevo-

lence. Howe wanted to invent a sewing-machine to deliver himself from that painful daily toil, and Fisher was inclined to aid an old friend, and not disinclined to own a share in a valuable patent. The greatest doers of good have usually proceeded in the same homely spirit. Thus Shakespeare wrote, thus Columbus sailed, thus Watt invented, thus Newton discovered. It seems, too, that George Fisher was Elias Howe's only convert. "I believe," testified Fisher, in one of the great sewing-machine suits, "I was the only one of his neighbors and friends in Cambridge that had any confidence in the success of the invention. He was generally looked upon as very visionary in undertaking anything of the kind, and I was thought very foolish in assisting him." It is the old story.

All the winter of 1844-45 Mr. Howe worked at his machine. His conception of what he intended to produce was so clear and complete, that he was little delayed by failures, but worked on with almost as much certainty and steadiness as though he had a model before him. In April, he sewed a seam by his machine. By the middle of May, 1845, he had completed his work. In July, he sewed by his machine all the seams of two suits of woollen clothes,—one suit for Mr. Fisher and the other for himself, the sewing of both of which outlasted the cloth. This first of all sewing-machines, after crossing the ocean many times, and figuring as a dumb but irrefutable witness in many a court, may still be seen at Mr. Howe's office in Broadway, where, within these few weeks, it has sewed seams in cloth at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute. It is agreed by all disinterested persons (Professor Renwick among others) who have examined this machine, that Elias Howe, in making it, carried the invention of the sewing-machine farther on towards its complete and final utility, than any

other inventor has ever brought a first-rate invention at the first trial. It is a little thing, that first machine, which goes into a box of the capacity of about a cubic foot and a half. Every contrivance in it has been since improved, and new devices have been added; but no successful sewing-machine has ever been made, of all the seven hundred thousand now in existence, which does not contain some of the essential devices of this first attempt. We make this assertion without hesitation or reserve, because it is, we believe, the one point upon which all the great makers are agreed. Judicial decisions have repeatedly affirmed it.

Like all the other great inventors, Mr. Howe found that, when he had completed his machine, his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston one day to get a tailor to come to Cambridge and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the man to whom he first applied, dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing-machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary; and this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of the tailors for the next ten years. It is probable that the machines first made would have been destroyed by violence, but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was, that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It seems strange now, that the tailors of Boston could have persisted so long in such an opinion; for Mr. Howe, a few weeks after he had finished his first model, gave them an opportunity to see what it could do. He placed his little engine in one of the rooms of the Quincy Hall Clothing Manufactory, and, seating himself before it, offered to sew up any seam that might be brought to him. One unbelieving tailor

after another, brought a garment, and saw its long seams sewed perfectly, at the rate of two hundred and fifty stitches a minute; which was about seven times as fast as the work could be done by hand. For two weeks he sat there daily, and sewed up seams for all who chose to bring them to him. He amused himself, at intervals, in executing rows of ornamental stitching, and he showed the strength of the machine by sewing the thick, plaited skirts of frock-coats to the bodies. At last, he challenged five of the swiftest seamstresses in the establishment to sew a race with the machine. Ten seams of equal length were prepared for sewing, five of which were laid by the machine, and the other five given to the girls. The gentleman who held the watch, and who was to decide the wager, testified, upon oath, that the five girls were the fastest sewers that could be found, and that they sewed "as fast as they could, — much faster than they were in the habit of sewing," — faster than they could have kept on for one hour. Nevertheless, Mr. Howe finished his five seams a little sooner than the girls finished their five; and the umpire, who was himself a tailor, has sworn, that "the work done on the machine was the neatest and strongest."

Upon reading testimony like this, we wonder that manufacturers did not instantly set Mr. Howe at work making sewing-machines. Not one was ordered. Not a tailor encouraged him by word or deed. Some objected that the machine did not make the whole garment. Others dreaded to encounter the fierce opposition of the journeymen. Others really thought it would beggar all hand-sewers, and refrained from using it on principle. Others admitted the utility of the machine and the excellence of the work done by it; but, said they, "We are doing well as we are, and fear to make such a change." The great cost of the machine was a most serious obstacle to its introduction. A year or two since,

Mr. Howe caused a copy of his first machine to be made for exhibition in his window, and it cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. In 1845, he could not have furnished his machine for less than five hundred dollars, and a large clothier or shirt-maker would have required thirty or forty of them.

The inventor was not disheartened by the result of the introduction of the machine. The next thing was to get the invention patented, and Mr. Howe again shut himself up in George Fisher's garret for three or four months, and made another machine for deposit in the Patent Office. In the spring of 1846, there being no prospect of revenue from the invention, he engaged as "engineer" upon one of the railroads terminating at Boston, and "drove" a locomotive daily for some weeks; but the labor proved too much for his strength, and he was compelled to give it up. Late in the summer, the model and the documents being ready for the Patent Office, the two associates treated themselves to a journey to Washington, where the wonderful machine was exhibited at a fair, with no results except to amuse the crowd. September 10, 1846, the patent was issued, and soon after the young men returned to Cambridge.

George Fisher was now totally discouraged. He had maintained the inventor and his family for many months; he had provided the money for the tools and material for two machines; he had paid the expense of getting the patent, and of the journey to Washington; he had advanced in all about two thousand dollars; and he saw not the remotest probability of the invention becoming profitable. Elias Howe moved back to his father's house, and George Fisher considered his advances in the light of a dead loss. "I had lost confidence," he has since testified, "in the machine's ever paying anything."

But mothers and inventors do not give up their offspring so. America having rejected the invention, Mr. Howe resolved to offer it to England. In October, 1846, his brother, Amasa B. Howe, with the assistance of their father, took passage in the steerage of a sailing packet, and conveyed one of the machines to London. An Englishman was the first manufacturer who had faith enough in the American sewing-machine to invest money in it. In Cheapside, Amasa Howe came upon the shop of William Thomas, who employed, according to his own account, five thousand persons in the manufacture of corsets, umbrellas, valises, carpet bags, and shoes. William Thomas examined and approved the machine. Necessity, as poor Richard remarks, cannot make a good bargain; but the bargain which it made on this occasion, through the agency of Amasa B. Howe, was signally bad. He sold to Mr. Thomas, for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the machine he had brought with him, and the right to use as many others in his own business as he desired. There was also a verbal understanding that Mr. Thomas was to patent the invention in England, and, if the machine came into use there, he was to pay the inventor three pounds on every machine sold. That was an excellent day's work for William Thomas of Cheapside. The verbal part of the bargain has never been carried out. He patented the invention; and ever since the machines began to be used, all sewing-machines made in England, or imported into England, have paid tribute to him at the rate of ten pounds or less for each machine. Elias Howe is of opinion that the investment of that two hundred and fifty pounds has yielded a profit of one million dollars. Mr. Thomas further proposed to engage the inventor to adapt the machine to the work upon corsets, offering him the munificent stipend of three pounds a week, and to defray the expense of workshop, tools, and material.

Amasa B. Howe returned to Cambridge with this offer. America being still insensible to the charms of the new invention, and the two hundred and fifty pounds having been immediately absorbed by the long-accumulating necessities of the family, and there being no prospect of advantageous employment at home, Elias Howe accepted the offer, and both brothers set sail for London, February 5, 1847. They went in the steerage, and cooked their own provisions. William Thomas provided a shop and its requisites, and even advanced money for the passage to England of the inventor's family, who joined him soon, — wife and three children. After eight months of labor, the inventor succeeded in adopting his machine to the purposes of the stay-maker; and when this was done, the stay-maker apparently desired to get rid of the inventor. He required him to do the miscellaneous repairs, and took the tone with him which the ignorant purse-holder, in all lands, is accustomed to hold in his dealings with those to whom he pays wages. The Yankee, of course, resented this behavior, and William Thomas discharged Elias Howe from his employment.

To be a poor stranger, with a sick wife and three children in America, is to be in a purgatory that is provided with a practicable door into paradise. To be such a person in London, is to be in a hell without visible outlet.

Since undertaking to write this little history of the sewing-machine, we have gone over about thirty thousand pages of printed testimony, taken in the numerous suits to which sewing-machine patents have given rise. Of all these pages, the most interesting are those from which we can gather the history of Elias Howe during the next few months. From a chance acquaintance, named Charles Inglis, a coach-maker, who proved to be a true friend, he hired a small room for a work-shop, in which, after borrowing a few tools, he began

to construct his fourth sewing-machine. Long before it was finished, he saw that he must reduce his expenses or leave his machine unfinished. From three rooms, he removed his family to one, and that a small one in the cheapest quarter of Surrey. Nor did that economy suffice; and he resolved to send his family home while he could, and trust to the machine in hand for the means to follow them.

"Before his wife left London," testifies Mr. Inglis, "he had frequently borrowed money from me in sums of five pounds, and requested me to get him credit for provisions. On the evening of Mrs. Howe's departure, the night was very wet and stormy, and, her health being delicate, she was unable to walk to the ship. He had no money to pay the cab-hire, and he borrowed a few shillings from me to pay it, which he repaid by pledging some of his clothing. Some linen came home from his washerwoman for his wife and children on the day of her departure. She could not take it with her on account of not having money to pay the woman." After the departure of his family, the solitary inventor was still more severely pinched. "He has borrowed a shilling from me," says Mr. Inglis, "for the purpose of buying beans, which I saw him cook and eat in his own room." After three or four months of labor, the machine was finished. It was worth fifty pounds. The only customer he could find for it was a working man of his acquaintance, who offered five pounds for it, if he could have time to pay it in. The inventor was obliged to accept this offer. The purchaser gave his note for the five pounds, which Charles Inglis succeeded in selling to another mechanic for four pounds. To pay his debts and his expenses home, Mr. Howe pawned his precious first machine and his letters-patent. "He drew a hand-cart, with his baggage on it, to the ship, to save the expense of cartage"; and again he took passage in the steer-

age, along with his English friend, Charles Inglis. His brother Amasa had long before returned to America.

In April, 1849, Elias Howe landed in New York, after an absence of two years from the country, with half a crown in his pocket. Four years had nearly elapsed since the completion of his first machine, and this small piece of silver was the net result of his labors upon that invention. He and his friend went to one of the cheapest emigrant boarding-houses, and Elias Howe sought employment in the machine-shops, which luckily he found without delay. The news reached him soon that his wife was dying of consumption, but he had not the money for a journey to Cambridge. In a few days, however, he received ten dollars from his father, and he was thus enabled to reach his wife's bedside, and receive her last breath. He had no clothes except those he daily wore, and he was obliged to borrow a suit from his brother-in-law in which to appear at the funeral. It was remarked by his old friends, that his natural gayety of disposition was quite quenched by the severity of his recent trials. He was extremely downcast and worn. He looked like a man just out after a long and agonizing sickness. Soon came the intelligence that the ship, in which he had embarked all his household goods, had been wrecked off Cape Cod, and was a total loss.

But now he was among friends, who hastened to relieve his immediate necessities, and who took care of his children. He was soon at work ; not, indeed, at his beloved machine, but at work which his friends considered much more rational. He was again a journeyman machinist at weekly wages.

As nature never bestows two eminent gifts upon the same individual, the man who makes a great invention is seldom the man who prevails upon the public to use it. Every Watt

needs his Boulton. Neither George Fisher nor Elias Howe possessed the executive force requisite for so difficult a piece of work as the introduction of a machine which then cost two or three hundred dollars to make, and upon which a purchaser had to take lessons as upon the piano, and which the whole body of tailors regarded with dread, aversion, or contempt. It was reserved, therefore, for other men to educate the people into availing themselves of this exquisite labor-saving apparatus.

Upon his return home, after his residence in London, Elias Howe discovered, much to his surprise, that the sewing-machine had become celebrated, though its inventor appeared forgotten. Several ingenious mechanics, who had only heard or read of a machine for sewing, and others who had seen the Howe machine, had turned their attention to inventing in the same direction, or to improving upon Mr. Howe's devices. We have before us three hand-bills, which show that, in 1849, a sewing-machine was carried about in Western New York, and exhibited as a curiosity, at a charge of twelve and a half cents for admission. At Ithaca, the following bill was posted about in May, 1849, a few weeks after the inventor's return from Europe :—

A GREAT
CURIOSITY!!
The
YANKEE SEWING-MACHINE
is now
EXHIBITING
AT THIS PLACE
from
8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The public were informed by other bills, that this wonderful machine could make a pair of pantaloons in forty min-

utes, and do the work of six hands. The people of Ithaca, it appears, attended the exhibition in great numbers, and many ladies carried home specimens of the sewing, which they preserved as curiosities. But this was not all. Some machinists and others in Boston, and elsewhere, were making sewing-machines in a rude, imperfect manner, several of which had been sold to manufacturers, and were in daily operation.

The inventor, upon inspecting these crude products, saw that they all contained the devices which he had first combined and patented. Poor as he was, he was not disposed to submit to this infringement, and he began forthwith to prepare for war against the infringers. When he entered upon this litigation, he was a journeyman machinist; his machine and his letters-patent were in pawn, three thousand miles away, and the patience, if not the purses, of his friends was exhausted. When the contest ended, a leading branch of the national industry was tributary to him. The first step was to get back from England that first machine, and the document issued from the Patent Office. In the course of the summer of 1849, he contrived to raise the hundred dollars requisite for their deliverance; and the Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was going to London, kindly undertook to hunt them up in the wilderness of Surrey. He found them, and sent them home in the autumn of the same year. The inventor wrote polite letters to the infringers, warning them to desist, and offering to sell them licenses to continue. All but one of them, it appears, were disposed to acknowledge his rights, and to accept his proposal. That one induced the others to resist, and nothing remained but a resort to the courts. Assisted by his father, the inventor began a suit; but he was soon made aware that justice is a commodity much beyond the means of a journey.

man mechanic. He tried to reawaken the faith of George Fisher, and induce him to furnish the sinews of war; but George Fisher had had enough of the sewing-machine; he would sell his half of the patent for what it had cost him; but he would advance no more money. Mr. Howe then looked about for some one who would buy George Fisher's share. He found three men who agreed to do this, — and tried to do it, but could not raise the money.

The person to whom he was finally indebted for the means of securing his rights, was George W. Bliss, of Massachusetts, who was prevailed upon to buy Mr. Fisher's share of the patent, and to advance the money needful for carrying on the suits. He did this only as a speculation. He thought there might be something in this new notion of sewing by machinery, and, if there was, the machine must become universal, and yield large revenues. This might be; he even thought it probable; still, so weak was his faith, that he consented to embark in the enterprise only on condition of his being secured against loss by a mortgage on the farm of the inventor's father. This generous parent — who is still living in Cambridge — came once more to the rescue, and thus secured his son's fortune. The suits went on; but, as they went on at the usual pace of patent cases, the inventor had abundant leisure to push his invention out of doors.

Towards the close of 1850, we find him in New York, superintending the construction of fourteen sewing-machines at a shop in Gold Street, adjoining which he had a small office, furnished with a five-dollar desk and two fifty-cent chairs. One of those machines was exhibited at the fair in Castle Garden in October, 1851, where, for the space of two weeks, it sewed gaiters, pantaloons, and other work. Several of them were sold to a boot-maker in Worcester, who

used them for sewing boot-legs, with perfect success. Two or three others were daily operated in Broadway, to the satisfaction of the purchasers. We can say, therefore, of Elias Howe, that besides inventing the sewing-machine, and besides making the first machine with his own hands, he brought his invention to the point of its successful employment in manufacture.

While he was thus engaged, events occurred which seriously threatened to rob him of all the benefit of his invention. The infringers of his patent were not men of large means nor of extraordinary energy, and they had no "case" whatever. There was the machine which Elias Howe had made in 1845, there were his letters-patent, and all the sewing-machines then known to be in existence were essentially the same as his. But in August, 1850, a man became involved with the infringers who was of very different mettle from those steady-going Yankees, and capable of carrying on a much more vigorous warfare than they. This was that Isaac Merritt Singer, who has since so often astonished the Fifth Avenue, and is now amusing Paris, by the oddity and splendor of his equipages. He was then a poor and baffled adventurer. He had been an actor and manager of a theatre, and had tried his hand at various enterprises, none of which had been very successful. In 1850, he invented (as he has since sworn) a carving-machine, and having obtained an order for one from Boston, he made it, and took it himself to Boston. In the shop in which he placed his carving-machine, he saw, for the first time, several sewing-machines, brought there for repairs. Orson C. Phelps, the proprietor of the shop (Mr. Singer says), showed him one of these machines, and said to him that, if it could be improved so as to render it capable of doing a greater variety of work, "it would be a good thing"; and if Mr. Singer could accom-

plish this, he could get more money from sewing than from carving-machines. Whereupon, Mr. Singer contemplated the apparatus, and at night meditated upon it, with so much success, that he was able in the morning to exhibit a drawing of an improved machine. This sketch (so he swears) contained three original devices, which, to this day, form part of the sewing-machine made by the Singer Company. The sketch being approved, the next thing was to construct a model. Mr. Singer having no money, the purchaser of his carving-machine agreed to advance fifty dollars for the purpose; upon which Mr. Singer flew at the work like a tiger.

"I worked," he says, "day and night, sleeping but three or four hours out of the twenty-four, and eating generally but once a day, as I knew I must get a machine made for forty dollars, or not get it at all. The machine was completed the night of the eleventh day from the day it was commenced. About nine o'clock that evening, we got the parts of the machine together, and commenced trying it. The first attempt to sew was unsuccessful; and the workmen, who were tired out with almost unremitting work, left me, one by one, intimating that it was a failure. I continued trying the machine, with Zieber" (who furnished the forty dollars) "to hold the lamp for me, but, in the nervous condition to which I had been reduced by incessant work and anxiety, was unsuccessful in getting the machine to sew tight stitches. About midnight, I started with Zieber to the hotel where I boarded. Upon the way, we sat down on a pile of boards, and Zieber asked me if I had noticed that the loose loops of thread on the upper side of the cloth came from the needle. It then flashed upon me that I had forgotten to adjust the tension upon the needle thread. Zieber and I went back to the shop. I adjusted the tension, tried the machine, and sewed five stitches perfectly, when the

thread broke. The perfection of those stitches satisfied me that the machine was a success, and I stopped work, went to the hotel, and had a sound sleep. By three o'clock the next day, I had the machine finished, and started with it to New York, where I employed Mr. Charles M. Keller to get out a patent for it."

Such was the introduction to the sewing-machine of the man whose energy and audacity forced the machine upon an unbelieving public. He borrowed a little money, and forming a partnership with his Boston patron and the machinist in whose shop he had made his model, began the manufacture of the machines. Great and numerous were the difficulties which arose in his path, but, one by one, he overcame them all. He advertised, he travelled, he sent out agents, he procured the insertion of articles in the newspapers, he exhibited the machine at fairs in town and country. Several times he was upon the point of failure, but in the nick of time something always happened to save him, and year after year he advanced toward an assured success. We well remember his early efforts, when he had only the back part of a small store in Broadway, and a little shop over a railroad depot; and we remember also the general incredulity with regard to the value of the machine with which his name was identified. Even after hearing him explain it at great length, we were very far from expecting to see him, one day, riding to the Central Park in a French *diligence*, drawn by five horses, paid for by the sewing-machine. Still less did we anticipate that, within fourteen years, the Singer Company would be selling two thousand sewing-machines a week, at a profit of a thousand dollars a day. He was the true pioneer of the mere business of selling the machines, and made it easier for all his subsequent competitors.

Mr. Singer had not been long in the business before he

was reminded by Elias Howe that he was infringing his patent of 1846. The adventurer threw all his energy and his growing means into the contest against the original inventor. The great object of the infringing interest was to discover an earlier inventor than Elias Howe. For this purpose, the patents records of England, France, and the United States were most diligently searched; encyclopædias were examined; and an attempt was even made to show that the Chinese had possessed a sewing-machine for ages. Nothing, however, was discovered that would have made a plausible defence, until Mr. Singer joined the infringers. He ascertained that a New York mechanic, named Walter Hunt, who had a small machine-shop up a narrow alley in Abingdon Square, had made, or tried to make, a sewing-machine as early as 1832. Walter Hunt was found. He *had* attempted to invent a sewing-machine in 1832; and, what was more important, he had hit upon the shuttle as the means of forming the stitch. He said, too, that he had made a machine which did sew a little, but very imperfectly, and, after wearying himself with fruitless experiments, he had thrown aside. Parts of this machine, after a great deal of trouble, were actually found among a quantity of rubbish in the garret of a house in Gold Street. Here was a discovery! Could Mr. Hunt take these parts, all rusty and broken, into his shop, and complete the machine as originally made, so that it would sew? He thought he could. Urged on by the indefatigable Singer, supplied by him with money, and stimulated by the prospect of fortune, Walter Hunt tried hard and long to put his machine together; and when he found that he could not, he employed an ingenious inventor to aid him in the work. But their united ingenuity was unequal to the performance of an impossibility; the machine could not be got to sew a seam. The fragments found in the garret

did indeed demonstrate that, in 1832, Walter Hunt had been upon the track of the invention; but they also proved that he had given up the chase in despair, long before coming up with the game.

And this the courts have uniformly held. In the year 1854, after long trial, Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, decided that "the plaintiff's patent is valid, and the defendant's machine is an infringement." The plaintiff was Elias Howe; the real infringer, I. M. Singer. Judge Sprague further observed, that "there is no evidence in this case, that leaves a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a sewing-machine, the public are indebted to Mr. Howe."

This decision was made when nine years had elapsed since the completion of the first machine, and when eight years of the term of the first patent had expired. The patent, however, even then, was so little productive, that the inventor, embarrassed as he was, was able, upon the death of his partner, Mr. Bliss, to buy his share of it. He thus became, for the first time, the sole proprietor of his patent; and this occurred just when it was about to yield a princely revenue. From a few hundreds a year, his income rapidly increased, until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars. He received in all not much less than two millions. As Mr. Howe devoted twenty-seven years of his life to the invention and development of the sewing-machine, the public compensated him at the rate of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It cost him, however, immense sums to defend his rights, and he was very far from being the richest of the sewing-machine kings. He had the inconvenient reputation of being worth four millions, which was exactly ten times the value of his estate.

So much for the inventor. In speaking of the *improvers*

of the sewing-machine, we know not how to be cautious enough ; for scarcely anything can be said on that branch of the subject which some one has not an interest to deny. We, the other day, looked over the testimony taken in one of the suits which Messrs. Grover and Baker have had to sustain in defence of their well-known "stitch." The testimony in that single case fills two immense volumes, containing three thousand five hundred and seventy-five pages. At the Wheeler and Wilson establishment in Broadway, there is a library of similar volumes, resembling in appearance a quantity of London and Paris Directories. The Singer Company are equally blessed with sewing-machine literature, and Mr. Howe had chests full of it. We learn from these volumes that there is no useful device connected with the apparatus, the invention of which is not claimed by more than one person. And no wonder. If to-day the ingenious reader could invent the slightest real improvement to the sewing-machine, so real that a machine having it would possess an obvious advantage over all machines that had it not, and he should sell the right to use that improvement at so low a rate as fifty cents for each machine, he would find himself in the enjoyment of an income of one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The consequence is, that the number of patents already issued in the United States for sewing-machines, and improvements in sewing-machines, is about nine hundred ! Perhaps thirty of these patents are valuable ; but the great improvements are not more than ten in number, and most of those were made in the infancy of the machine.

By general consent of the able men who are now conducting the sewing-machine business, the highest place in the list of improvers is assigned to Allen B. Wilson. This most ingenious gentleman completed a practical sewing-machine early in 1849, without ever having seen one, and without

having any knowledge of the devices of Elias Howe, who was then buried alive in London. Mr. Wilson, at the time, was a very young journeyman cabinet-maker, living in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. After that desperate contest with difficulty which inventors usually experience, he procured a patent for his machine, improved it, and formed a connection with a young carriage-maker of his acquaintance, Nathaniel Wheeler, who had some capital; and thus was founded the great and famous house of Wheeler and Wilson, who are now making sewing-machines at the rate of about fifty-three thousand a year. These gentlemen were honest enough in opposing the claim of Elias Howe, since Mr. Wilson knew himself to be an original inventor, and he employed devices not to be found in Mr. Howe's machine. Instead of a shuttle, he used a "rotating hook," — a device as ingenious as any in mechanism. The "four-motion feed," too, was another of Mr. Wilson's masterly inventions, sufficient of itself to stamp him as an inventor of genius. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than that Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson should regard Mr. Howe's charge of infringement with astonishment and indignation, and join in the contest against him.

Messrs. Grover and Baker were early in the field. William O. Grover was a Boston tailor, whose attention was directed to the sewing-machine soon after Mr. Howe's return from Europe. It was he who, after numberless trials, invented the exquisite devices by which the famous "Grover and Baker stitch" is formed, — a stitch which, for some purposes, is of unequalled utility.

When, by the decision of the courts, all the makers had become tributary to Elias Howe, paying him a certain sum for each machine made, then a most violent warfare broke out among the leading houses, — Singer and Company,

Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker, — each accusing the others of infringement. At Albany, in 1856, these causes were to be tried; and parties concerned saw before them a good three months' work in court. By a lucky chance, one member of this happy family had not entirely lost his temper, and was still in some degree capable of using his intellect. It occurred to this wise head, that, no matter who invented first, or who second, there were then assembled at Albany the men who, among them, held patents which controlled the whole business of making sewing-machines; and that it would be infinitely better for them to combine and control, than to contend with and devour one another. They all came into this opinion; and thus was formed the "Combination," of which such terrible things are uttered by the surreptitious makers of sewing-machines. Elias Howe, who was the best-tempered man in the world, and only too easy in matters pecuniary, had the complaisance to join this confederation, only insisting that at least twenty-four licenses should be issued by it, so as to prevent the manufacture from sinking into a monopoly. By the terms of this agreement, Mr. Howe was to receive five dollars upon every machine sold in the United States, and one dollar upon each one exported. The other parties agreed to sell licenses to use their various devices, or any of them, at the rate of fifteen dollars for each machine; but no license was to be granted without the consent of all the parties. It was further agreed that part of the license fees received should be reserved as a fund for the prosecution of infringers. This agreement remained unchanged until the renewal of Mr. Howe's patent in 1860, when his fee was reduced from five dollars to one dollar, and that of the Combination from fifteen dollars to seven. That is to say, every sewing-machine honestly made paid Elias Howe one dollar; and every sewing-machine

made, which included any device or devices the patent for which is held by any other member of the Combination, paid seven dollars to the Combination. Of this seven dollars, Mr. Howe received his one, and the other six went into the fund for the defence of the patents against infringers.

ORIGIN OF THE
COTTON-WEAVING MACHINERY.

ONE evening, about a hundred years ago, Dr. Franklin and Dr. Priestley were conversing at the Royal Society Club in London, upon the progress of the arts and sciences. The question arose at length, what was the most desirable invention that remained to be made; upon which Dr. Franklin expressed himself thus: "A machine capable of spinning two threads at the same time."

The cotton manufacture, introduced into England about the year 1620, was then fast rising into importance. We read in an English book, published in 1641, the following interesting passage:—

"The town of Manchester buys linen yarn from the Irish in great quantity, and weaving it, returns again the same in linen into Ireland to sell. Neither does her industry rest here; for they buy cotton wool in London that comes from Cyprus and Smyrna, and work the same into fustians, vermilions, and dimities, which they return to London, where they are sold, and from thence not seldom are sent into such foreign parts, where the first material may be more easily had for that manufacture."

At this time, and for more than a century after, the weaver bought his own yarn, took it home to his cottage, and wove it into cloth; so that each weaver's house was a little factory. He bought the yarn for the warp; the wool for the woof was carded and spun by his wife and daughters, while the weav-

ing was performed by himself and sons. It was long before any attempt was made in England to make cloth *wholly* of cotton, although fabrics of this nature had been known in India for centuries, and were beginning to be imported into England in considerable quantities before the year 1700.

It is curious to notice how uniformly every great step in the progress of man has been dreaded and opposed. Dr. Ure says : —

“ The silk and woollen weavers of England manifested the keenest hostility to the use of printed calicoes, whether brought from the east or made at home. In the year 1680 they mobbed the India House, in revenge for some large importations then made of the chintzes of Malabar. They next induced the government, by incessant clamors, to exclude altogether the beautiful robes of Calicut from the English market. But the printed goods found their way into the country in spite of excessive penalties annexed to smuggling, and raised a new alarm among the manufacturing population. The sapient legislators of that day, intimidated by the London mob, enacted, in 1720, an absurd law prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, either of foreign or domestic origin ! This disgraceful enactment, worthy of Cairo or Algiers, proved not only a death-blow to rising industry, but prevented the ladies from attiring themselves in the becoming drapery of Hindostan.”

This law, it appears, remained in force for ten years, and was then replaced by an act somewhat less oppressive. People were allowed to make what was styled “ British calicoes,” provided the warp was made of linen, and only the woof of cotton ; and provided, also, that for every yard of such calico the maker should pay a duty of sixpence to the government. Even while staggering under this burden, the cotton manufacture made some progress ; so that more than fifty thousand pieces of mixed fabrics were made in England in the year 1750.

This restrictive legislation, as Dr. Ure remarks, grew out of the ignorance and terror of the weavers themselves. A curious anecdote has been related, which most strikingly illustrates the fact. A man was about to be executed at Cork for stealing. On the appointed day, the weavers, who were short of work, and attributed the hard times to cotton, gathered about the gallows, and dressed both the criminal and the executioner in cotton cloth, to mark their contempt and abhorrence of it, and to make the wearing of it disgraceful. The criminal, sympathizing with the object, delivered the following address just before being turned off:—

“Give ear, oh good people, to the words of a dying sinner. I confess I have been guilty of what necessity compelled me to commit; which starving condition I was in, I am well assured, was occasioned by the scarcity of money, that has proceeded from the great discouragement of our woollen manufactures. Therefore, good Christians, consider that, if you go on to suppress your own goods by wearing such cottons as I am now clothed in, you will bring your country into misery which will consequently swarm with such unhappy malefactors as your present object is, and the blood of every miserable felon that will hang after this warning, will lay at your door.”

Thus has it ever been. Man has always hated and warred against his best benefactors, and denounced in one age what he has honored in the next. Wonderful to relate, it was not until the year 1774, that the law was repealed which required the warp of calico to be made of linen, and for many years after that a duty of threepence per yard was exacted. Nor are we who live in a more enlightened day exempt from similar folly. I have heard lately arguments in favor of a protective tariff and against an international copyright, which were just as short-sighted as the English cotton legislation of the last century.

But to come to our subject. About the year 1760, a change was introduced into the cotton manufacture, which proved to be of importance in leading to the great inventions of a later day. The Manchester dealers, instead of buying calicoes and other fabrics from the weavers, now began to furnish the weavers with materials, and to pay a certain price for doing the work. They gave out a quantity of linen thread, and with it a certain proportion of cotton-wool, which the weaver himself had to convert into woof. Now arose the difficulty which led Dr. Franklin to make the remark previously quoted. As there was no machine in existence for spinning, except the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, which spun but one thread at a time, the weavers were constantly troubled to get their cotton-wool spun fast enough. The business was self-limited. Even if there had been no restraining laws, the cotton manufacture could never have attained grand proportions unless a method had been contrived of spinning with greater rapidity.

James Hargreaves, a poor, illiterate weaver of Lancashire, in England, was the man who began those improvements in the methods of spinning which have made England the cotton manufacturer for the world. While Dr. Franklin was uttering the words attributed to him, James Hargreaves, if he was awake at the moment, was probably brooding over the same subject. Nothing is recorded of the early life of this man. We simply know, that about the year 1762, the weavers of Lancashire, and he among them, were sorely troubled to get their cotton-wool spun fast enough, and that, being a man of an inventive turn, he began to meditate improvements.

He turned his attention, first, to devising a more rapid way of carding cotton. Before his time, carding was done by hand. He invented a mode of doing the work which

enabled the carder to double his product, and to do it with greater ease. This contrivance, however, was soon superseded by the well-known carding-machine, which is still in use. The inventor of this is unknown. It is known, however, that one of the first persons to use it was Sir Robert Peel, who made one with his own hands, assisted by Hargreaves; from which it seems reasonable to infer that Hargreaves was the inventor.

Five years after, Hargreaves conceived the idea of his celebrated spinning-jenny, which was suggested to him, it is said, by seeing a spinning-wheel, which had been overturned, continue to revolve horizontally, as it lay on the floor. Being but slightly acquainted with mechanics, he had great difficulty in carrying out his conception; but he succeeded, at length, in constructing a rude machine of eight spindles, turned by bands from a *horizontal* wheel. Rude as it was, it answered the purpose, and enabled the spinner to produce eight threads at once. The inventor labored diligently to improve it, until, in the course of a year or two, he made a spinning-jenny which spun eighty threads at once. Dr. Franklin was in England at the time, and I presume he duly rejoiced at this new triumph of human ingenuity.

But all men are not Franklins. The spinners took the alarm! A mob of ignorant and anxious men burst into James Hargreaves' house, and broke his machine all to pieces. The inventor fled to Nottingham, where he began forthwith to construct another. Soon after this the spinners of Lancashire rose in greater numbers than before, and scoured the country, destroying every carding-machine and spinning-machine they could find. In the large town of Nottingham, however, Hargreaves was safe from violence of this kind; but there an event soon occurred which, though a benefit to the rest of mankind, was a terrible calamity to

him. Richard Arkwright invented the spinning-frame ! A mechanical genius like Hargreaves must have comprehended at a glance all the merit of that splendid invention. He must have seen in it the irresistible rival of his darling spinning-jenny. The spinning-frame of Arkwright, which performs the whole process of spinning with only the superintendence of a girl, was so complete a conception, that it is employed to-day in all the cotton factories of Christendom.

Poor Hargreaves, it seems, never recovered the blow. He struggled with adverse fortune for a few years, and then died at Nottingham in extreme poverty.

The career of Arkwright, on the contrary, was as triumphant as it was peculiar. This great inventor, who died a knight and a millionaire, kept a barber-shop in a cellar in the town of Bolton, Lancashire. He was the child of parents who were rich in nothing but children, of whom they had thirteen. Richard, the youngest child, received scarcely any education, but was apprenticed at an early age to a barber, and, in due time, established himself in that business in the cellar just mentioned.

Tradition reports that even in these lowly circumstances he showed some enterprise and ingenuity, and cherished a deep-rooted desire to emerge from his cellar to a position more worthy of the powers which he was conscious of possessing. He is said to have attracted customers by putting a sign over his cellar which bore these words : "Come to the subterraneous barber—he shaves for a penny." This announcement proved so attractive, that the other barbers were compelled to reduce their price to the same standard ; whereupon Arkwright exchanged his sign for one still more alluring : "A clean shave for a half-penny."

This dashing measure, tradition reports, brought plenty of customers, but reduced the profits of the business so low that he resolved to abandon it.

It was about the year 1762, when he was thirty years of age, that he left his cellar at Bolton, and roamed the country, buying up human hair for the wig-makers, travelling from fair to fair, and purchasing the long tresses of the rustic girls who attended them. That was the age of wigs. Few persons above the rank of a laborer ever thought of presenting themselves to view in their own hair, and some of the wigs worn were of great size and considerable weight. The trade of wig-maker was one of the principal occupations of the country, and the trade in human hair of all descriptions was extensive and profitable. Richard Arkwright now began to accumulate property. He increased his gains by selling hair-dye, and by dyeing the hair which he purchased, an art in which he acquired great skill.

But his prosperity was of brief duration. Although he possessed wonderful mechanical talent, he had so little knowledge of mechanical principles, that he took it into his head to invent a perpetual motion. So infatuated was he, that he spent most of his time, and soon all his money, in making experiments. Peace fled from his house, and plenty from his board. His wife very naturally resented this infringement of her rights, and, on one unhappy day, overcome with sudden anger, she broke to pieces his wheels and levers, and all the apparatus of his perpetual motion. Violence never answers a good purpose between people who live together in a relation so intimate, — neither violence of word nor deed. Richard Arkwright could not forgive this cruel stroke; he separated himself from his wife, and never lived with her again.

Resuming his travels about Lancashire, he could not but become aware of Hargreaves' still imperfect invention of the spinning-jenny. There was a great defect in this ingenious machine; for, though it would spin eighty threads at once,

those threads were not hard and strong enough to serve as the warp of calico, but could only be used for the woof. This was of no great consequence at the time, because it was unlawful to use cotton as the warp of a fabric; but pure cotton cloth never could have been made by machinery unless a mode had been invented of spinning cotton-wool into a firm thread. At the very time that poor Hargreaves was toiling to improve his spinning-jenny, Arkwright fell in with a clock-maker, named John Kay, who had rendered some assistance to Hargreaves in constructing his machine, and had been frequently employed in making and mending weavers' tools.

Arkwright consulted John Kay respecting his perpetual motion, and it is highly probable that Kay, who was a good mechanic, diverted him from further pursuing that chimera, and turned his mind toward the invention of cotton-spinning machinery. The jenny was still incomplete, and the weavers still found extreme difficulty in getting cotton-wool fast enough to keep their looms in motion. While his mind was intent upon this purpose, he chanced to go into an iron foundry, where he saw a red-hot bar of iron drawn out into wire by being made to pass between rollers. The idea of his great invention — the spinning-frame — flashed upon his mind. The essential feature of his machine was to spin cotton into threads by causing it to pass between grooved rollers, — as the reader may see by stepping into a cotton factory the next time he passes one.

Arkwright now sought his friend Kay, and gave himself wholly up to the construction of a machine upon the principle which he had conceived. Kay made such a machine for him under his directions; or, to speak more correctly, the model of one which he could show to men of capital. In the construction of this first model, he reduced himself

to such poverty, that his clothes were all in rags and tatters, and he could not replace them. An election of members of parliament occurring about this time, he desired to vote for General Burgoyne, who was destined to be so famous in our Revolution; but his clothes were in a condition so woful that he was ashamed to appear at the polls, and, as the election was closely contested, some of General Burgoyne's adherents clubbed together and bought him a suit of clothes to wear when he cast his vote.

Another calamity threatened him. Hargreaves' spinning-jenny had just been torn to pieces by a mob in another town, and the weavers about Preston were beginning to eye with suspicion the mysterious operations of this tattered barber, and his assistant, the clock-maker. In the nick of time Arkwright packed up his model and conveyed it safely to the large town of Nottingham. Confident in the merit of his invention, he boldly applied to a firm of bankers for money to assist him in constructing a machine, which they agreed to furnish on condition of sharing the profits of the invention.

But these worthy bankers, as many men have since done, soon grew weary of spending their money upon a machine which was slow to get into a working condition; but they recommended the inventor to explain his ideas to a great firm of stocking-weavers, men of enterprise, wealth, and intelligence. One of them, Jedediah Strutt, was himself an inventor, having but recently contrived and patented a highly ingenious and successful machine for making stockings. Mr. Strutt had scarcely seen Arkwright's models, before he comprehended the inestimable value of the invention. A partnership was promptly formed with the ingenious barber, and the invention never again stood still for lack of money.

The patent for the spinning-frame was taken out in 1769, the very year in which James Watt patented his improved steam-engine, which was to keep this spinning-frame in motion. It is a curious fact, that Richard Arkwright is styled in the letters-patent a "clock-maker," — possibly because he had not the courage to write himself down a barber.

The patent being secured, Arkwright erected his first mill, the power of which was supplied by horses. Horses proving too expensive, he built a larger mill in an adjacent county, the machinery of which was moved by water power. He now proceeded to create the *system* of cotton manufacture which has ever since prevailed, and to improve every part of the machinery employed in the business. He performed such a twenty years' work as few men have ever done in this world. From four in the morning until nine at night, he was ever at work, inventing, organizing, creating, improving. When compelled to travel, he rode in a post-chaise, drawn by four horses ridden at their utmost speed, merely to save time.

Many years elapsed, and very many thousand pounds were spent, before the enterprise yielded any profit. He had all the usual difficulties to contend with, and some that were unusual. When the value of his spinning-frame had become apparent, his patent was infringed, and, to maintain his right, he was compelled to engage in a series of most expensive and most wearisome lawsuits, which alone would have exhausted the patience of most men. At one time his largest and most costly mill was destroyed by a mob of working men, although it was defended by bodies of soldiers and policemen. For some time the weavers would not buy his cotton-thread for their looms, while confessing that it was the best in England.

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After a struggle of twenty years, the indomitable man triumphed over all enemies and all obstacles, and he accumulated a fortune of two million pounds sterling. When, at length, he began to enjoy a little leisure, which was not until he was fifty years of age, he set to work to remedy some of the defects of his early education. At fifty years of age, it is not easy to bring the mind to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; but this remarkable man applied himself humbly to the task,—studied grammar, strove to improve his handwriting, and to become a more correct speller.

Late in life, when he was high sheriff of an English county, it became his duty to present an address to George the Third, congratulating him upon his escape from an assassin. The king conferred upon himself the honor of knighting the man whose inventive and organizing genius enabled Great Britain to supply the waste of her resources caused by the king's folly and obstinacy. For the last few years of his life, therefore, he was styled Sir Richard Arkwright.

He died in 1792, in the sixtieth year of his age, having in thirty years created the cotton manufacturing system of England, such as it exists to-day.

Another man who contributed a lifetime of toil and thought to the development of the cotton manufacture of England, was the founder of the Peel family. A hundred years ago, Robert Peel was a small farmer with a large family, residing in the county of Lancaster, in England. His farm was situated two or three miles from the town of Blackburn, and about twenty miles from Manchester, now the centre of the English cotton manufacture. The reason why the manufactures of England have gathered in that region is, that it is near the coal-mines,—the great Lancashire coal-field extend-

ing over four hundred square miles, which is among the most important of the coal regions of the world.

Lands which abound in mineral wealth are frequently not very productive on the surface. The farm tilled by Robert Peel was far from being fertile, and as his family increased he became less and less satisfied with his condition and prospects. It has for ages been customary with the tillers of barren soils and small farms, to eke out their subsistence by carrying on some kind of domestic manufacture during the winter months. The custom prevails to this day in many parts of the United States. There are some counties in New Jersey where almost every farmer spends the winter in making shoes, and there are parts of New England where the manufacture of straw hats and bonnets is the winter employment of many a household. In western New York, and in other wheat-raising States, farmers and their sons often spend the winter months in making flour barrels, and the industrious people of Pennsylvania carry on various small trades in the same season.

And so in English Lancaster the farmers had long been accustomed to add to their slender revenues by the manufacture of a certain excellent fabric, half linen and half cotton, called "Blackburn gray." Robert Peel, seeing in industry of this kind a means of employing and supporting his large family, began the home-manufacture of calico. Like the founders of every other great and permanent establishment of which I have ever heard or read, he was a very honest man, and put his honesty into the fabrics he wrought. Nor less ready was he to seize upon improved machinery and methods. James Hargreaves, a native of this county, invented the spinning-jenny about the year 1760, and Robert Peel was one of the first to avail himself of his neighbor's inventions. He was soon a thriving man.

His great success, however, was in the printing of calicoes, an art which scarcely existed before his time. His special object was to invent a mode of printing calico by machinery. At that period, when the patent-laws afforded little protection, every ingenious mechanic had, or thought he had, valuable secrets respecting his trade, which he kept with the greatest care. Apprentices were formerly bound by their indentures to "keep their master's secrets," and every one employed in the shop considered himself bound in honor not to betray them. Robert Peel's experiments in calico printing were carried on in the deepest secrecy, just as forgers and counterfeiters now ply their vocation. One of his daughters usually assisted him, washing and ironing the cloth, mixing the colors, and sketching the patterns.

Farmers in those days generally used pewter plates at table. It happened one day that Robert Peel drew a pattern for calico on the back of one of his dinner-plates, and while he was looking at it, the thought occurred to him that perhaps if he should spread color upon it, and apply the requisite degree of pressure, he could get an impression on calico. In a cottage close to his farm-house lived a woman who had one of those machines for smoothing fabrics which worked by rollers. Having applied color to his pattern, and placed calico over it, he passed his plate between the rollers of this calendering machine. He was delighted to find that an excellent impression was made upon the calico, and thus was begun the invention of the process by which to this day calico is printed. Robert Peel rapidly improved upon the original idea, and was soon printing calicoes by machinery.

At this period fortunes were not made with the rapidity which we are accustomed to in these times. Robert Peel, however, was henceforth a prosperous man, and began to

accumulate property. Relinquishing his farm, he removed to a village near by, and there established a calico printing-house, which constantly grew in importance as long as he lived.

As his sons grew up,—and he had many sons,—he established them in the neighborhood in various branches of the cotton manufacture, so that each could be of service to all the rest. He was not able to give them much capital at starting; but there was a great deal of solid worth and understanding in the family, and these sons had been brought up in the sensible way of the olden time. It is a remarkable fact, that every one of his sons became at length the proprietor of a great manufactory, and made a great fortune.

The eldest son of this able and vigorous English yeoman, born in 1750, was also named Robert, and became, in the course of time, Sir Robert Peel. He learned the trade of cotton-printing under his father, and when he was twenty years of age he determined to set up for himself. His father had not yet become rich enough to advance him any great amount of capital, — not more, it is said, than a hundred pounds. But he had a young friend in the town of Blackburn, named William Yates, whose father kept the Bull Tavern there, and had saved a little money. Young Robert Peel had the requisite *knowledge*, and the elder Yates gave his son three hundred pounds, to enable him to go into partnership with his friend. James Haworth, a near relative of Robert Peel, joined the two young men, and added a hundred pounds to the joint capital. Their first operation was to buy an old mill, all in ruins, with a considerable piece of ground attached to it. Upon this ground they erected, chiefly with their own hands, a few wooden sheds, and forthwith began to print calicoes.

The humble and frugal manner in which they lived is pleasant to read in these days of fuss and ostentation : " William Yates," says an English writer, " being a married man, with a family, commenced house-keeping on a small scale, and to oblige Peel, who was single, he agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was only eight shillings a week ; but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of a sixpence a week. William Yates' eldest child was a girl, named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work, he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her : ' Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife ? ' to which the child would readily answer, ' Yes,' as any child would do. ' Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly ; I'll wed thee, and none else.' And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened ; and after the lapse of ten years — years of close application to business and rapidly-increasing prosperity — Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year."

The success of this firm was great and rapid, beyond all previous precedent. Robert Peel was the soul of the enterprise. He was equally bold and prudent, most prompt to adopt every real improvement, and sagacious and far-seeing in an eminent degree. At one time he had fifteen thousand persons in his employment, and he made a fortune of two million pounds sterling. He owed his baronetcy to the zeal and liberality with which he supported the politics of

George the Third and the Tory party. It was he who, during the French wars, gave the king a frigate, with all her guns and equipage complete.

Elected to Parliament in 1790, he was a member of that body for thirty years. He was a most thorough and consistent Tory. He appears to have been the author of the sentiment, that "a national debt is a national blessing"; at least, he wrote a pamphlet entitled, "The national debt productive of national prosperity." What wonder that George the Third made him a baronet!

He died in 1830, soon after completing his eightieth year, leaving the greater part of his immense possessions to his eldest son, the *great* Sir Robert Peel.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE
LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES

IRVING, COOPER, BRYANT.

FOR a generation these three — Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant — were the only names which America had given to the literature of the world. The poet was born a literary man; he “lisp[ed] in numbers”; he was famous before he was out of short jackets. But Cooper appears to have fallen upon literature by accident, and Irving to have been drawn into it by necessity as much as inclination. Irving was the first to acquire general reputation.

Before the Revolutionary war, there used to be a line of small packet-ships plying between New York, and a seaport in the south of England named Falmouth.

The father of Washington Irving was a mate in one of these packets. He was a native of one of the Orkney Islands, and after his mother's death went to sea before the mast, and was a sailor in the packet service until his good conduct and seamanship led to his promotion. Soon after this event he married the girl of his heart, with whom he had become acquainted when on shore at Falmouth. A year or two after their marriage they sailed for New York, where they arrived in 1763, the year of the peace between France and England.

There are two houses now in the city which were standing when William Irving and Sarah his wife reached these

western shores in 1763. One was the Walton House, in Pearl street, and the other is the old Dutch Church, now used as the post-office.

In New York, Mr. Irving went into business, and was a moderately prosperous man when the Revolutionary war drove him from the city, and he fled to Rahway, in New Jersey. Finding himself there an object of persecution by the English officers, he returned to New York, where he resumed his business, and was noted for his liberality toward the American prisoners confined in the prison-ships and elsewhere. In 1783, eight months before the evacuation of the city, in William Street, Washington Irving, the eleventh and youngest child of his parents, was born.

He was named after the victorious General Washington, whom he may have seen with his baby eyes marching into the city on Evacuation Day, November twenty-fifth, 1783. The hand of Washington once rested upon his head. A Scotch servant girl who had him in charge one day, when he was about three years old, followed General Washington into a shop, and thus addressed the Father of his Country: "Please your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington placed his hand upon the head of the boy, and gave him the usual benediction.

Except Columbia College, the only means of education which the city then furnished were small private schools, kept by persons more or less competent; and at these the boy received that small portion of his education which he did not acquire by his own unassisted efforts. He was an affectionate, merry lad, and a great reader from early childhood. From his eleventh year he was passionately fond of reading voyages and travels, a little library of which was within his reach, and he used to secrete candles to enable him to read these transporting works in bed.

The persual of such books gave him a strong desire to go to sea, and at fourteen he had almost made up his mind to run away and be a sailor. But there was a difficulty in the way. He had a particular aversion to salt pork, which he endeavored to overcome by eating it at every opportunity. He also endeavored to accustom himself to a hard bed by sleeping on the floor of his room. Fortunately for the infant literature of his country, the pork grew more disgusting instead of less, and the hard floor became harder, until he gave up his purpose of trying a sailor's life.

At sixteen he left school and entered a law office, and he continued the study of the law until he was admitted to the bar. Ill health at first, and a love of literature afterwards, prevented him from practising the profession of law with any benefit to himself, although he was occasionally employed as junior counsel in important cases. He was one of the half dozen lawyers engaged to defend Aaron Burr at Richmond against the charge of treason, but took no public part in the case.

In 1802, his brother, Dr. Peter, established in New York a daily paper, called "The Morning Chronicle." Dr. Irving was assisted in this enterprise by Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, and the main object of the paper was to defend Burr against his political opponents, who had then become numerous and powerful. A few weeks after the first number of the "Chronicle" appeared, Washington Irving, then nineteen years of age, began to contribute to it a series of satirical essays, signed Jonathan Oldstyle, which Colonel Burr and his fellow-citizens generally thought were "very good for so young a man." This was the beginning of Washington Irving's long and splendid literary career. He continued to write occasionally for the "Chronicle," winning considerable local reputation, until the dis-

astrous termination of Burr's political career put an end to the existence of his organ; which occurred, I think, soon after the duel with Hamilton in 1804.

Irving was then twenty-one years of age. His health was extremely delicate, and there was a sad prospect of his early filling a consumptive's grave. His family sent him abroad to spend a year or two in the south of Europe, and as he was going on board ship, the captain said to himself: "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across."

But he did not. He gained strength as he neared the European shore, and under the influence of leisurely travel in the pleasant climates of Southern Europe, he began to gain something of that robustness of body and ruddiness of complexion which many of us remember. At Rome he was strongly tempted to turn painter; and it was there also that he was the recipient of attentions more flattering than he could account for until just as he was going away.

"Tell me, sir," said a great Roman banker, who had paid him particular honor, "*are* you a relative of General Washington?"

He thus learned that he had been indebted for unexpected invitations and other civilities to his supposed relationship to our first President. Mr. Irving, after telling this anecdote, used sometimes to add to it another. An English lady and her daughter paused in a gallery of art before a bust of Washington.

"Mother," said the daughter, "who was Washington?"

"Why, my dear, don't you know? He wrote the Sketch Book."

Returning home after two years' absence, he made some slight attempt at practising his profession; but the only thing he really cared for, or ever seriously attempted, was

literature, and in that he was always successful. The *Salmagundi* now appeared, a series of humorous numbers, which appeared three or four times a month; obtaining a circulation of several hundred copies a number. Erelong, his humorous history of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker began to amuse the public, and it has ever since been part of its common stock of entertainment.

After the war of 1812, Washington Irving joined one of his brothers who was established as a merchant in Liverpool; and there occurred the fortunate calamity which drove him to adopt literature as a profession. The brothers failed in business, and lost all they had in the world. Then it was that Washington Irving began the publication of the *Sketch Book*, which appeared in numbers in New York, and won an immediate popularity, which it has ever since retained. The first number was published in May, 1819, price seventy-five cents, and the first edition of two thousand copies was rapidly sold, and most eagerly read.

Under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, the *Sketch Book* was republished in England, where it became and remains not less a favorite than in America. Its most remarkable and memorable effect was in awakening the genius of Charles Dickens. Mr. Dickens has repeatedly acknowledged, and once in writing to Mr. Irving himself, that it was his early reading of the *Sketch Book* that gave his mind the habit of surveying life in the humorous and sympathetic spirit which led to his peculiar literary career.

The *Sketch Book*, as we all know, was followed by similar volumes, which confirmed and extended the author's reputation; until, having exhausted his stock of pleasant fancies, he had the good sense to exert his maturer powers upon works of solid instruction, — chief among which are his *Life of Columbus* and his *Life of Washington*.

After seventeen years' residence abroad, he returned home, where he was warmly welcomed, both by the friends who were attached to his person, and by his countrymen generally, who were proud of his fame. He retired soon to that delicious and romantic home of his on the banks of the Hudson, near Tarrytown, where the long evening of his life glided tranquilly away, ennobled by well-directed toil, and cheered by the presence of those whom he loved. He died suddenly, of heart-disease, in 1859, aged seventy-six. His remains were followed to the grave by a wonderful concourse of people; and it may be said, with considerable truth, that his country mourned his departure.

I had the pleasure once of spending a day with him at Sunnyside, and walking with him about his grounds, and listening to the stories, which he was so much pleased to tell, of his old friends Scott, Moore, Leslie, Allston, and others, and of his gay life in London and Paris, and of the old times in New York, when Knickerbocker's history was coming out. There never was a man more completely devoid of every kind of pretence and affectation. He was simplicity itself.

How different a man was Fenimore Cooper, and how different his life!

This pioneer and ornament of the young literature of the United States was not so happy a man as we should suppose he might have been. He had an exaggerated estimate of his own importance, and as a consequence he was prone to undervalue both the character and opinions of other men. Unlike the genial and friendly Irving, who never had an enemy because he could never *be* an enemy, Cooper's life was sown with enmities, and it ended in a prodigious broil. He had, however, admirable qualities, without reckoning his brilliant talents; and if he had but thought a little

less of himself, and a great deal more of others, he might have been as much beloved as he was admired.

His father was that rich and proud old Federalist politician and member of Congress, Judge William Cooper, whose name figures in the history of the intrigue of 1801 to foist Aaron Burr upon the country as President, instead of Thomas Jefferson, who was the real choice of the victorious Democratic party. It was Judge Cooper who wrote in the midst of the struggle in the House of Representatives: "A little good management would have secured our object on the first vote. . . . Had Burr done anything for himself, he would long ere this have been President."

This passage was much relied upon by the friends of Burr in their successful attempts to defend that politician against the charge of aiding that nefarious conspiracy. Judge Cooper at that time was a representative from the State of New York, almost in the very centre of which, on the shores of Lake Otsego, he lived, in a kind of pioneer baronial style, — lord of a county of primeval forest. He had built a stately mansion near the lake, and he lived in it very much in the manner frequently described in the novels of his son. Judge Cooper was a rich man when he removed into the wilderness, but he became still richer by the rapid rise in the value of the lands which he had bought of the Indians.

His son, James Fenimore Cooper, born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, was little more than an infant when the family took up their abode in the forest around Lake Otsego, and there he continued to live, the petted child of a wealthy family, until, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to New Haven, where he entered the Freshman class of Yale College, — the youngest pupil in the institution. It is not surprising that he remained at college undistinguished, and that his college life left few perceptible traces upon his char-

acter or his mind. He was too young to go to college. A boy should be at least eighteen years of age before he attempts to grapple with the subjects which properly belong to a college course, and which demand for their consideration a certain maturity of mind seldom attained before eighteen.

He seems not to have improved his residence at New Haven. He was expelled from college a year before his class graduated, and accepted a midshipman's commission in the navy of the United States; in which he served six years, rising to the rank of Lieutenant. He saw some service on the ocean, and some on Lake Ontario; enough in all to give him the knowledge of sea life which his sea novels exhibit. But just as the country was drifting into the war of 1812 with Great Britain, which would have given abundant scope for all his seamanship and daring, he fell in love with Susau De Lancey, an admirable girl, of the well-known New York De Lanceys. On New-Year's Day of 1811, Lieutenant Cooper married this young lady, and, resigning his commission soon after, settled in a pleasant village on Long Island Sound, thirty miles from New York.

Here he lived for some years the half-idle life of a country gentleman, without the remotest expectation of attracting to himself the attention of the world. So far as is known, he had never given any particular indication of possessing a talent for literature, and probably did not himself suspect the existence of the gift that slumbered within him. He used to relate the trifling circumstance which led to his first attempt. He was reading aloud to his wife one of those tedious and trivial English novels which were so common before Scott and Cooper supplanted them. Weary of the spiritless delineations of inane characters, he said to his wife, with a yawn, "I can write a better novel than that myself."

"You had better try," replied she; and thought no more of it.

It was a happy and a timely suggestion. He was young, energetic, with plenty of ambition, and nothing to do. Without telling even his wife of his intention, he began to write a novel, which he named "Precaution," and which, after a few weeks of secret toil, he had the pleasure of submitting to his wife's inspection, and reading it to a circle of friends. It is a curious thing, but he produced merely a tolerable imitation of the very kind of novel with which he had been so much disgusted. Partial friends, however, flattered the author, as they generally do, and he was induced in 1819 to publish it, at his own expense, in two volumes. It had a moderate success, but made nothing that resembled a hit; and it was indeed singularly devoid of all that energy and fire and graphic power which distinguished the author's later works. He was then thirty years of age, and his talent still slept.

This partial failure was the event which roused him to a consciousness of his abilities. He now abandoned English models, and formed the scheme of producing a story of American life, a tale of the Revolution, — the classic period in the history of the infant nation. The "Spy" was the result of his labors, — the first and greatest of a class of novels now to be numbered by thousands.

As in the case of nearly every other *very* successful book, the author had great difficulties in getting it before the public. No publisher could be found who would undertake it, and it was finally, after three years' delay, published at the author's cost. It is said that Mr. Cooper was the only proof-reader of this work, and that he sometimes actually assisted in setting it in type. With very great difficulty the first volume was put in type; and when that was done, the

author was so thoroughly sickened of the enterprise, that he would have been more than willing to give the novel away to any one who would have brought it out. But there was not a printer in the city who had both courage and capital enough to accept the author's urgent and repeated offers.

In 1822, three years after the appearance of "Precaution," "The Spy" was published. Its success was immediate and immense. It had every kind of success which a novel can have, — universal circulation in the author's own country, the intense admiration of all classes of readers, prompt republication in England, a brilliant popularity there, translation into every cultivated language, even into Arabic and Persian, countless imitations, and the acquisition of a permanent place in universal literature.

The "Pioneers" followed, in which the author turned to excellent account his early experience of life in the wilderness, and his recollections of the lordly state of his father's establishment. In due time the "Pilot" appeared, and afterwards the "Red Rover," sea novels, in which Mr. Cooper availed himself of his six years' experience as an officer of the navy.

For thirty-one years he was a popular writer, producing a long series of successful novels, and a valuable contribution to the history of his country, — a "History of the Navy of the United States." He took a great deal of pains to make this work strictly correct, which was a high merit in a man so imaginative and so patriotic as Fenimore Cooper, who could easily and with impunity — nay, with the applause of nine tenths of his readers — have heightened the effect of narratives flattering to the national pride, by giving a little play to his imagination.

Toward the close of his life, he wrote some works designed to cure his countrymen of some of their alleged bad habits,

which called forth from the press a great number of humorous and satirical paragraphs, as well as some which were abusive. Mr. Cooper was weak enough to resent this, and to bring a great number of libel suits against the offending editors. His famous suit against the New York "Tribune" was founded upon the following words, which occurred in a letter giving an account of a trial in which the novelist obtained a verdict of four hundred dollars:—

"The value of Mr. Cooper's character has been judicially ascertained. It is worth exactly four hundred dollars."

Mr. Greeley defended the suit in person, and made a very spirited and able defence, of which he published a ludicrous account afterwards in the "Tribune." Nevertheless, he was obliged to conclude his amusing narrative with the following paragraph:—

"The jury retired about half-past two, and the rest of us went to dinner. The jury were hungry too, and did not stay out long. On comparing notes, there were seven of them for a verdict of \$100, two for \$200, and three for \$500. They added these sums up—total \$2,600—divided by twelve, and the dividend was a little over \$200; so they called it \$200 damages, and 6 cents cost, which of course carries full costs against us. We went back from dinner, took the verdict in all meekness, took a sleigh and struck a bee-line for New York."

Mr. Cooper rather prided himself on these suits, and used to boast that he had won his case every time he had gone into court. I have no doubt he thought he was rendering a service to the public in curbing what he considered the licentiousness of the press.

He died at his ancestral seat, upon the banks of Lake Otsego, in 1851, aged sixty-two years. His eldest daughter still lives, and has won considerable distinction by a series

of pleasant and sympathetic works upon the charms of country life. Mr. Cooper was a strikingly handsome man, of magnificent proportions, and most winning, agreeable presence. In the bosom of his own family he is said to have been the kindest and most entertaining of men.

I come now to the last of the illustrious trio.

On the twenty-second of December, 1807, Congress, acting upon the recommendation of President Jefferson, passed an embargo law, which prohibited the departure from the ports of the United States of any vessels bound for foreign countries, unless they were men-of-war, or foreign merchant vessels going home in ballast.

This act suspended the commerce of the United States, and threw out of employment mariners, merchants' clerks, and a great number of other persons who derived their livelihood directly and indirectly from commerce. In no part of the country did the embargo produce effects so disastrous as in New England, which for many years had been growing rich by supplying the belligerents with provisions and other merchandise. Boston was desolate; its wharves and warehouses were silent and deserted. The prices of produce fell, and thus the farmers were disappointed and alarmed. New England, moreover, had been, from the early days of Washington, the stronghold of Federalism; and the Federalists were opposed not only to the embargo, but to the policy which had led to it, as they were afterwards to the war which it led to. Interest, therefore, and political feeling, combined to inflame the popular discontent.

There was then living at the village of Cummington, in Hampshire County, — the garden county of Massachusetts, — Dr. Peter Bryant, a physician noted the country round for his skill, learning, and benevolence. Among his children, all of whom were intelligent beyond their years, was

William Cullen, a boy of thirteen, who, young as he was, was already somewhat famous in his native county as a poet. At nine he had written harmonious verses, and at ten he had composed a poem for a school exhibition, which was thought good enough for publication, and was actually published in the county paper. And now this gifted boy, moved by what he heard of the terrible embargo, and the more terrible Jefferson and the Democratic party, wrote a poem, in the heroic measure, entitled "The Embargo," in which he endeavored to express the feeling of New England respecting the course of the general government. The poem was published in pamphlet form, and was so well received in the county that, a year after, it was republished in a little thin volume, the title-page of which read as follows:—

"The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Time. A Satire. The Second edition corrected and enlarged, together with the Spanish Revolution and other Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. Boston: Printed for the Author by E. G. House. No. V. Court Street. 1809."

The lad was nearly fifteen years of age when this volume of thirty-six pages saw the light. It contained poems so extraordinary, that it was thought necessary in the preface to print a kind of certificate, declaring that the author was really only a boy! The reader, I am sure, will be gratified to read one of the short poems from this volume, which was written when the poet was ten years and nine months old.

DROUGHT.

Plunged amid the limpid waters,
Or the cooling shade beneath,
Let me fly the scorching sunbeams,
And the south wind's sickly breath!

Sirius burns the parching meadows,
Flames upon the embrowning hill
Dries the foliage of the forest,
And evaporates the rill.

Scarce is seen a lonely flow'ret,
Save amid th' embowering wood;
O'er the prospect, dim and dreary,
Drought presides in sullen mood!

Murky vapors hung in ether,
Wrap in gloom the sky serene;
Nature pants distressful, — silence
Reigns o'er all the sultry scene.

Then amid the limpid waters,
Or beneath the cooling shade,
Let me shun the scorching sunbeams,
And the sickly breeze evade.

JULY, 1807.

Such precocity as this was a perilous gift. Fortunately the boy had a judicious father, who early taught him to avoid superfluous words, and to distinguish between true poetical expression, and that which has nothing of poetry but the form. The poet, in one of his latter productions, commemorates at once his father's death and his own indebtedness to his taste and judgment.

“For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses.”

And while his early taste was forming, there reached him, in the seclusion of his village home, Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads,—that volume which survived the criticism of the

"Edinburgh Review," to make its way over the world, and kindle the gentle poetic flame in kindred minds beyond the sea. There were few books of poetry then to be met with among the hills of Western Massachusetts, and the boy appears to have read little poetry in his childhood except Pope.

"Upon opening Wordsworth," Mr. Bryant once said, "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in my heart, and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life."

And what a "nature" it was that he beheld around him!

Western Massachusetts is an enchanting region. I spent a summer there recently, within sight of that Monument Mountain which Mr. Bryant has celebrated in verse, and not far from that Green River to which he had dedicated stanzas as flowing and tranquil as itself. If it were in the power of beautiful nature to awaken, or even to cultivate, the poetic faculty, the region of the Berkshire hills would do it. But beautiful nature cannot do this. Mr. Bryant is a poet because of the fine brain which nature gave him, and the excellent father who taught and reared him.

Poet as he was, however, and marked out by nature to charm and cheer his species, he must needs go to college, like other lads, and enter a lawyer's office, and be admitted to practice, and hang out his tin sign in a country town, and plead causes in county courts. All this he did; and we find him, as early as his nineteenth year, established as a country lawyer in his native State. He did not want for practice, and yet found time, as he has ever since done, to exercise his poetic gift.

The "North American Review," in 1816, was conducted by a club of Boston gentlemen, the chief of whom was Richard H. Dana. It was more like a monthly magazine then,

than a review, and published whatever literary matter came to hand of the requisite merit. Mr. Dana received, one day in 1816, two poems that were offered for publication, — one entitled *Thanatopsis*, and the other, *A Fragment*. The poems being accompanied by the name of Bryant, Mr. Dana, in some way now forgotten, received the impression that *Thanatopsis* was written by Dr. Peter Bryant, then a member of the Massachusetts State Senate, and that *The Fragment* was the production of his son. Struck with the majestic beauty of the longer poem, he hastened to the Senate house to see the new poet. He found Dr. Bryant a man of dark complexion, with black hair, thick eyebrows, and a countenance indicative of every excellent quality except the poetic. The editor was rather ashamed of his want of discernment, but remained for some years under the impression that the author of *Thanatopsis* was the Senator from Hampshire; not discovering his mistake until, in conversation with the poet himself, he chanced to use the expression, "your father's *Thanatopsis*." Who, indeed, could suppose that that noble poem was the work of a youth of nineteen?

• "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

These are its concluding lines. The reader cannot do better than learn them by heart, and say them over once a day, for they have a moral as well as a poetic value. From the day of the publication of this poem, in 1816, an

American could boast that his country also had produced a poet. William Cullen Bryant—who was but yesterday among us—was the first native of the Western Continent who ever wrote poetry which the world accepted as poetry.

One who can write such verses as these cannot long be contented without exercising his talent. After the publication of *Thanatopsis*, the young poet occasionally contributed to the periodicals of Boston; and in 1821 his poems were published at Cambridge in a volume, which procured for him a certain intense local fame, and gave him courage to abandon the law and come to New York to gain his livelihood by literature. This was in 1825, when he was thirty-one years of age. After a year or two spent in editing a literary periodical, he made that fortunate engagement with the "Evening Post,"—as fortunate for his country as for himself,—which has added at length an ample fortune to the poet's ever-brightening fame. From the day when the influence of Mr. Bryant began to be felt in this newspaper, it has been the ally of every sound principle in politics and morals. He continued to contribute poems to the magazines of the day; so that in the course of a few years he had a considerable collection, which, in 1831, he published in a volume of some magnitude. The public cordially welcomed this addition to its means of enjoyment. The author sent a copy to Washington Irving, then running a brilliant career of authorship in London. In one of Irving's letters of 1832, we read:—

"I have received recently a volume of poetry from Mr. Bryant, in which are many things really exquisite. Yet I despair of finding a bookseller that will offer anything for it, or that will even publish it for his own benefit; such is the stagnation of the literary market."

The cholera was then raging in England, — the terrible cholera of 1832. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Irving wrote a preface introducing the poet to the people of England, and the volume soon after appeared. Its merits alone would have given it currency enough in time; but the friendly offices of Mr. Irving drew the attention of the public to it at once, and secured to Mr. Bryant an immediate popularity. His poems have ever since held their ground in England, and his name is familiar in English homes.

TWO OF OUR BOHEMIANS.

EDGAR A. POE AND "ARTEMUS WARD," HOW THEY LIVED, AND WHY THEY DIED SO YOUNG.

No one who has written of poor Poe seems to have quite understood his case. Nor should I, if I had not spent a few days last summer at the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, in the State of New York.

Edgar A. Poe, like Byron and many others, appears to have been a man whose brain was permanently injured by alcohol, and so injured that there was no safety for him except in total and eternal abstinence from every intoxicating drink. I have often heard the late N. P. Willis speak of Poe's conduct when he was sub-editor of the "Evening Mirror," of which Mr. Willis was one of the editors. Poe, he would say, was usually one of the most quiet, regular, and gentlemanlike of men, remarkably neat in his person, elegant and orderly about his work, and wholly unexceptionable in conduct and demeanor. But in a weak moment, tempted, perhaps, by a friend, or by the devil Opportunity, he would take one glass of wine or liquor. From that moment he was another being. His self-control was gone. An irresistible thirst for strong drink possessed him, and he would drink and drink and drink, as long as he could lift a glass to his lips. If he could not get good liquor, he would drink bad; all he desired was something fiercely stimulating. He would frequently keep this up for several days and nights, until, in fact, his system was perfectly exhausted, and he had been taken helpless and

unresisting to bed. There he would lie, miserable and repentant, until he had in some degree recovered his health, when he would return to his labor, if the patience of his employers had not been exhausted.

Having formed this deplorable habit while his brain was immature, I believe that it then received an incurable injury, which caused it to generate unsound thoughts, erroneous opinions, and morbid feelings. His thinking apparatus was damaged, and he came upon the stage of life with a propensity toward absurdity and extravagance.

David Poe, of Maryland, the grandfather of the poet, was an officer of repute in the army of the Revolution. Like many other soldiers, he married when the war was over, and settled in the chief city of his native State, — Baltimore. His eldest son, who was also named David, was destined to the law, and in due time entered the office of a Baltimore lawyer. This son was an ardent, impetuous youth, one of those ill-balanced young men who may, if circumstances favor, perform heroic actions, but who are much more likely to be guilty of rash and foolish ones. While he was still pursuing his studies, an English actress, named Elizabeth Arnold, appeared at the Baltimore theatre. David Poe fell in love with her, as many young fellows before and since have done with ladies of that profession. More than that, he married her, abandoned his studies, and went upon the stage.

Having taken this desperate step, he lived for a few years the wandering life of an actor, playing with his wife in the principal cities of the South. Three children were born to them, of whom Edgar, the eldest, first saw the light at Baltimore, in 1811. Six years after, Mr. and Mrs. David Poe were fulfilling an engagement at the theatre in Richmond, Virginia. Within a short time of one another, they both

died, leaving their three little children totally unprovided for. Edgar, at this time, was a lively, pretty boy, extremely engaging in his manners, and giving great promise of future talent. He was so fortunate as to attract the attention of Mr. John Allan, a rich merchant of Richmond, who adopted him, and who proceeded to afford him what he considered the best opportunities for education then existing.

When the boy was not quite seven years of age, he took him to London; and in a village near that city, he placed the little orphan at a boarding-school, where he left him for nearly five years. So far as is known, the child had not a friend, still less a relation, on that side of the ocean. Here was an eager, vivacious, and probably precocious boy, confined in the desolation of an English school; which is, generally speaking, a scene as unsuited to the proper nurture of the young, as Labrador for the breeding of canary-birds. Such a boy as that needed the tenderness of women and the watchful care of an affectionate and wise father. He needed love, home, and the minute, fond attention which rare and curious plants usually receive, but which children seldom do, who are so much more worthy of it, and would reward it so much more. He needed, in short, all that he did not have, and he had in abundance much that he did not need. If the truth could be known, it would probably be found that Poe received at this school the germ of the evil which finally destroyed him. Certainly, he failed to acquire the self-control and strong principle which might have saved him. The head-master, it appears, was a dignified clergyman of the Church of England, whom the little American was disposed to laugh at in his shabby suit of black on week-days, though he regarded him with awe and admiration when on Sunday he donned his canonicals, and ascended the pulpit.

Poe was past eleven years of age — a pale, bright little boy — when Mr. Allan brought him home, and placed him at a school in Richmond. At a very early age, not much later than fourteen, he entered the Virginia University at Charlottesville, which Jefferson had founded, and over which the aged statesman was still affectionately watching, as the favorite child of his old age. At this university he became immediately distinguished, both in the class-room and out of doors. One of his biographers (who, however, was a notorious liar) tells us that, on a hot day in June, "he swam seven miles and a half against a tide running, probably, from two to three miles an hour." This is a manifest falsehood. Neither Byron, nor Leander, nor Franklin, nor any of the famous swimmers, could have performed such a feat. Nevertheless, he may have been an excellent swimmer, and may have excelled in the other sports proper to his age. The acquisition of knowledge was easy to him, and he could without serious effort have carried off the highest honors of his class. But he drank to excess; and as drink is the ally of all the other vices, he gambled recklessly, and led so disorderly a life that he was expelled from the college. His adopted father refusing to pay his gambling debts, the young man wrote him a foolish, insulting letter, took passage for Europe, and set off, as he said, to assist the Greeks in their struggle for independence.

Of his adventures in Europe only two facts are known; for Poe was always curiously reticent respecting the events of his own life. One fact is, that he never reached Greece. The other is, that, about a year after his departure from America, he was arrested in St. Petersburg by the police, probably for an offence committed when he was drunk. The American minister procured his discharge, and finding him totally destitute of money, relieved his wants and paid

his passage home. On reaching Richmond the prodigal was heartily welcomed by his benefactor, Allan, who soon procured for him a cadetship at West Point.

He appears to have entered that institution with a sincere determination to perform his duties, and become a good officer. For a while his behavior was excellent; he stood high in his class; and his friends hoped that he had sown his wild oats, and that he was now a reformed character.

But what an amount of falsehood is implied in that expression, *He has sown his wild oats*. The popular belief is, that a young man may go on drinking, carousing, gambling, and turning night into day, for a certain time, and then, suddenly changing his course of life, live the rest of his days as well and happily as though he had never gone astray. Miserable mistake! No one can abuse his body without paying the penalty, and, least of all, a man of delicate and refined organization like Edgar A. Poe. Such men as he are formed by nature for the exercise of the noblest virtues and the practice of the highest arts. A stronger and coarser nature than his, or one more mature, might have suffered for a while from the blighting fumes of alcohol, and then in some degree have recovered its tone, and made some amends for the wrong it had done.

It was not so with the tender and unformed organs of this young man, who never recovered from the injury which early dissipation had wrought. A few months after entering West Point, his appetite for drink resumed its sway, and he relapsed into his former habits. Before his first year had expired, he was expelled from the academy.

Again he returned to Richmond, and again his long-suffering benefactor received him into his house. There he found the young and beautiful wife whom Mr. Allan had recently married; and to her, it is said, he paid attentions so marked

that Mr. Allan was at length thoroughly incensed against him, and banished him forever from his house. A more probable version of the story is, that Mr. Allan, happy in the society of his wife, was less patient than before of his protégé's dissipated habits, and was easily set against him by the young lady. However it may be, John Allan died soon after, and, though he left a large fortune, poor Poe's name was not mentioned in his will. His death occurred in 1834, when Poe was twenty-three years of age.

The young man had published a small volume of poems at Baltimore in 1829, which attracted some attention, more on account of the youth of the writer than the merits of the writing. Being now destitute of all resource, he made some endeavors to procure literary employment. Failing in this, he enlisted in the army as a private soldier. While he was serving in the ranks, he was recognized by officers whom he had known at West Point, who, after inquiring into his case, applied for his discharge; but before the document arrived Poe deserted. He was not very closely pursued, however, and he soon found himself in Baltimore, a free man, but almost totally destitute. Then it was that he read in a paper an advertisement by the publisher of a literary periodical, offering two prizes of \$100 each for the best story and the best poem that should be offered. Poe sent in both a story and a poem, won both prizes, and soon after obtained employment as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," then published at Richmond.

Again the same story: steady conduct and well-sustained industry for a short time; then drink, dissipation, and discharge. Before he was dismissed, he had married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a very pretty, amiable girl, and exceedingly fond of her erratic husband. The ill-provided pair removed to New York in 1837, where he continued to live

during the greater part of the rest of his life. Nothing new remains to be told. He frequently obtained respectable and sufficiently lucrative employment, but invariably lost it by misconduct, arising, as I think, solely from the effect of alcohol on his brain. In October, 1849, in the course of a Southern lecturing tour, he stopped at Baltimore, where, meeting some of his old companions, he spent a night in a wild debauch, and was found in the morning in the street suffering from *delirium tremens*. He was taken to the hospital, where, in a few days, he died, aged thirty-eight.

Poe was a mild-looking man, of pale, regular features, with a certain expression of weakness about the mouth, which men often have who are infirm of purpose. He had something of the erect military bearing noticeable in young men who have had a military drill in their youth. What with the neatness of his attire, the gentleness of his manners, and the pale beauty of his face, he usually excited an interest in those who met him, and he remained to the last a favorite with ladies.

He has had many followers in the Bohemian way of life, few of whom have had his excuse. But nearly all of them ended in the same miserable, tragic manner. Of the twenty young men of the New York press, who were known, ten years ago, as *the* Bohemians, all are in their graves except five or six, who saw in time the abyss before them, and struck into better paths. One died of an honorable wound received in battle. The rest might all have been living and honored at this moment, if they had lived pure and temperate lives, and gone to bed when they had done their work, instead of going to Pfaff's. Let me briefly relate the story of one of them, who was, naturally, as amiable and worthy a fellow as any young man of his time — to say nothing of his rare talent.

In the beautiful town of Cleveland, Ohio, ten years ago, I was introduced, one Sunday morning, to Mr. Charles F. Browne, who had recently acquired celebrity by his Artemus Ward letters, in the Cleveland "Plaindealer." He was then twenty-five years of age, of somewhat slender form, but with ruddy cheeks, and a general appearance of health and vigor. He was the local editor of the "Plaindealer," and had the ready, cordial, and off-hand manner of the members of the Western press. Like other professional humorists, he was not particularly funny in ordinary conversation; on the contrary, he was less so than Western editors usually are. I was far from anticipating the career that was in store for him; still less could I have foreseen the premature death of a young man who presented even an exceptional appearance of good health. If he were alive to-day, he would only be thirty-eight years of age.

He was born at Waterford, in Maine, where his father was a surveyor. His native village, as he says in one of his papers, "does not contain over forty houses, all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and, for the most part, are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain; to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the village did not nestle. Villages invariably nestle." In this secluded nook of New England, he passed the first fourteen years of his life, during which he acquired such education as a rather idle and sport-loving boy could acquire in the common and high schools.

He was sent to learn the printing business at a neighboring town, called Skowhegan, where, in the office of the Skowhegan "Clarion," he learned to set type and work the hand-press. To the last of his days he held this place in

abhorrence. One of his friends has recorded that he was accustomed "to set up a howl of derision" whenever its name was mentioned; and that whenever he desired to express the last degree of contempt for any person, place, or thing, he would speak of it as worthy of Skowhegan. How many a boy has reaped a fell revenge upon a teacher or an employer, by turning out to be a genius, and consigning him to universal ridicule!

At sixteen he found his way to Boston, where he obtained employment as a compositor in the office of the funniest periodical then published in Boston, "The Carpet-bag," to which Shillaber, Halpine, and Saxe contributed. As he set up, from week to week, the humorous contributions of those writers, the conviction grew upon him that he too could write a piece that would make people laugh. I think he must have been reading Franklin's Autobiography or the preface to "Pickwick," for in putting his talent to the test, he employed a device, similar to that used by Franklin and Dickens in offering their first productions to the press. Having written his piece in a disguised hand, he put it into the editor's box. Great was his joy when it was handed to him, soon after, to set in type.

This first piece, I believe, was in the style of Major Jack Downing, whose letters, he once said, had more to do with making him a humorist than the productions of any other writer.

About this time he chanced to read Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot," in which that popular author gave an account of his making the tour of Europe, and paying his way by working at his trade, which was that of a printer. Captivated by this example, he started for the Great West. When his money was exhausted, he would stop for a while in some large town where there was a printing-office, and

replenish his purse; which done, he would continue his journey.

"I did n't know," he once said, "but what I might get as far as China, and set up a newspaper one day in the tea-chest tongue."

He stopped short of China, however. At the town of Tiffin, Ohio, he obtained a place as compositor and assistant editor, at four dollars a week. From Tiffin he removed to Toledo, where he procured a similar place in the office of the "Toledo Commercial," at five dollars a week. It was upon this paper that his talent as a humorist first attracted attention, and he was soon permitted to devote his whole time to filling the local columns with amusing abuse of the rival paper. He acquired so much celebrity in Ohio as a writer of facetious paragraphs, that he was offered at length the place of local editor of the Cleveland "Plaindealer," at a salary, munificent for the time and place, of twelve dollars a week.

Most of the noted humorists — and the great master of humor himself, Charles Dickens — have shown a particular fondness for persons who gain their livelihood by amusing the public, — showmen of all kinds and grades, from the tumbler in the circus to the great tragedian of the day. In the performance of his duty as local editor, Charles Browne had abundant opportunity of gratifying this taste, and he gradually became acquainted with most of the travelling showmen of the Western country. He delighted to study their habits, and he used to tell many a good story of their ingenious devices for rousing the enthusiasm of the public. Much of this showman's lore he turned to account in the Letters of Artemus Ward.

There are dull times in a place like Cleveland, — times when the local editor is hard put to it to fill his columns.

No show, no court, no accident, no police report, no trotting match, no fashionable wedding, no surprise party, no anything. One day in 1859, when the local editor of the Cleveland "Plaindealer" was in desperate want of a topic, he dashed upon paper a letter from an imaginary showman, to which he affixed the name of a Revolutionary General, which had always struck him as being odd, — "Artemas Ward." The letter began thus : —

"*To the Editor of the Plaindealer* — SIR: I'm moving along — slowly along — down tords your place. I want you should write me a letter, sayin hows the show-bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo — a amoozin little Raskal; 'twould make you larf to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal — wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin' Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax stattoots of celebrated piruts and murderers, etc., ekalled by few and exceld by none."

The showman proceeds to urge the editor to prepare the way for his coming, and promises to have all his handbills "dun at your offiss."

"We must fetch the public somehow," he continues. "We must work on their feelins — come the moral on 'em s'trong. If it's a temperance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter ise born. But, on the contrary, if your people take their tods, say that Mister Ward is as genial a feller as we ever met — full of conviviality, and the life and sole of the soshul Bored. Take, don't you?"

Mister Ward concludes his epistle by condensing its whole meaning into a very short postscript : —

"You scratch my back, and Ile scratch your back."

This letter made a wonderful hit. It was immediately copied into many hundreds of newspapers, and was generally taken as the genuine production of a showman. Other letters in the same vein followed, which carried the name of Artemus Ward and the Cleveland “Plaindealer” to the ends of the earth. For two or three years they figured in the funny column of most of the periodicals in America, England, and Australia.

But except the reputation which the letters gave, they were of little advantage to their author. His salary may have been increased a few dollars a week, and he added a little to his income by contributions to the comic papers of New York. No man, indeed, is so cruelly plundered as the writer of short amusing pieces, easily clipped and copied. He writes a comic piece for a trifling sum, which amuses perhaps five millions of people, and no one compensates him except the original purchaser. There are, for example, comic dialogues which have done service for fifteen years at negro minstrel entertainments, and now make thousands of people laugh every night, for which the author received three dollars.

Artemus Ward, anxious to buy back the family homestead in which to shelter the old-age of his widowed mother, soon discovered that he could never do it by making jokes, unless he could sell them over and over again. So he tried comic lecturing. The first night the experiment was a failure. A violent storm of snow, sleet, and wind thinned the audience—in Clinton Hall, New York—to such a degree, that the lecturer lost thirty dollars by the enterprise. A tour in New England, however, had better results. He lectured a hundred nights, by which he cleared nearly eight thousand dollars; and he was soon able to establish his mother in the comfortable village home in which he was born.

I ought not to conclude this article without letting the reader precisely know why this bright and genial spirit is no longer here to add to the world's harmless amusement. Well, this was the reason: wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California, or London, there was sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather round him, and go home with him to his hotel, order supper, and spend half the night in telling stories and singing songs. To *any* man this will be fatal in time; but when the nightly carouse follows an evening's performance before an audience, and is succeeded by a railroad journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Browne. He died in London, in 1867, aged thirty-three years; and he now lies buried at the home of his childhood in Maine.

He was not a deep drinker. He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in conviviality which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his profession and cast of character, for all editors, literary men, and artists, there is only one safety—TEETOTALISM. He should have taken the advice of a stage-driver on the Plains, to whom he once offered some whiskey, and I commend it strongly to every young man:—

"I DON'T DRINK. I WON'T DRINK! AND I DON'T LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY ELSE DRINK. I'M OF THE OPINION OF THOSE MOUNTAINS—KEEP YOUR TOP COOL. THEY'VE GOT SNOW AND I'VE GOT BRAINS; THAT'S ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

JOSIAH QUINCY.

A MODEL GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BORN in 1772, and died in 1864! Ninety-two years of happy, prosperous, and virtuous life! How was it that, in a world so full of the sick, the miserable, and the unfortunate, Josiah Quincy should have lived so long, and enjoyed, during almost the whole of his life, uninterrupted happiness and prosperity? Let us see.

He was born in Boston, in a house the walls of which are still standing, in a part of the city now called Washington Street. His father was that young Josiah Quincy who went away on a patriotic mission to London when this boy was three years of age, and only returned to die within sight of his native land, without having delivered the message with which Doctor Franklin had charged him. Left an orphan at so early an age, his education was superintended by one of the best mothers a boy ever had; and this was the first cause both of the length and of the happiness of his life. This admirable mother was so careful lest her fondness for her only son should cause her to indulge him to his harm, that she even refrained from caressing him, and, in all that she did for him, thought of his welfare first, and of her own pleasure last, or not at all. To harden him, she used to have him taken from a warm bed in winter, as well as in summer, and carried down to a cellar kitchen, and there dipped three times in a tub of cold water. She even accustomed him to sit in wet feet, and endeavored in all ways to

toughen his physical system against the wear and tear of life.

This boy (who only died seven years ago) was old enough during the Revolutionary war to remember some of its incidents. "I imbibed," he once wrote, "the patriotism of the period, was active against the British, and with my little whip and astride my grandfather's cane, I performed prodigies of valor, and more than once came to my mother's knees declaring that I had driven the British out of Boston." Like all other healthy boys, he was a keen lover of out-of-door sports of every kind. "My heart," he wrote, "was in ball and marbles." And yet, in accordance with the custom of the schools of that time, he was compelled to sit on the same hard bench every day, four hours in the morning, and four hours in the afternoon, studying lessons which it was impossible so young a child could value or understand. A boy of less elastic mind and less vigorous constitution of body must have been injured by this harsh, irrational discipline. It seems only to have taught him patience and fortitude. Being a member of a rich and ancient family, he enjoyed every advantage of education which America then afforded, and graduated from Harvard College, in 1790, with honor. He was soon after admitted to the bar; but as he was not dependent upon his profession for a maintenance, he was not a very diligent or famous lawyer.

I have said that he was a very happy man. This is almost equivalent to saying that he was very happily *married*, since the weal or woe of most men's lives chiefly depends upon the wisdom with which they choose their life's companion. Josiah Quincy was indeed most fortunately married, and yet he does not appear to have exercised his judgment in the choice of a wife. In seven days after he first saw her face, he was engaged to be married to her. It happened thus: —

On a certain Sunday evening, in 1794, being then twenty-two years of age, he went, according to his custom, to visit one of his aunts, who lived in Boston. He found at his aunt's house, a Miss Morton, a young lady from New York, of whom he had never before heard, and who was so little remarkable in her appearance, that she made no impression on his mind. In the course of the evening, a female relative who was present asked him to go into the next room, as she wished to consult him on some affair of business. While they were talking, the strange lady began to sing one of the songs of Burns with a clearness of voice, and with a degree of taste and feeling, which charmed and excited him beyond anything he had ever experienced. He immediately threw down the law papers which he had been examining, and returned to the company. Miss Morton sang several other songs, to the great delight of all who heard her, and to the unbounded rapture of this particular young gentleman. When the singing was over, he entered into conversation with her, and discovered her to be an intelligent, well-informed, unaffected, and kind-hearted girl. In short, he fell in love with her upon the spot, and when the young lady left Boston a week after, he was engaged to her.

Some time elapsed, however, before they were married. She was a young lady of highly respectable connections and considerable fortune. The marriage was suitable in all respects, and they lived together fifty-three happy years. This most fortunate union was, no doubt, one of the main causes of the singular peace and uninterrupted happiness of his life.

It was expected, at that time, that a man of fortune, talents, and education, like Josiah Quincy, would enter public life. In 1805 he was elected a member of Congress by the Federalists of Boston, a party of which he was a warm adhe-

rent, and to which he clung as long as it existed. His son tells us, in an excellent biography of his father recently published, that, to the last of his life, when he was in reality a member of the Republican party, the old man still called himself a Federalist. Having been elected to Congress, he did a most extraordinary thing: he actually set to work to *prepare himself*, by a study of politics and history, to discharge the duties of the place! He even learned the French language, in order to be able to converse with the foreign ministers and other Europeans whom he might meet in Washington. Besides this, he made a large collection of pamphlets, documents, and books relating to the history of his country, and to the political questions which had agitated it since the close of the Revolution.

He was, unquestionably, the ablest member of the Federal party in Congress at that time, and he served his party with a zeal and eloquence which was highly useful in keeping the administrations of Jefferson and Madison in the true path. Being myself in the fullest sympathy with Jefferson and Madison, I cannot think so highly of his Congressional career as, perhaps, his son would have us. But I can fully appreciate his honesty, his industry, his high-bred courtesy, and his admirable eloquence. His ardor in debate would have led to frequent challenges and duels, if he had not from the first made up his mind never to be bullied into an acquiescence with so barbarous a custom. In conversation with Southern members on the subject, he would say: "We do not stand upon equal grounds in this matter. If we fight and you kill me, it is a feather in your cap, and your constituents will think all the better of you for it. If I should kill you, it would ruin me with mine, and they never would send me to Congress again."

Reasoning of this kind the fire-eaters of 1810 could under-

stand, though they would have been little able to comprehend the lofty moral grounds on which his objections to the practice were really founded.

The most remarkable event of his public life was his opposition to the creation of States, by Act of Congress, out of territory which did not belong to the United States when the Constitution was agreed to. His opinion was, that such new States could only be admitted into the Union by the consent of as many of the original thirteen States as had been necessary for the adoption of the Constitution itself. So rooted and passionate was his conviction on this subject, that, in the year 1811, when the act was discussed under which Louisiana was afterwards admitted, he uttered in the House the following words : —

“I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that, if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved ; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligation ; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation ; amicably, if they can, violently if they must.”

This looks so much like the secession doctrines of subsequent times, that, I am afraid, many readers will never be able to distinguish the difference. One thing is certain : the admission of new States formed out of new territory by a mere Act of Congress, did actually, for fifty years, make the Southern States masters of this Union ; and Josiah Quincy was, perhaps, the first public man who clearly saw and clearly foretold that this would be the case.

Mr. Quincy, in one of his letters from Washington, relates an anecdote of Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, which throws light upon Western politics, as they were conducted half a century ago. Mr. Grundy, after having soundly berated Mr. Quincy in the House, said to him the next day :

"Quincy, I thought I had abused you enough; but I find it will not do."

"Why, what is the matter now? I do not mean to speak again."

"No matter," said Grundy; "by Heavens, I must give you another thrashing."

"Why so?" asked the member from Massachusetts.

"Why," said Grundy, "the truth is, a d—d fellow has set up against me in my District, — a perfect Jacobin, — as much worse than I am as worse can be. Now, except Tim Pickering, there is not a man in the United States so perfectly hated by the people of my District as yourself. You must therefore excuse me. I must abuse you, or I shall never get re-elected. I will do it, however, genteelly. I will not do it as that fool of a Clay did — strike so hard as to hurt myself. But abuse you I must. You understand; I mean to be friends, notwithstanding. I mean to be in Congress again, and must use the means."

The imagination is a great deceiver. We have a curious example of this truth in the different accounts which have come down to us respecting the appearance of General Washington. Josiah Quincy and his wife both saw this illustrious man, and both were persons of eminent intelligence and perfect truth. Nevertheless, how different their impressions! Mrs. Quincy, who was of a highly imaginative temperament, used to speak of him as being as far above ordinary mortals, in grace and majesty of person and demeanor, as he was in character. Mr. Quincy, on the contrary, though revering Washington not less, thought him rather countrified and awkward in his appearance and manners. He used to say that "President Washington had the air of a country gentleman not accustomed to mix much with society, perfectly polite, but not easy in his address and

conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements." We can account for these different representations by supposing that one of the witnesses was, and the other was not, misled by the imagination.

When Josiah Quincy was a young man, about the year 1795, he paid a visit to New York, and while there became acquainted with Alexander Hamilton, who, with Aaron Burr, stood at the head of the New York bar. Upon one occasion, when the conversation turned upon Colonel Burr, Mr. Quincy asked Hamilton whether Burr was a man of great talents. Hamilton's reply, in view of subsequent events, was remarkable.

"Not of great talents," said Hamilton. "His mind, though brilliant, is shallow, and incapable of broad views or continued effort. He seldom speaks in court more than twenty minutes; and, though his speeches are showy and not without effect upon a jury, they contain no proof of uncommon powers of mind. But he has ambition that will never be satisfied until he has encircled his brow with a diadem."

These words were uttered nine years before the duel took place which terminated the life of Alexander Hamilton. It shows that, even at that early period, he had the same ill opinion of Burr, the too careless expression of which afterwards cost him his life.

In the spring of 1812, when President Madison determined, before declaring war against Great Britain, to try once more the effect of an embargo, Mr. Quincy was informed of the President's intention by Mr. Calhoun, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Being authorized to communicate the news to his constituents, he joined another member from Massachusetts in writing to two of the leading citizens of Boston a letter containing the important intelligence. Despatch in the transmission of the news was, of

course, all important, and they contracted with a stage proprietor to convey the letter from Washington to Boston in seventy-six hours. The contract was performed; and never, perhaps, did news produce a greater excitement.

"On Saturday and Sunday," as Mr. Quincy himself relates, "the whole town was in motion. Every truck and cart was in requisition. The streets and wharves were crowded by the merchants, anxious to send their ships to sea before the harbor was closed by the embargo." All day Sunday those Puritan merchants continued to load their ships; so that, by the time the embargo was laid, all the vessels designed for England were safe at sea.

Some pretty rough politicians used to find the way to Washington from the Western States, fifty or sixty years ago. Matthew Lyon was one of these, a man of great note in his day. Josiah Quincy once asked him how he obtained an election to the House of Representatives so soon after his emigration to Kentucky. He answered, "By establishing myself at a cross-roads, which everybody in the district passed from time to time, and abusing the sitting member."

This Lyon was one of those members who continually sent printed speeches and political letters to their constituents. Mr. Quincy asked him one day how he avoided offending those of his constituents whom he chanced to overlook in this distribution of favors.

"I manage it in this way," said he. "When I am canvassing my district, and I come across a man who looks distantly and cold at me, I get up cordially to him and say: 'My dear friend, you got my printed letter last session, of course.' 'No, sir,' replies the man, with offended dignity, 'I got no such thing.' 'No!' I cry out in a passion. 'No! *damn that post-office!*' Then I make a memorandum of the man's name and address, and when I get back to Washington I write him an autograph letter, and all is put to rights."

After eight years of Congressional life, when he was but forty-one years of age, and when he might easily have been reëlected, Josiah Quincy withdrew from public life, partly from private and partly for public reasons. The main public reason was, that the Federal party was too powerless even to make a useful opposition; and his chief private reason was, that he loved his wife and children too much to be separated from them. Returning home, he served his native State, first by making costly experiments in agriculture upon his estate, which, though unprofitable to him, were highly beneficial to the community. For several years he was mayor of Boston, during which he reformed the city government, and rendered services to the city the good effects of which are still apparent. If Boston is the best-governed city in America, it is in part owing to the efficiency and wisdom of Josiah Quincy.

When Mr. Quincy was President of Harvard College, he displayed unusual tact in the management of different college cases. He actually was so eccentric as to believe that when young men complain, their complaints *may* be not altogether without cause. For several years there had been discontent among the students with the contractor who provided their food. Upon inquiring into the matter, President Quincy discovered that the students were right, and instead of rebuking them for their rebellious disposition, he proceeded to remove the causes of their dissatisfaction. Besides causing the table to be served with abundant and proper food, he ordered a set of china from England, and banished from the college-board the heterogeneous vessels which had formerly disfigured it.

On one occasion the contractor complained that the students would persist in toasting their bread at the stove, — to the great injury of the forks. The contractor said that he

complained of this to former presidents, but that none of them had proved equal to putting an end to it.

"What did they do when you complained?" asked President Quincy.

"Why," replied the contractor, "they would admonish the offender, and in case of a repetition of the practice, they would suspend or dismiss him."

"But that seems a rather hard measure," said the President. "Pray, do you not have your own bread toasted for breakfast in winter?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply; "but I cannot afford to toast the bread of all the college on my present terms."

"Very good," said the President; "toast the bread, and charge the additional expense in your bill."

This excellent man carried one of his virtues to excess — early rising. He rose so early in the morning, that he scarcely had sleep enough; so that, when he sat down during the day for ten minutes, he was very likely to fall asleep. John Quincy Adams was also addicted to excessive early rising. One day these two distinguished men went into Judge Story's lecture-room to hear him read his lecture to his class in the law school. The Judge received the two presidents with his usual politeness, and placed them on the platform by his side, in full view of the class, and then went on with his lecture. In a very few minutes both the presidents were fast asleep. The Judge paused a moment, and pointing to the two sleeping gentlemen, uttered these words: "Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising."

This remark was followed by a shout of laughter, which effectually roused the sleepers, after which the Judge resumed his discourse.

For sixteen years Mr. Quincy was President of Harvard

College, — a difficult and laborious office. His son tells us, that, during the whole sixteen years of his presidency, he was never absent from the six-o'clock morning prayers but three times; and that was occasioned by his being obliged to attend a distant court as a witness on behalf of the College. Upon resigning his presidency, though he was then an old man past seventy, he was still apparently in the very prime of his powers, and he lived many years after in the enjoyment of the most perfect health, and of scarcely diminished vigor. It concerns us all to know the secret of such health and longevity as this. His father died very young, and his mother in middle life. Nor had any of his paternal ancestors lived beyond seventy-four.

In the first place, he was strictly temperate in the use of intoxicating drinks, almost to total abstinence. At breakfast and at night he ate moderately and of plain food. At dinner, which he had the good sense to eat in the middle of the day, he ate heartily of whatever was set before him. He discovered, many years ago, how important perfect cleanliness is to the preservation of health, and he made a frequent use of the bath tub, the flesh brush, and the hair gloves. He was an exceedingly early riser. He was addicted to no vice whatever. His life was blameless and cheerful. He indulged none of the passions which waste the vitality and pervert the character. All his objects were such as a rational and virtuous man could pursue without self-reproach, and with the approbation of the wise and good. Thus living, he attained nearly to the age of ninety-three, enjoying life almost to the last hour, and passed away as peacefully and painlessly as a child goes to sleep.

He was an eminently handsome man, from youth to extreme old age. His fine set of teeth he kept entire until his death; and this, no doubt, had much to do with preserv-

ing the health of his body and the proportions of his countenance. His son says that a bust of him taken in his prime, by Horatio Greenough, might well pass for the head of an Apollo or a Jupiter. Of all the myriads of men that have lived and labored on this earth since its creation, I question if there has ever been one man who lived, upon the whole, a better life than Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts. He had a sound constitution, and took care of it; he had a good mind, and improved it; he had an excellent wife, and appreciated her value; he had a good fortune, and did not abuse it; he lived in a good country, and faithfully served it; he had an enlightened religion, and lived up to it.

In religious matters, Josiah Quincy displayed a degree of independence and good sense rarely to be met with in his generation in New England. He had a particular aversion to all theological disputes and sectarian exclusiveness. He was accustomed sometimes to sum up his opinions on this subject by quoting the well-known lines, —

“For *modes* of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose *life* is in the right.”

One of the entries in his diary, made when he was past eighty-four years of age, was the following: —

“From the doctrines with which metaphysical divines have chosen to obscure the word of God, such as predestination, election, reprobation, etc., I turn with loathing to the refreshing assurance, which to my mind contains the substance of revealed religion. ‘In every nation he who feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.’ ”

In these more enlightened days it is easy to believe this truth; but sixty or seventy years ago, when Josiah Quincy was forming his opinions, few persons were able to accept it fully and heartily.

ANECDOTES OF FARADAY.

ONE day, about the year 1812, a certain Mr. Dance, a gentleman who employed much of his leisure in scientific pursuits, went to a bookbinder's shop in London to see about having some books bound. Ribaud was the bookbinder's name, and Mr. Dance was one of his regular customers. While they were conversing together, the attention of Mr. Dance was drawn to an electrical machine, and other philosophical apparatus, not usually found in the establishment of a bookbinder. Mr. Ribaud remarked, by way of explanation, that this apparatus had all been made by an apprentice of his, Michael Faraday by name, the son of a blacksmith in very humble circumstances.

The curiosity of Mr. Dance was roused. He sought the acquaintance of this youth, and discovered at once that, under a rustic exterior, he concealed an intelligent and gifted mind, with a decided bent towards science. There was then, and is still, in London, an association of men of science, called the Royal Institution, which employed professors, and maintained courses of scientific lectures. Mr. Dance was a member of this society, and he invited young Faraday to go with him and hear the last four lectures of a course which Sir Humphrey Davy was just completing. The young man gladly accepted the kind offer. After being conducted past the doorkeeper by Mr. Dance, the apprentice took a modest seat in the gallery, where he attended closely to the lectures,

and took notes of them, which notes he afterwards wrote out and expanded.

Michael Faraday was thirteen years of age when he was bound apprentice to a London bookseller and bookbinder. His father, a blacksmith, was reared far away in the north of England, in Yorkshire. Why the trade of bookbinder was the one selected for him, is not now known; but, probably, he had shown some inclination to learning, and his parents supposed that the manufacture of books would facilitate his getting a knowledge of their contents.

And so it proved. Among the books which he assisted to bind, were the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and *Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry*. His curiosity being excited by these works, and especially by that of *Mrs. Marcet*, he used to remain in the shop after working hours, and read them. This was the beginning of his interest in science.

"I was a very lively, imaginative person," he once wrote, "and could believe in the *Arabian Nights* as easily as in the *Encyclopædia*. But facts were important to me and saved me. I could trust a fact, and always cross-examined an assertion. So when I questioned *Mrs. Marcet's* book by such little experiments as I could find means to perform, and found it true to the facts as I could understand them, I felt that I had got hold of an anchor in chemical knowledge, and clung fast to it."

He always felt the deepest veneration for *Mrs. Marcet*, and it was a great delight to him in after years to form her acquaintance, and tell her how much he was indebted to her. As long as she lived, he used to send her a copy of all his philosophical papers as they appeared.

Hearing the lectures of *Sir Humphrey Davy* had the effect of increasing his taste for the sciences, and especially for the branches (chemistry and electricity) in the investigation of

which Davy had won so much distinction. The book-binder's apprentice was probably aware that Sir Humphrey himself was the son of a poor widow, who kept a milliner's shop in Cornwall, and that he had struggled up to his present position through the difficulties which usually beset the upward path of genius and poverty. Longing for a similar career with the yearning of disinterested love, and feeling that he had it in him to accomplish something in science, he took courage, in his twenty-second year, to write to Sir Humphrey, making known his desires to him; and with his letter he sent the notes he had formerly taken of Davy's four lectures. Sir Humphrey answered promptly. He complimented the intelligence of his correspondent, but strongly advised him not to give up the solid and certain advantages of his trade for a profession which yielded to its most successful votaries little except barren glory.

"Science," wrote Davy, "is a harsh mistress, and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewards those who devote themselves to her service."

Sir Humphrey informed him, however, in conclusion, that, if upon further reflection, he still desired to devote his life to science, he would bear his wishes in mind, and endeavor in some way to promote their gratification. The young man's purpose remained unshaken, and the philosopher kept his word.

There has been preserved the very recommendation given of Faraday by Sir Humphrey Davy to the managers of the Royal Institution. As Sir Humphrey was going to the Institution, the morning after he had received Faraday's note, he met one of its managers, named Pepys.

"Pepys," says Davy, "what am I to do? Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to get him employment at the Royal Institution. What can I do?"

"Do?" replied Pepys, "put him to wash bottles; if he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing."

"No, no," replied Sir Humphrey, "we must try him with something better than that."

So, a few weeks after, when a vacancy occurred at the Institution for a chemical assistant, Sir Humphrey penned the following recommendation:—

"Sir Humphrey Davy has the honor to inform the managers that he has found a person who is desirous to occupy the situation in the Institution lately filled by William Payne. His name is Michael Faraday. He is a youth of twenty-two years of age. As far as Sir H. Davy has been able to observe or ascertain, he appears well-fitted for the situation. His habits seem good; his disposition active and cheerful, and his manner intelligent. He is willing to engage himself on the same terms as given to Mr. Payne at the time of quitting the Institution."

This note having been read at a meeting of the managers, the following resolution was immediately passed:—

"*Resolved*, That Michael Faraday be engaged to fill the situation lately occupied by Mr. Payne, on the same terms."

In this humble way was introduced to a scientific career the man who is now generally considered the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen. He was engaged at a stipend which tradition reports to have been forty pounds a year and his board. He soon had the great pleasure of accompanying Sir Humphrey Davy to the continent upon that scientific tour which was made famous, at the time, by Napoleon having given these Englishmen passports. in the interests of science, while waging war against England. They remained abroad for two years, spending much

of their time in Italy analyzing the colors and inks of Pompeian scrolls.

Upon the return of Sir Humphrey to England, Faraday resumed his employment as chemical assistant in the Royal Institution. It was the assistant's duty to perform all those humble and laborious tasks which usually fall to the lot of those who prepare experiments for chemical lectures. He fitted corks; he repaired apparatus; he prepared solutions and gases; and did all the other dirty work of a laboratory. This, however, was the farthest possible from being a hardship to such a lover of science as Michael Faraday; and when these duties were done he had still more than half his time left for studies and experiments of his own. He improved his time so well that, when he had filled this lowly post for a few years, he received the appointment of professor of chemistry, and from that time forward he was wholly employed in discovering and communicating scientific truth.

Eight years after entering the Institution, he married, and was allowed by the managers to bring his young wife into his rooms at the Royal Institution, and there they lived most happily for forty-six years.

As an illustration of his character, the following extract may be given from a diary which he kept during a short residence in Switzerland:—

"August 2d, 1841.—Nail making goes on here rather considerably, and is a very neat and pretty operation to observe. I love a smith's shop and anything relating to smithery. My father was a smith."

When Faraday began to be famous in England as a chemist, he was frequently applied to by men of business to analyze substances, and perform other operations in what is called commercial chemistry. This kind of business increased to such an extent, that an immense fortune was

within his reach, and he found that he must choose between getting money and investigating science. Having no children, and being blessed with a wife who sympathized with his pursuits, it was not difficult for him to choose the nobler part.

"This son of a blacksmith," says his friend Tyndall, "and apprenticed to a bookbinder, had to decide between a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of thirty years."

And this glory he enjoyed; but far dearer to him was the love which his success in extending the area of knowledge brought him.

"Tyndall," said he once, taking his friend by the hand, — the hand that had just written a review of Faraday's works, — "Tyndall, the sweetest reward of my work is the sympathy and good-will which it has caused to flow in upon me from all quarters of the world."

Of all the sons of men, those who benefit mankind most, and get from mankind least (that is, considering the services they render), are genuine men of science. The salary attached to this professorship of chemistry, made forever illustrious by Faraday's having held it, was eighty pounds a year, the use of three rooms, with fuel and candles enough to warm and light them. This was actually the income of Professor Faraday during the years when he made his greatest discoveries. And for such a man it was enough. Small as it was, it gave him the command of all his time, and the Institution provided him with an ample apparatus and competent assistants.

I only wish we had in each of our large cities, such as

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati, a scientific institution which would give to only *one* man of science such an opportunity as the Royal Institution of London gave to Davy and Faraday.

Later in life, when the name of Faraday had become celebrated, the government added to his salary a modest pension of three hundred pounds a year. It is said, by those who knew his affairs intimately, that he never received, in any one year of his life, as much as five hundred pounds. He had abundant opportunities to gain money by analyzing soils, coals, mineral waters, and poisoned stomachs; but Faraday, satisfied with his little revenues, preferred to spend the whole of his time in efforts to discover truth.

Electricity, I need hardly say, was his favorite branch, in which he made the capital discovery, that the electricity produced by friction, and that contained in the magnet, are essentially the same. The substance of all that he discovered and conjectured, is contained in four or five volumes of small size, but of inestimable value.

He re-created the science of Electricity, and many of the most important practical uses to which that element has been applied were suggested by him. It was he who discovered that a single drop of water, while decomposing, generates an amount of electricity equal to the contents of eight hundred thousand large Leyden jars. This would make a vivid and extensive flash of lightning. He says, also, that the chemical action of a single grain of water on four grains of zinc would yield Electricity equal in quantity to that of a powerful thunder-storm.

He was greatly beloved by those who lived near enough to him to know him. He was utterly free from that corroding vice of England, that spiritual imbecility, which Thackeray

named *Snobbery*, — giving a foolish, trivial name to a thing far from trivial. He always spoke of his father, the blacksmith, as simply and naturally as a good democratic American would, if he had been so fortunate as to have an honest blacksmith for a father. When he was lecturing one evening upon something which he had discovered respecting illuminating gas, he concluded as follows: —

“Thus much for my part. I believe I devised the scheme; but I should never have carried it into practice but for the casualty that I had, and have, a brother who is a gas-fitter.”

Professor Scoffern relates an incident which occurred, when Faraday was at the height of his celebrity, that shows the simplicity of his character: —

“While I was working in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, Faraday came down and gossipped about things in general. The preparations for a chemical lecture involve many details of work not pleasant, and for the most part dirty. There are corks to be bored and adapted, joints of apparatus to be made good, stains to be removed, slops to be disposed of. That duty, aided by the Royal Institution assistant, was mine. Instinctively Faraday began to help — not choosing mere fancy work, however, but aiding right and left, doing whatever he saw had to be done. Handling a retort, I chanced to let it fall, and then there was a slop of some corrosive liquid. In an instant Faraday threw some soda on the floor; then down on his hands and knees he went, slop-cloth in hand, like an humble housemaid. Laughing, I expressed my desire to photograph him then and there; he demurred to the pose, begged me to consult his dignity, and began laughing with a childish joyousness. Hilariously boyish upon occasion he could be, and those who knew him best knew he was never more at home, that he never seemed so pleased, as when making an old boy of himself, as he was wont to say, lecturing before a juvenile audience at Christmas.”

Professor Tyndall relates a very striking and amusing anecdote of Faraday's revisiting his old bookbinder's shop at a time when his fame as a philosopher was spread over the world. The incident occurred about the year 1850, when Professor Faraday was sixty years of age.

"Faraday and myself," writes Professor Tyndall, "quitted the Institution one evening together to pay a visit in Baker Street. He took my arm at the door, and, pressing it to his side in his warm, genial way, said : —

"'Come, Tyndall, I will now show you something that will interest you.' • • •

"We walked northward, passed the house of Mr. Babbage, which drew forth a reference to the famous evening parties once assembled there. We reached Blanford Street, and after a little looking about, he paused before a stationer's shop, and then went in. On entering the shop, his usual animation seemed doubled ; he looked rapidly at everything it contained. To the left, on entering, was a door, through which he looked down into a little room, with a window in front facing Blandford Street. Drawing me towards him, he said eagerly : —

"'Look there, Tyndall, that was my working-place. I bound books in that little nook.'

"A respectable-looking woman stood behind the counter : his conversation with me was too low to be heard by her, and he now turned to the counter to buy some cards as an excuse for our being there. He asked the woman her name — her predecessor's name — his predecessor's name.

"'That won't do,' he said, with good-humored impatience ; 'who was *his* predecessor?'

"'Mr. Ribaud,' she replied, and immediately added, as if suddenly recollecting herself, 'He sir, was the master of Sir Charles Faraday.'

"'Nonsense!' he responded, 'there is no such person.'

"Great was her delight when I told her the name of her visitor; but she assured me that as soon as she saw him running about the shop, she felt—though she did not know why—that it must be 'Sir Charles Faraday.'"

This admirable man, in the ardor of his devotion to science, wore out both mind and body. There was one period of two years during which he was not even permitted to read scientific works, much less perform experiments. He lived to be seventy-six years of age; but his last years were passed in a kind of lethargy, caused by the exhaustion of his brain from forty years of laborious experiment and intense thought. We may form some idea of the extent of his labors from the fact that the last experiment entered in his book is numbered 16,045.

The Queen gave him a suite of apartments at the pleasant palace of Hampton Court, near London, and there he peacefully dozed and dreamed away the evening of his life. Nothing roused him, we are told, near the end of his days, but a thunder-storm. He would gaze in rapture upon the scene, and watch the play of the lightning with all the eager curiosity of his prime. But when the clouds broke up, and the storm rolled away beyond his view, the philosopher sank again into his state of dreamy unconsciousness.

THE REAL MERITS OF COLUMBUS.

THE CHAIN OF EVENTS LEADING TO THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. —
WHO SUGGESTED THE EXPEDITION.

ABOUT the year 1254, two Venetian merchants, brothers of noble extraction, named Maffeo Polo and Nicholo Polo, set out upon a voyage to Constantinople in their own vessel, carrying with them a large quantity of rich and valuable merchandise. At Constantinople they sold their merchandise, and were then ready to employ their capital in any way that promised to be profitable. Hearing that there was a good market for jewels at the court of a powerful Tartar Chief, beyond the Black Sea, they bought a number of costly gems, and sailed to a port at the extremity of the Crimea, where they purchased horses, and travelled many days until they reached their destination. Upon being presented to the Tartar Prince, they showed him the jewels they had brought with them. Perceiving that he was exceedingly pleased with their brilliancy and beauty, they, in accordance with the custom of the East, made him a present of them all; which was only a more profitable way of selling them. The Tartar Chief, not willing to be surpassed in generosity, ordered his treasurer to give them twice the value of the jewels in money, and made them several costly presents besides.

Well pleased with the result of the transaction, they remained a year in the dominions of this generous Prince, and at the end of that time prepared to set out on their return to Venice. But a war breaking out between the Prince

and one of his neighbors, the roads by which they had come were unsafe, and they attempted to reach Constantinople by going round the head of the Caspian Sea, a distance of about sixteen hundred miles. Travelling on horseback, they crossed plains, deserts, and mountains, journeying week after week, until they arrived at the Persian city of Bokhara, where they remained for three years. At Bokhara, they fell in with an ambassador who was on his way to the court of the Grand Khan, or King of Kings, the great chief of all the Tartar tribes, and at that time the most powerful monarch of Asia.

The precise place of his residence is not certainly known, but it was in the north of China, about fifteen hundred miles east of Bokhara. Hearing from this ambassador of the wealth and liberality of the king, and the disturbed state of the country rendering it extremely difficult to travel homeward without an armed escort, they joined the suite of the ambassador, and travelled with him to the capital of the Grand Khan. They were impeded sometimes by the deep snow, and often delayed on the banks of a swollen river until the waters had receded into their usual channel; so that a whole year elapsed, after leaving Bokhara, before they reached the abode of the Tartar King.

The ambassador introduced the brothers to this mighty potentate, who enjoyed nothing so much as conversation with well-informed and intelligent travellers. Besides questioning them respecting the kings of Europe, the extent of their possessions, their laws and customs, he manifested a particular curiosity concerning the Pope, the church, the worship and religious usages of Christians. The brothers, who were good Catholics, gave him abundant information on these points, and they made upon his mind so favorable an impression with regard to the Christian religion, that he

determined to employ them as his ambassadors to the Pope. The Khan told them that his object was to request his Holiness to send him a hundred men of learning, thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the Christian religion, as well as with "the seven arts," and qualified to prove that the Christian faith was truer and better than any other. He said that he wished to know whether or not it was true, that the Tartar gods and idols were only evil spirits, whom the people of the Eastern world were wrong in worshipping. He likewise signified his desire that they should bring with them, from Jerusalem, on their way back, some of the holy oil from the lamp which was kept burning over the sepulchre of Jesus Christ.

Upon hearing these desires of the great king, so agreeable and flattering to them as Catholics, they prostrated themselves before him, and declared that they were ready instantly to set out on an embassy so important and honorable. The Khan caused to be written to the Pope letters in the Tartar language, in which his requests were made known. He also gave the merchants a small tablet of gold, containing upon it the imperial cipher, or seal, which entitled whomsoever held it to be escorted and conveyed from station to station, from city to city, by all the Tartar governors, and also to supplies of provisions for the journey, and to free maintenance wherever they chose to stop.

They were, as near as I can compute, about two thousand miles from Venice, and the following is the account of their journey a part of the way home : —

"Being thus honorably commissioned, they took their leave of the Grand Khan, and set out on their journey, but had not proceeded more than twenty days, when the officer, named Khogatal, their companion, fell dangerously ill, in the city named Alan. In this dilemma it was determined, upon consulting all who were

present, and with the approbation of the man himself, that they should leave him behind. In the prosecution of their journey, they derived essential benefit from being provided with the royal tablet, which procured them attention in every place through which they passed. Their expenses were defrayed, and escorts were furnished. But notwithstanding these advantages, so great were the natural difficulties they had to encounter from the extreme cold, the snow, the ice, and the flooding of the rivers, that their progress was unavoidably tedious, and *three years elapsed* before they were enabled to reach a seaport town in the lesser Armenia. Departing from thence by sea, they arrived at Acre, in the month of April, 1269."

Acre is a port of the Mediterranean, and there they were within reach of European news. At Acre they learned that the Pope was dead, and that a new one was not yet elected; so they communicated their mission to the Pope's Legate resident at Acre, who advised them to wait until the election of a Pope had taken place, and then proceed to Rome and deliver to him the letters of the Grand Khan. As this seemed the only course open to them, they adopted it, and resolved to employ the interval in visiting their families at Venice. They embarked on board a vessel, and soon reached their native city. Nicolo Polo had left his wife at a time when there was a prospect of her soon making him a father; but during all his journeyings he had never heard a word from home. Upon reaching his abode, he was informed that his wife had died soon after giving birth to a son, who had been christened by the name of Marco, and was then fifteen years of age.

Thus fifteen years were consumed in the travels of these two Venetian merchants; which altogether did not amount to much more, in point of distance, than a journey from New York to San Francisco.

Two years elapsed before a new Pope was elected. The brothers, accompanied by the youthful Marco, then presented themselves before the chief of the Christian Church at Rome, who received them with cordiality, and read the letters of the Grand Khan with the respect due to so great a monarch. The Pope did not send the Khan a hundred learned men, as he had requested; but selected two friars to go to the Tartar court, giving them authority to ordain priests and consecrate bishops, and ordering them to expound with their best ability, and recommend with all their eloquence, the Christian religion among the Tartars. He also gave them several handsome crystal vases, and other beautiful gifts, to be presented to the great king in his name and with his blessing.

Most perilous, arduous and wearisome was their journey. The two priests soon became discouraged and turned back, but the three Venetians persevered in spite of every obstacle. The king had removed his capital near to where Pekin now stands, and it was *three years and a half* before the travellers got near enough to him even to know where he was. And it appears the Khan heard of them about as soon as they heard of him. For Marco tells us that the king sent a party to meet them at the distance of forty days' journey from his capital, and gave orders for everything to be made ready for their comfort on the way.

"By these means," adds Marco Polo, "and through the blessing of God, they were conveyed in safety to the royal court."

The king gave them a truly grand reception in a full assembly of his councillors. They related their travels, explained their delay, delivered the letters of the Pope, and gave the precious vessel of oil from the Holy Sepulchre. Observing the youthful Marco, the king asked who he was.

"This," said his father, "is your servant and my son."

"He is welcome," said the Khan, "and I am glad that he is here."

He caused the youth to be enrolled among his honorable attendants, employed him, made much of him, promoted him, sent him on various errands all over the Eastern world, and treated the whole family with the greatest liberality and respect.

Twenty-four years passed away. On a certain day in the year 1295, three men in patched and coarse garments knocked at the door of the Polo mansion in Venice, and demanded admittance. They were the two merchants, gray-haired now, but still erect and vigorous, and Marco Polo in the prime of life. So coarse was their attire, and so changed were their countenances by the lapse of years and by long travel, that their kindred who lived in the house had some difficulty in recognizing them.

A few days after, the family invited all their old friends and relations to a grand entertainment, at which the two brothers and Marco appeared in magnificent robes of crimson satin flowing down to the floor, which they afterwards changed for robes of crimson damask, and again to gorgeous dresses of crimson velvet; all of which they divided among the guests as they took them off. At the end of the repast Marco withdrew and brought in the clothes — coarse, dirty, and patched — which they had worn on their arrival. They proceeded to rip with knives the seams and patches of these garments, when the guests discovered that these ragged old clothes had concealed a marvellous quantity of rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, with which the Great Khan had rewarded their long service, and upon which they lived in great splendor all the rest of their days.

Some time after, Marco Polo, while serving in the Vene-

tian navy, was taken prisoner and conveyed to Genoa, where he was kept in confinement for four years. To amuse himself in prison, he wrote out the story of his adventures and travels, which, being published, remained for two centuries and more one of the most popular and universal of books. It may still be bought in almost every large book-store.

The work was well calculated to provoke curiosity. To this day it can be read with great pleasure. When the author speaks of what he himself saw, he appears to have spoken the truth, although many of his statements make large demands upon our credulity. He describes, for example, that remarkable breed of sheep mentioned by Herodotus, which have tails weighing thirty pounds and upwards; the sheep themselves being as large as asses. This was long supposed to be only a traveller's tale, but a recent French writer confirms Herodotus and Polo; and a modern English traveller informs us that the tails of these sheep are so long and heavy, that the shepherds are obliged to fix a piece of board under them to prevent their being injured by rubbing on the ground. Some shepherds, he adds, fix a pair of wheels to this board to facilitate its progress over the soil; which confirms Herodotus, who speaks of the tails of these sheep being "supported by little carts."

Marco Polo drew enchanting pictures of the splendor and profusion of Oriental courts. He speaks of one king who lived in a beautiful valley shut in by mountains, where he had a luxurious garden, abounding in delicious fruits and fragrant flowers, and where he had palaces of various forms, ornamented with works in gold, with paintings, and with rich furniture. By means of small conduits in these palaces, streams of wine, milk, honey, and water were to be seen flowing in every direction. The inhabitants of these sumptuous abodes were elegant and lovely girls, possessing in

great perfection the arts of singing and playing upon instruments. Clad in rich dresses, these alluring damsels were seen continually sporting and amusing themselves in the gardens and arbors, while their female guardians carefully concealed themselves within.

In another kingdom, governed by Princes descended from Alexander and the daughter of Darius, Marco says that the best rubies in the world were found, embedded in a high mountain, so precious and splendid that they were never sold, but reserved exclusively for royal gifts. In the same kingdom the stone was found which yields the most beautiful blue, and the horses had hoofs so hard that they required no shoeing. He has a great deal to say also respecting the power and glory of the Grand Khan, the King of kings, the greatest monarch in all the Oriental world.

"In the middle of the hall," he tells us, "where the Grand Khan sits at table, there is a magnificent piece of furniture, made in the form of a square coffer, each side of which is three paces in length, exquisitely carved with figures of animals, and gilt. It is hollow within, for the purpose of receiving a capacious vase shaped like a jar, and of precious materials, calculated to hold about a tun, and filled with wine. On each of its four sides stands a smaller vessel containing about a hogshead, one of which is filled with mare's milk, another with that of the camel, and so of the others according to the kinds of beverage in use. Within this buffet are also the cups or flagons belonging to his Majesty for serving the liquors. Some of them are of beautiful gilt plate. Their size is such that, when filled with wine or other liquor, the quantity would be sufficient for eight or ten men. Before every two persons who have seats at the tables one of these flagons is placed, together with a kind of ladle in the form of a cup with a handle, also of plate, to be used not only for

taking the wine out of the flagon, but for lifting it to the head. The quantity and richness of the plate belonging to his majesty are quite incredible."

Such passages as these respecting the Grand Khan have a particular interest, because they were quoted by Columbus in his letters to the sovereigns of Europe, urging them to undertake a voyage of discovery to the west. It was to reach the region capable of sustaining such profusion as this, that Columbus sailed.

One curious fact which Marco Polo mentions is, that the Grand Khan issued a kind of paper money, made of the bark of the mulberry-tree, cut into oblong pieces of different sizes, each size having a particular value, and each bearing the signature of high officers appointed by the king. Marco Polo gives a particular account of the manufacture, circulation, and redemption of this paper money, which concludes with the following words : —

"When any persons happened to be possessed of paper money which from long use had become damaged, they carry it to the mint, where, upon the payment of only three per cent they may receive fresh notes in exchange. Should any be desirous of procuring gold or silver for the purposes of manufacture, such as of drinking cups, girdles, or other articles wrought of these metals, they in like manner apply at the mint, and for their paper obtain the bullion they require. All his majesty's armies are paid with this currency, which is to them of the same value as if it were gold or silver. Upon these grounds it may certainly be affirmed that the Grand Khan has a more extensive command of treasure than any other sovereign in the universe."

He spoke of another region, where all the money consisted of plain gold rods, which were cut into lengths, each piece being valued according to its length. He spoke of a seaport where ships were to be seen from all parts of

the East, and where the merchants were wealthier than the princes of other countries. He spoke of an island where gold was so abundant that the sovereign's palace had the entire roof plated with gold; the ceilings were of gold, the windows had golden ornaments, and some of the rooms had tables of pure gold. In the same island there were pearls of wonderful size and beauty.

Perhaps the most important and useful passage in the work of Marco Polo is that in which he describes the manner in which the Indian ships were built *in compartments*, — an idea which has since been adopted by the ship-builders of all countries.

"Some ships of the larger class," he says, "have as many as thirteen bulkheads, or divisions in the hold formed of thick planks let into each other. The object of these is to guard against accidents which may occasion the vessel to spring a leak, such as striking a rock or receiving a stroke from a whale, — a circumstance that not unfrequently occurs. . . . The crew, upon discovering the situation of the leak, immediately remove the goods from the division affected by the water, which, in consequence of the boards being so well fitted, cannot pass from one division to another. They then repair the damage, and return the goods to that place in the hold from whence they had been taken."

The hint afforded by this passage was never acted upon by the ship-builders of Europe or America until Dr. Franklin called attention to it and recommended it, towards the close of his valuable life. Even then the expedient was seldom employed; and it was not until this age of great steamships that vessels of magnitude were generally built with water-tight compartments. The Indian vessels which Marco Polo describes as being built in this manner must

have been of great size, for he says that some of them required crews of three hundred men, and carried six thousand bags of pepper.

From these few specimens the reader can form some idea of the influence and attractiveness of Marco Polo's work in an age when Europeans generally knew nothing whatever of the world beyond the boundaries of their own country. We may judge of its general effect by that which it produced upon Sir John Mandeville, an English knight of ancient lineage, and well versed in the knowledge which Europe then possessed. Such curiosity was enkindled in his mind respecting the wonder-lands of the East, that at twenty-seven he left his country, and traversed the whole eastern world, visiting Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, China, and India; returning to England an old man, after an absence of thirty-four years, to publish his travels, and thus further inflame the curiosity of mankind.

Besides confirming what Marco Polo had recorded of the great wealth of India, and the splendid court of the Grand Khan, he related many things of which Europeans had never previously heard. It was he who first told Christendom of the Egyptians hatching chickens in ovens; of the mode of sending messages by pigeons; and of the manner in which diamonds were found, sorted, and prepared for sale. He described the growth and culture of pepper. It was he also who first wrote of the Car of Juggernaut, and the victims crushed under its wheels, and described the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands. The crocodile, the hippopotamus, the elephant, the giraffe, he had the good fortune to describe to people who had never seen them. In his work Europeans first read of the peculiar customs of the Chinese, — the long tails of the men, the little feet of the women, and other strange freaks and fashions now so familiar to all the world.

But the great influence of Mandeville's travels arose from the fact that he *confirmed* so many of the statements of Mareo Polo. The works of both these travellers contained marvels too great even for the credulity of the middle ages ; and perhaps, if one had not confirmed the other on some of the most material points, neither could have produced so profound an impression upon the best minds of the time. Mandeville's book, like Marco Polo's, had wonderful currency. Not only were a multitude of copies produced, but many of the copyists, to enhance the value of their product, inserted in the text marvels of their own invention, for which the injured author has had to suffer reproach in modern times. Mandeville was in truth an honest, intelligent man, and when he related what he saw himself he usually spoke the truth, although, like Polo, he was often led astray by the reports of others.

Judged by the effects which it produced, the little book of Marco Polo must be pronounced the most important piece of writing which has been executed during the last thousand years. There arose during the next century an intense desire in the minds of educated men to know more of the great globe which they inhabited, and particularly of those countries in Asia whence came the spices, drugs, jewels, metals, and fabrics, which were associated in the minds of all with wealth and luxury. At present we do not think much of such things as nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and pepper, because they are cheap and common ; but five hundred years ago, no one but kings, nobles, and great merchants ever saw them, for they were worth their weight in gold ; and nothing was too strange to believe of countries that produced commodities so rare and exquisite. The diamonds, too, that glittered in kings' crowns, and sparkled on the diadems of princesses, all came from the mysterious

regions of Asia, to which a European scarcely ever penetrated. Except the nobles, almost the only rich people in Europe were the merchants who trafficked in the precious things of India; and Venice, whose ship-yards employed sixteen thousand men, and whose vessels were seen in every harbor, had grown great by this commerce alone.

Among the learned men in Europe who read in manuscript the travels of Marco Polo, no one studied them with an interest so passionate and sustained as a certain famous astronomer of Florence named Toscanelli. Being an astronomer, he knew that the earth was a globe; and, as he brooded over the scenes of wonder which Marco Polo revealed, the thought dawned upon his mind, at length, that perhaps the land of spices and diamonds, of rubies and gold, which lay far to the east of his native land, could be reached by sailing to the west.

It was this thought of Toscanelli which led to the discovery of America.

As often as he had opportunity, he conversed with merchants who traded in the commodities of the East, and gathered from them all that they knew or had heard of the productions and situation of the Oriental countries. Once there came to Florence an ambassador from the Grand Khan. Toscanelli conversed with this interesting personage, who confirmed abundantly all that Marco Polo relates of the vast extent and various wealth of the Eastern world.

As years rolled on, the notion of reaching the East by sailing to the west acquired in the ardent mind of this Italian philosopher something of the dominating power of a mania. He attached the more importance to it because he thought the world was much smaller than it is. He supposed that a navigator would only have to sail six thousand five hundred miles westward in order to reach Asia, whereas

the true distance is about sixteen thousand miles. Possessed by his theory, and being in correspondence with the learned men of every capital in Europe which could boast of learned men, he was diligent in making it known; and, indeed, he appears to have written of it so often that he became at length somewhat ashamed of repeating the demonstration. Toscanelli was a man of European reputation, past three-score and ten, when his darling thought dropped like a ripe seed into the mind in which it was destined to germinate.

Affonso the Fifth was King of Portugal when the occurrences took place which I am about to relate. This king figures in Portuguese history as "Affonso the African," because in his reign so many discoveries were made in Africa by navigators who sailed under his orders. He is also called "Affonso The Redeemer," from his having redeemed so many African slaves. His first wife was a daughter of that Prince Pedro who made the twelve years' tour of the world, and brought home from Venice the precious manuscript of Marco Polo. To this interesting fact I need only add, that he was the founder of the first public library that Portugal ever possessed, to show that he was a man likely to catch at Toscanelli's daring theory. He appears to have heard of it in the year 1474. It was in that year, at least, that he ordered his secretary to write to Toscanelli on the subject, and ask him for an exact description of the course to be taken in order to reach India by sailing to the west. Toscanelli replied most fully to the king's secretary, although he began his letter with a kind of apology for repeating once more his oft-told tale. Few letters so important as this have ever been written since the art of writing was invented.

"Although," wrote Toscanelli, "I have often treated of the advantages of this route, I will once more, since the Most Serene King desires it, indicate with precision the

course which it will be necessary to follow. With a globe in my hand I could demonstrate the correctness of my theory; but I can show the ship's course upon a chart like those used by mariners, upon which I have myself marked the entire line of coast from Ireland to the end of Guinea, with all the intervening islands. Directly opposite this line of coast, *straight to the west*, I have placed the beginning of the Indies, with the islands and places which a navigator would first reach. You will see also upon this chart how far you can go from the Arctic Pole towards the Equator, and at what distance to the west lie those regions so fertile and so abounding in spices and precious stones. . . . You will not be surprised that I place upon this map the land of spices to the west, — the land which we generally call the Levant; *for those who will continue to sail westward will come at last to those very regions at which travellers arrive who journey by land toward the east.*"

When he had explained the chart, he proceeded to remark upon the extent and wealth of the Eastern countries, — not omitting to remind his correspondent of the multitudes of human beings in those regions who might be expected to embrace the Christian faith, if only the gospel could be preached to them.

"From the port of Zaïthoun," he continued, "a hundred ships sail every year loaded with spices. Several provinces and kingdoms pay tribute to the Grand Khan, who is, as it were, the king of kings, and who lives generally in Cathay. His predecessors wished to establish commercial relations with the Christians; and, two hundred years ago, they sent ambassadors to the Popes asking instructors competent to explain our faith. But those ambassadors could not reach Rome, but were obliged to turn back on account of the immense difficulties of the journey. Under the reign of Pope

Eugenius the Fourth, came an ambassador who assured his Holiness of the affection which the princes and people of his country had for the Catholics. I had a long conversation with that ambassador, in the course of which he spoke to me of the magnificence of his king, of the great rivers that water his country, one of which has upon its banks two hundred cities, and is crossed by ten bridges of marble. He spoke, too, of a country where they choose for officers of the government men of letters, without regard to birth or wealth. He told me also of that city of Quisay, a name which signifies City of Heaven, situated in the province of Mango, near Cathay, and the circumference of which is twenty-five leagues."

The chart sent by Toscanelli with his letter contained a peculiarity not mentioned in the passages quoted. The space between Europe and Asia was divided upon it into twenty-six portions of two hundred fifty miles each, making the whole distance six thousand five hundred miles. Fortunate mistake! Columbus, daring and devoted as he was, would scarcely have ventured forth into the unknown ocean if he had supposed that sixteen thousand miles stretched between Lisbon and that wonderful Cipango (Japan) of which Marco Polo gives so alluring an account.

Columbus was in Lisbon when Toscanelli's letter and chart arrived. He had then resided four years in the dominions of the King of Portugal; during which a series of events had rendered him of all living men the readiest to accept Toscanelli's theory. A devout Catholic, he had been accustomed to hear mass every morning in the chapel of a convent, which was also attended by the young ladies of the convent school. One of these ladies was Donna Felipa, daughter of Perestrello, Governor of Porto Santo, an island near Madeira. Columbus fell in love with her, married her, and went soon

after to live at Porto Santo, with his wife's mother, then a widow. Here Columbus, as Mr. Irving finely says, was "on the frontier of discovery," away out on the broad ocean, on the track of navigators who sailed every year from Portugal to the coast of Africa. More than once, as his son Fernando records, he sailed to the coast of Guinea, and saw with his own eyes the wonders which had been so often the topic of conversation at Lisbon.

At Porto Santo his mother-in-law gave up to him the diaries and other manuscripts of her deceased husband, who had been brought up in the household of Prince Henry, under whose orders he had often sailed, and who had appointed him Governor of the first colony which he had planted. A sister of his wife Felipa had married another famous navigator, Correa by name; so that the whole family party on the island, both from inclination and necessity, were singularly alive to everything that related to navigation and discovery. It was Pedro Correa who related one day in the family, Columbus being present, that a piece of carved wood had been washed ashore on the island during the prevalence of a westerly storm. Some Portuguese pilots informed him that exceedingly long reeds had come ashore at the Canaries while a westerly wind was blowing; and a friend who lived on one of the Azores spoke to him of enormous trunks of pine-trees, of a kind unknown in Europe, blown ashore from the west. Two human bodies of an unknown race had been tossed, as he was informed, on one of the Azores during a westerly storm. The people of those islands, ignorant of the optical illusion which we call *mirage*, were continually fancying that they saw islands lying far to the west, of which they sometimes went in search, but found them not. All these things, though they awakened in Columbus a profound curiosity to know what there might be to the west beyond

the wide waste of waters, did not suffice to suggest to his mind the idea of undertaking the enterprise that was to immortalize his name.

In 1474 he was at Lisbon again, making maps, charts, and globes for the support of his wife and child, sending a little money now and then to his aged father at Genoa, toward the education of his two younger brothers. At Lisbon there was then a little colony of Italian merchants and mariners, with whom he frequently conversed upon the subject nearest his heart. He was told one day by an Italian friend of the letter and chart which Toscanelli had sent to the King of Portugal. Columbus listened to an outline of Toscanelli's theory with an interest of which ordinary mortals cannot form the faintest idea. He was approaching his destiny. His whole previous life had been only one long preparation for that thrilling moment. It so happened that one of his Italian friends was about to return to Florence, and Columbus seized the opportunity — there were no public means of forwarding letters then — to write to his learned countryman, asking him for further information, and expressing his desire to make the westward voyage which Toscanelli had suggested. The aged philosopher kindly replied to the letter of the obscure map-maker.

"I see," he wrote, "that you have the grand and noble desire to sail to the country where spices spontaneously grow ; and in reply to your letter I send a copy of one which I addressed some days ago to a friend attached to the service of the Most Serene King of Portugal, and who had the order of his Highness to write to me upon the same subject."

Furnished thus with the very letter which had been written for the king's own eye, and encouraged by one of the most celebrated philosophers of the age, Columbus hastened to write again in acknowledgment of the favor done him,

and repeating his desire to undertake the voyage. Toscanelli again wrote approvingly.

"I commend," said he, "your desire to sail toward the west; and I am persuaded, as you will have perceived by my preceding letter, that while the expedition which you wish to undertake is not an easy matter, the transit from the coasts of Europe to the land of spices is *certain*, if you follow the course which I have marked out. You would be entirely convinced of it if, like myself, you had had opportunity of conversing with a great number of travellers who have been in that part of the world. Be sure that you will find there powerful kingdoms, great cities well peopled, and rich provinces."

Columbus was convinced. His plan was formed. The object of his life was plain before him. And although eighteen years were to elapse before he could execute his purpose, there is no reason to believe that it was ever for a moment laid aside. It is not certain that at the time of his correspondence with Toscanelli in the summer of 1474, he had ever read the travels of Marco Polo. But it is evident from his subsequent letters that he became familiarly acquainted with them, and burned with desire to discover an easier access to those rich and densely peopled countries, so that their wealth could be poured into Europe, and new empires be added to the realm of the church. Cipango — that wonderful island described by Polo as lying out in the ocean fifteen hundred miles from the coast of Asia — was the frequent subject of his thoughts. He read in Marco Polo that the sea adjacent contained exactly seven thousand four hundred and forty islands, mostly inhabited, and abounding in every kind of precious product, spices, drugs, gems, pearls, and gold. These islands he expected first to reach, if ever the means should be given him of making his westward

voyage; and there he expected to gather the wealth that would enable him to send an army into Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.

I shall not repeat the affecting story which has been told with such vividness and grace by Washington Irving, of Columbus' weary wanderings from court to court, humbly begging the kings of the earth to allow him to pour the wealth of Asia into their coffers. As told by Mr. Irving, it is as fascinating a true story as mortal ever related. He prevailed at length. He prevailed by telling the pious Isabella, Queen of Spain, what he had read in Marco Polo of the Grand Khan's embassy to the Pope, asking him to send a hundred Christian priests to instruct his subjects in the Christian religion. I firmly believe that this was the fact which *decided* Isabella to lend her influence to the undertaking. He sailed, as we all know, at sunrise on Friday, the third of August, 1492, from Palos, a small seaport in the south of Spain, with three small ships and one hundred and twenty men. The chart which he took with him as a guide was founded upon the one sent him by Toscanelli eighteen years before. Upon it was delineated the line of coast from Ireland to Guinea, and opposite to that coast, directly to the west, the extremity of India; while between was marked the Island of Cipango, at which he hoped first to arrive.

On Friday, at two o'clock in the morning, October the twelfth, 1492, ten weeks after leaving Spain, a gun from one of his vessels announced to him that land was seen. As the day dawned there was gradually disclosed to the view of the enraptured voyagers, — not, indeed, the glittering minarets, the gorgeous palaces, and mast-fringed wharves of the city of Cipango, — but a verdant and beautiful island, only a few leagues in extent, with other islands dimly

visible in the distance, all green, wooded, and inviting. Columbus had no doubt that he had reached the archipelago of the seven thousand four hundred and forty islands, and that Cipango was not far distant. Being certain that he was in India, he naturally called the simple inhabitants of the islands by the name of Indians. The land first descried, and first trodden by the voyagers, was the island of San Salvador, one of the group of the Bahamas.

Columbus died without knowing that he had discovered a continent.

THE NAMING OF THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN Columbus was at Seville, before his first westward voyage, there was living in that city a wealthy Italian merchant and ship chandler, named Juan Berardi. Columbus became familiarly acquainted with his countryman; and, after his happy return from the new world, employed him to furnish, equip, and provision the great fleet with which he sailed a second time to the Bahamas, in 1493.

The chief clerk in the house of Berardi at that time, upon whom devolved the charge of loading the vessels, was one Amerigo Vespucci, a native of Florence, forty-two years of age. The records of the period show this clerk to have been very busy in making payments, buying provisions, and furnishing the vessels; and it was through him, also, that the government sometimes made large payments to the house in which he was employed. The Latinized form of the name of this clerk is Americus Vespucius; under which form every reader recognizes the navigator whose name was afterwards given to the continent we inhabit.

He was the son of a highly respectable, though impoverished, family of Florence; his father being by profession a notary, who also held the office of Secretary to the Senate of the Florentine Republic. He had an uncle, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci, noted in Florence as a scholar, one of the Friars in a convent there, and the master of the convent school, which was attended by sons of the Florentine nobility. This school Amerigo frequented, and thus acquired

an education which probably his father could not otherwise have afforded him. As he grew up, the young man became interested in the favorite sciences of the times, astronomy and geography, often conversing upon them with the illustrious Toscanelli himself, who had so much to do with the discovery of the New World. He also learned to write Latin pretty well, and acquired a good Italian style.

Destined by his father to a commercial life, he appears to have made voyages to various parts of the world; for in speaking, many years after, of South America, he says, "*I found countries more fertile and more thickly inhabited than I have ever found anywhere else, even in Asia, Africa, and Europe.*" His elder brother we know was a merchant in one of the cities of Asia Minor, where he prospered for many years, but finally failed. Americus, too, was one of the unlucky ones of the earth. In his thirty-ninth year, he left his native city for Spain, attracted by the prospect of mending his fortunes in a country where many Italians had found profitable employment. In 1492, we find him settled at Seville, the assiduous clerk of a mercantile house, directing the various activities occupied in preparing vessels for sea. Ere long his employer died, and he was engaged for some time in settling his affairs and closing the business of the house. Thrown then upon his own resources, he entered into an employment through which his name was immortalized.

It was customary in that age, as I gather from scattered indications in the old chronicles, for every sea-going vessel to have on board a person who could read and write (rare accomplishments then), whose duty it was to keep the ship's accounts, and record whatever occurred that was extraordinary. He was called by a title which may be translated Ship's Secretary, and he seems to have been an officer of

much consequence on board ; for he not only represented the dignity of the sciences by the aid of which the vessel made her way across the trackless sea, but he usually had particular charge of those mysterious instruments, the compass, the astrolabe, and the quadrant. In 1497 the King of Spain offered him such a post as this in an expedition of four vessels, which he was about to despatch on a voyage of discovery. Americus accepted the offer, and the expedition sailed from Cadiz on the 10th of May, 1497.

From the Canary Islands the expedition sailed in a south-westerly direction until the voyagers reached the coast of Venezuela, where they landed, and found it a fertile region, swarming with naked savages who had never before seen the face of a white man. They coasted southward for several hundred miles, often going on shore, even spending weeks and months among the innocent and hospitable natives. The expedition returned to Spain, after an absence of seventeen months and five days, bringing two hundred and twenty-two Indians, who were sold as slaves. What more natural than that Americus should write home an account of the marvels he had seen? He directed his letter to a school-fellow, one of those noblemen who had attended Friar Giorgio's school in the convent at Florence. It was a simple, honest, graphic letter, making no pretensions of any kind, and consisted chiefly of minute accounts of the strange habits and customs of the Indians. He says, among other things, that, "we established a baptismal font, and great numbers were baptized, calling us, in their language, Carabi, which means men of great wisdom." Most of his letter is occupied with similar details. The king and queen of Spain received him with distinction, listening to his narratives with the deepest interest, and so bountifully rewarded him, that he was enabled to marry a lady for whom he had cherished an affection for several years.

In the spring following (May, 1499) he sailed in a similar capacity in a second expedition sent out by the king to explore the same coasts. On this voyage he coasted Brazil southward beyond the equator; and a bright lookout he kept at night for that southern polar star which, for many years, navigators imagined must play the part in the southern hemisphere which the polar star did in the northern. "Many a time," says this observant, intelligent Italian, "I lost my night's sleep while contemplating the movements of the stars round the southern pole." After sailing along the coast for more than two thousand miles, the ships returned to Spain, bringing home pearls, gold dust, emeralds, amethysts, some exquisite crystals, and, alas! two hundred and thirty-two Indian slaves.

Again Amerigo wrote a long letter home, to a great nobleman of Florence, giving an account of this voyage also. Again he told his story simply and modestly, his mind being evidently filled and overwhelmed with the wonders he had seen.

The King and Queen again welcomed him to court, and more cordially than before, happy to place among the crown jewels the pearls and gems he had brought. Ferdinand without delay prepared a new expedition; but before it was ready, the King of Portugal tempted Americus into his service; so that he made his third voyage to Brazil in the ships and under the flag of Portugal. This third voyage was by far the most important of them all; and when he returned from it, he had that to tell which fully justified both himself and his readers in supposing that he was the discoverer of another quarter of the globe. What else could be thought from such passages as the following:—

"From Cape Verd we sailed on a southwesterly course until, at the end of sixty-four days, we discovered land, which on many

accounts we concluded to be Terra Firma. We coasted this land about eight hundred leagues in a direction west by south . . . until we entered the Torrid Zone, and passed to the south of the equator, and the Tropic of Capricorn. We navigated here four months and twenty-seven days, seeing neither the polar star nor the Great or Little Bear. We discovered here many beautiful constellations, invisible in the northern hemisphere, and noted their marvellous movements and grandeur. . . . In effect my navigation extended to the fourth part of the world."

In another letter to the same Florentine nobleman, he says :—

"Carefully considered, these countries appear truly to form another world, and therefore we have, not without reason, called it THE NEW WORLD."

Both of the letters which treat of this momentous third voyage give us the impression that their author was an intelligent and gifted man, who was eager to make other men partakers of the honest joy with which he himself hailed the addition of a continent to the domain of civilization. There is a little pardonable vanity, it is true, in his mentioning how much credit he won by his knowledge of navigation. He says that on one occasion no pilot in the fleet could tell where they were within fifty leagues, and they might have been lost but for his reckoning.

"On this occasion," he says, "I acquired no little glory for myself; so that from that time forward I was held in such estimation by my companions as *the learned are held in by people of quality*. I explained the sea charts to them, and made them confess that the ordinary pilots were ignorant of cosmography, and knew nothing in comparison with myself."

He had glory enough on his return to Portugal. The king received him magnificently; and his vessel, battered by the

waves and unseaworthy, was broken up, and parts of it were carried in procession to a church, where they were hung up as precious relics. The people of far-off Florence also read his letters with pride and delight. His return was celebrated by religious ceremonies at Florence, and honors were bestowed upon members of the Vespucci family who were then residing there. We cannot wonder that his fame, for a moment, should have eclipsed the imperishable glory of Columbus, then an old man, deprived of his employments, cheated of his revenues, and anxious for his daily bread. Nor had Columbus published any entertaining letters, giving accounts of his discoveries.

Upon the fourth voyage of Vespucci, when he sailed with six ships along the coast of Africa, I need not dwell, for it had nothing to do with the naming of the new world. Five of the vessels of this fleet were lost, and the one in which Vespucci sailed alone returned to tell the tale. He landed at Lisbon, June the eighteenth, 1504, a poor man; for the voyage had proved a failure in every respect, and the King of Portugal was in no humor to repeat the experiment. After adding an empire to the dominions of the Portuguese king without reward, Amerigo returned to Seville, where he found Columbus sick, poor, and disheartened, — his son Diego at court, soliciting justice from the Spanish sovereigns. Columbus charged him with a letter to his son, in which he speaks of the Florentine in the most friendly terms.

"He has always been desirous of serving me," wrote Columbus, "and is an honorable man, though fortune has been unpropitious to him, as to many others, and his labors have not brought him the profit which he had reason to expect. He goes on my account, and with a great desire to do something which may redound to my advantage, if it is in his power. . . . I have informed him of all

the payments which have been made to me, and what is due."

This letter, dated February the fifth, 1505, is an affecting proof, both of the wrongs done to Columbus, and of the innocence of Vespucci toward the great discoverer. At court Vespucci did better for himself than he could for his illustrious client, for the king appeared to seize eagerly the chance of showing the world that he could make discoveries without the aid of Columbus. The king made Vespucci a citizen of Spain, presented him with twelve thousand maravedis; and a few months after, when Columbus was no more, gave him the place of Chief Pilot, with a salary of seventy-five thousand maravedis per annum.

Americus gave to the world a little work, called *The Four Voyages*, which had long been handed about in manuscript among his royal and noble friends; while his manuscript letters had had great currency in Italy. As early as 1504, a suggestion had appeared in print that the coasts described by him should be named Amerigo's land. The Professor of Geography then at the College of Saint-Dié, in Lorraine, was Martin Waldseemüller, who, as the custom then was with professors, was an author and bookseller also. In 1507, he wrote a small work upon geography, in Latin, the title of which may be translated thus:—

"An Introduction to Cosmography, together with the Outlines of Geometry and Astronomy appertaining thereunto. To which are added, *The Four Voyages of Americus Vespucius.*"

In this work the author, ignorant of the superior claims of Columbus, boldly says, that to Americus Vespucius belongs the right to give his name to "the fourth part of the world"; and he further suggested, that since Europa and Asia were named after women, it would be proper, in nam-

ing the new world, to use the feminine form, and call it AMERICA. This volume enjoyed great popularity in Europe for many years, for it ministered to the prevailing curiosity of the age ; and thus the name of America was fixed ineffaceably to all that region which Americus had explored. For fifty years the name was confined to that part of the continent ; but gradually it was applied to the entire western world, and Amerigo's Land received the name of *Brazil*, after a valuable wood that grew there. Americus, the innocent cause of this injustice, died at Seville in 1512. Absorbed as he was, during the last few years of his life, in the arduous duties of his office, he may never have learned of the use which the Lorraine Professor had made of part of his name, still less could he have foreseen that the name would finally be applied to what proved to be in reality more than "the fourth part of the world."

Thus it came to pass that our continent was named, not after the great man who discovered it, but after him who first made it known.

WILLIAM GED, THE FIRST STEREOTYPER.

FEW readers, I presume, have ever seen or heard the name placed at the head of this article. Nevertheless, it was the name of a man who conferred a favor upon them all; since he invented the art without which it would be impossible to sell a copy of a volume at its present price. William Ged was the inventor of Stereotyping.

He was a Scotchman, born about the year 1690. For some years he was a thriving goldsmith at Edinburgh, and was considerably noted in the trade for his ingenuity. He invented some tools and processes which facilitated the exercise of his craft, and these he freely made known to persons of the same vocation. It appears that his attention was called to the art of printing by his being employed in paying off the hands of an Edinburgh printing-house, which led him to reflect upon the vast amount of labor absorbed in the production of a book. In those days, a goldsmith performed some of the functions of a banker, and kept other people's gold in his strong box as well as his own. It was probably in his capacity as a banker that he furnished the money for the payment of the Scottish printers.

It is a curious circumstance that as late as the year 1725, no types were cast in Scotland, although the business of printing had then attained considerable proportions in that country. It seems, too, that the English printers then imported some of their best type from the Continent. Young

Benjamin Franklin, in that very year, worked as a journeyman printer in London, and he tells us that his master employed fifty men; but notwithstanding this large demand for types, the English printers imported some kinds from Holland, a country which appears to have had in ancient times almost a monopoly of the business of type-founding.

One day in 1725, William Ged fell into conversation with a printer, who spoke of the loss it was to Scotland not to have a type-founder nearer than London. The printer showed the ingenious goldsmith some single types, and also composed pages standing ready for the press, and asked him if there was anything so difficult in the manufacture of type that he could not invent a way of doing it.

"I judge it more practicable," replied the goldsmith, "for me to make plates from the composed pages than to make single types."

"If," said the printer, "such a thing could be done, an estate might be made by it."

William Ged requested the printer to lend him a page of composed type for an experiment, which he took home with him, and proceeded to consider. After several days of experimenting, he appears to have hit upon the right idea. That is to say, he came to the conclusion that the composed page must be *cast*; but the question remained, what was the proper material in which to cast it; and it was not until two years had elapsed that he discovered the secret. He appears to have tried the harder and more expensive metals before attempting it in a metal, or compound of metals, similar to that of the type itself. At the end of two years, he had such success that no one could distinguish an impression taken from one of his cast plates from ordinary print.

From this time he had the usual experience of an inventor. Although not destitute of capital, he offered a fourth inter-

est in his invention to an Edinburgh printer, on condition of his advancing all the money requisite for establishing a stereotype foundry. But this printer, upon conversing with others of the craft, became so alarmed at the expensiveness of the undertaking, that he failed to perform his part of the contract. The partnership lasted two years, during which the cautious Scotch printer advanced but twenty-two pounds ; and the impatient Ged looked eagerly about him for a more enterprising partner. Thus four years passed away after he had begun to experiment.

A London stationer, William Fenner by name, being by accident at Edinburgh, heard of the invention, and made an offer for a share in its profits. He agreed to advance all the money requisite ; and, four months after date, to have a house and materials ready in London suitable for Ged's purpose. The inventor thought it a hard bargain to relinquish one half the profits of so valuable and costly a conception ; but he gladly accepted it, and proceeded to arrange his business for a removal to the metropolis.

Arriving in London at the time appointed, he was sorely disappointed to find that neither house nor material was ready for him. His delinquent partner, who was a plausible fellow, contrived to satisfy him with his excuses, and even induced him to admit into the firm a type-founder on condition of his supplying them with the requisite amount of type. This type-founder, however, furnished them only with refuse type, wholly unsuited to the purpose, which Ged rejected, to the great disgust of both his partners. Not discouraged, he next applied to the king's printers to know if they would take from him stereotyped plates of a certain excellent type which they had recently introduced. A day was appointed for Ged to lay before them in detail his plans and proposals.

Before the day named for the interview, the king's printers very naturally consulted upon the subject the very type-founder who had furnished them with the admirable type which had attracted Ged's attention. The type-founder *as* naturally pooh-poohed the new system; indeed, laughed it to scorn, and said he would give the inventor fifty guineas if in six months he would make one page of the Bible by the new method, which would produce as good an impression as could be obtained from good type. The interview, however, occurred, and probably Ged would have convinced the king's printers of the feasibility of his plans, but for the adverse opinion of an interested man. The printers told the inventor of the offer of fifty guineas, and said that the gentleman who had made it was then in the house.

"Being called into our company," Mr. Ged relates, in a narrative dictated on his death-bed, after a long life of disappointment, "he bragged much of his great skill and knowledge in all the parts of mechanism, and particularly vaunted that he and *hundreds besides himself* could make plates to as great perfection as I could; which occasioned some heat in our conversation."

The dispute was settled at last by a kind of wager. The type-founder and Ged were each of them to be furnished with a page of the Bible in type, and bring back within eight days a stereotyped plate of the same; and he who failed was to treat the whole company. An umpire was appointed, — the foreman of the king's printing-house, — and the parties separated. The result may best be given in Ged's own quaint language: —

"Next day, about dinner time, each of us had a page sent us. I immediately after fell to work, and by five o' th' clock that same afternoon, I had finished three plates from that page, and caused to take impressions from them on paper, which I and partners

carried directly to the king's printing-house, and showed them to said Mr. Gibb, the foreman, who would not believe but these impressions were taken from the type; whereupon, I produced one of the plates, which, he said, was the types soldered together, and sawed through. To convince him of his mistake, I took that plate from him, and broke it before his face, then showed him another, which made him cry out. He was surprised at my performance, and then called us to a bottle of wine; when he purposed I should take eleven pages more, to make up a form, that he might see how it answered the sheet-way."

Poor Ged had been only too successful; for the printers fancied they saw in this new invention the destruction of their business; and from this time there appears to have been a tacit understanding among them that Ged and his scheme were to be frustrated. At the expiration of the eight days, the type-founder failed to keep his appointment, but had the honesty to send word that he could not perform the thing himself, neither "could he get one of the *hundreds* he had spoken of to undertake it."

The news of Ged's invention circulated in London, and specimens of his plates were handed about, till one of them fell into the hands of the Earl of Macclesfield. This nobleman caused the partners to be informed that the office of printer to the University of Cambridge was vacant, and that the heads of the University would be glad to receive them, and award them the privilege of printing Bibles and Prayer Books by the new process. This was joyful intelligence; but the too easy and credulous Ged was not the man to profit by it. Indeed, the opposition of the London printers was so general and so violent, that a stronger man than he might have struggled against it in vain. He now discovered that his partner, Fenner, was not possessed of capital, and they were obliged to admit a fourth partner, who afterwards boasted

that he had joined the company for the sole purpose of destroying it.

"As long as I am their letter-founder," said he to a leading printer, "they shall never hurt the trade, and it was for that reason I joined them."

The contract, however, was obtained from the University, and Ged went to Cambridge to superintend the work. But he was utterly unable to contend against the opposition of the printers; and the less, because he had not been bred a printer himself. His partners deceived and cheated him; his colleague, the type-founder, sent him damaged and imperfect type. He sent to Holland for a supply. After two months they arrived, but they proved to be so incomplete that an impression taken from them was little more than a page of blots.

After struggling with difficulties of this nature for four or five years, without being able to complete the stereotyped plates for one Bible or Prayer Book, his patience was exhausted, and he returned to Edinburgh, a ruined man. The true cause of his failure was his extreme credulity, which was such as to disqualify him from successfully dealing with men. At Edinburgh his friends, anxious that so valuable an invention should not be lost, made a subscription to defray the expense of stereotyping one volume, and Ged apprenticed his son to a printer in order that he might not be dependent for the necessary assistance upon a hostile body. By the aid of his son, he completed plates for a Latin Sallust, which was printed at Edinburgh in the year 1736, and copies of it are still preserved in Scotland as curiosities. As he was unable to procure the best type, this Sallust is not a very fine specimen of stereotyping; but it is a convincing proof that William Ged had mastered the chief difficulties of the art, and that in more favorable circumstances he could

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have executed work which even at the present day would be considered creditable.

The invention was never a source of profit to the inventor. By the time his son was a sufficiently good compositor to render him valuable aid, and just as they were about to embark in business together, he was taken sick. He died in 1749.

It is a proof of the simplicity of his character and of his faith in the value of his invention, that, though he had offers from Holland either to go thither or sell his invention to Holland printers, he always refused.

"I want," said he, "to serve my own country, and not to hurt it, as I must have done by enabling them to undersell by that advantage."

After Ged's death the secret slumbered till about the year 1795, when it was revived or rediscovered in Paris, and soon after brought to considerable perfection in England. At present the art of stereotyping has been brought to the point, that our daily newspapers, such as the "Times," "Herald," and "Tribune," containing eight large pages, are stereotyped every night in from twenty-five to thirty minutes, and as many copies of the plates can be produced as may be desired.

LIFE, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION OF
ALGERNON SIDNEY.

THAT splendid spendthrift, Louis XIV., King of France, while he was hunting one day, in a royal park near Paris, noticed among the throng of hunters an Englishman, mounted upon an exceedingly superb and high-mettled horse. Foreigners of rank were permitted to share in the sports of the King, whose hunting retinue was frequently joined by gentlemen who had been presented to him by ambassadors residing at this gorgeous court.

The King was so captivated by the stranger's horse that he determined to possess it, and sent a messenger to ask the owner to name the price and deliver the animal. This was the King's way of buying anything upon which he had fixed covetous eyes, and no one ever presumed to refuse him. But this Englishman, to the surprise of the messenger, and to the great irritation of the King, replied to the proposal, that his horse was not for sale. The haughty monarch caused a liberal price for a horse to be counted out, and sent it to the Englishman, with a positive order to accept the same and surrender the animal. An exile from his native land, where, at that bad time, there was no justice for such as he, where king and ministers were the paid servants of the French monarch, he seemed to have no choice but to obey. But this was a man of the heroic type. He drew a pistol and shot the horse through the head, saying:—

"My horse was born a free creature, has served a free man, and shall not be mastered by a king of slaves."

There you have Algernon Sidney, the blunt, brave, noble-minded Republican, among the first of his time and country who clearly understood the rights of man and the just foundation of human government, — the forerunner of our Jefferson and Madison.

There are two noted Sidneys in modern English history. One was that knightly gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, who is remembered and beloved, because, on the battle-field, he waved aside the proffered draught of water, and had it given to a wounded soldier, who, he thought, needed it more. Algernon Sidney was his grandnephew, the son of a nephew of Sir Philip. Algernon's father was the Earl of Leicester, a wealthy and powerful nobleman, who held conspicuous posts both under king and parliament. That these two Sidneys were alike in character, as well as akin by blood, we might infer from a single incident in the life of Algernon, which marks the *gentleman* as unmistakably and as grandly as Sir Philip's refusal of the water.

Though the son of one of the chief of England's nobility, he sided with the parliament against the king, and, while still a very young man, commanded under Cromwell's eye a regiment of horse at the battle of Marston Moor, where he charged the foe with brilliant impetuosity, returning from the fight covered with wounds. Unable from his lameness to serve again in the field during the war, he entered the House of Commons, where, by voice and vote, he still labored for the success of the parliamentary cause.

Victory crowned the united efforts of warriors and statesmen. Then, as usually happens in such cases, differences of opinion arose among the chiefs, particularly with regard to the fate of the king. Cromwell, from the first, had

regarded Charles merely as the chief of the enemies of the country, the leader of the great faction hostile to the ancient liberties of England and the natural rights of man. Long ago he had said to his troops : —

“If I should meet King Charles in the body of the enemy, I would as soon discharge my pistol upon him as upon any private man; and for any soldier present who is troubled with a conscience that will not let him do the like, I advise him to quit the service he is engaged in.”

Feeling thus at the beginning of the struggle, Cromwell was not disposed to respect the kingly character when at length Charles was in his power. Sidney, however, and many of his friends, though fully alive to the king's guilt, and prepared to decree his deposition, deemed it impolitic and unjust to put him to death. When the act passed for bringing the king to trial, Sidney was spending a few days at the seat of his father, the Earl of Leicester. On hearing the news, he hastened to London, where he heard, for the first time, that his own name was in the list of persons appointed to try the king.

“I presently,” he says, “went to the Painted Chamber, where those who were nominated for judges were assembled. A debate was raised, and I did positively oppose Cromwell and Bradshaw and others who would have the trial to go on, and drew my reasons from these two points : First, the king could be tried by no court. Secondly, that no man could be tried by *that* court. This being alleged in vain, and Cromwell using these formal words, ‘I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown upon it,’ I replied, ‘You may take your own course; I cannot stop you; but I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business,’ and immediately went out of the room and never returned. This is all that passed publicly, or that can with

truth be recorded or taken notice of. I had an intention which is not very fit for a letter."

His intention was, as his friends conjectured, to move, in the House, the formal deposition of the king; but Cromwell carried the day. The king was tried, condemned, and executed; and the Lord Protector ruled in his stead.

Now, here is the point that shows the high tone and noble breeding of Algernon Sidney. In the secret councils of his party he had opposed the trial and execution of the king, and he even signified to the public his disapproval by absenting himself from London till the deed was done; but, immediately after, he resumed his attendance in Parliament, and continued to give his aid in the settlement of the government, still faithful to the liberal cause. And when, in after years, the execution of Charles was held throughout Europe to be an act that covered the perpetrators with the blackest infamy, Sidney never sought, by avowing his innocence, to escape his share of the odium. From Denmark, after the Restoration, he wrote to his father:—

"I do avow that, since I came into Denmark, I have many times so justified that act, as people did believe I had a hand in it; and never did disavow it, unless it were to the king of Sweden and Grand Maître of Denmark, who asked me privately."

Such behavior marks the difference between men of ordinary and men of noble nature. Common men say, take care of number one. The heroes, ornaments, and saviours of our race are apt to take care of every one *except* number one.

Sidney opposed Oliver Cromwell on another memorable occasion, when the Protector dispersed the Long Parliament, rising in his place, and crying out:—

"You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament! I'll put an end to your sitting. Begone! Give way to honest men!"

When Cromwell had thus spoken, he stamped upon the floor. The door flew open. A file of soldiers marched in and drove out the members,—all but two, the Speaker and Algernon Sidney, who sat nearest him. These would not yield except to force actually applied to their persons. Pointing to the Speaker, Cromwell shouted, —

“Fetch him down!”

One of Cromwell’s adherents, Harrison, went to the Speaker, and asked him to leave his seat and retire from the hall.

“I will not come down till I am forced,” said the Speaker.

“Take him down!” cried Cromwell.

“Sir,” said Harrison, pulling the Speaker by the gown, “I will lend you a hand.”

Upon this the Speaker descended from his chair, and withdrew. Sidney alone remained.

“Put him out!” said Cromwell, pointing to his old comrade in arms.

Harrison went to Sidney, and urged him to obey.

“I will not go out,” said Sidney.

“Put him out!” repeated Cromwell.

Two of Cromwell’s satellites then placed their hands upon the shoulders of this last representative of England’s freedom, thus applying the requisite technical “force,” upon which Sidney rose and left the room. Then it was that Cromwell, pointing to the Speaker’s mace, cried out: “Take away that bauble!”

With his own hands he locked the door, and carried off the key to his palace, the absolute lord of England. Sidney withdrew to the family seat in the country, and took no part in public life till Cromwell’s death restored parliamentary government. He then resumed the seat from which he had been ejected, resumed his place in the executive government,

under Richard, Cromwell's son. During the short period that elapsed between the death of Oliver Cromwell and the return of Charles II., Sidney accepted an important diplomatic mission to Denmark, and there he was residing when the news reached him of the restoration of the King. He knew not whether to remain or return home, nor whether to continue or renounce his diplomatic character. He was not long in learning, however, that the only terms upon which he could safely tread again his native soil, were such as he could not comply with without indelible dishonor: namely, the acknowledgment that he had done wrong in opposing the late king, and asking pardon of the new one.

"I had rather," he wrote, "be a vagabond all my life than buy my own country at so dear a rate."

He said that on a calm review of the past he could not think of one act of his, in connection with the late civil wars, which he did not think justified by the state of things at the time.

"This," he added, "is my strength, and I thank God by this I enjoy very serene thoughts. If I lose this by vile and unworthy submissions, acknowledgment of errors, asking pardon, or the like, I shall, from that moment, be the miserablest man alive, and the scorn of all men."

And so, for seventeen years, Algernon Sidney remained an exile and a wanderer; always protesting his willingness to obey the king, because *Parliament* had accepted him, and *made* him the lawful head of the government; but firmly refusing to express the slightest contrition for the part he had taken in the rebellion. His father, at length, a very aged man, feeling the approach of death, urged him to ask the government to permit his return and brief stay in England, that they might meet once more. Sidney complied; obtained permission; saw his father, and was present at his death, which occurred six weeks after.

Happy would it have been for him, if he had returned to France, as he had intended. Remaining, to settle some affairs growing out of a disputed clause of his father's will, he was arrested on a groundless charge of being concerned in a conspiracy to dethrone the king, and bestow the crown upon the Duke of Monmouth, the king's illegitimate son.

A witty French author, descanting upon the foibles of the fair sex, remarks that a woman often has two reasons for her conduct: First, the reason; secondly, the reason that she gives.

It is no more true of women than of men. In the olden time, when diplomacy was reckoned an important and mysterious science, it was eminently true of governments, which seldom avowed the reason that actually controlled their action. In dooming Algernon Sidney to death, for example, the government of England pretended that that admirable gentleman had conspired to dethrone Charles II. and to give the crown to the Duke of Monmouth, the king's illegitimate son. That was the pretext. The real reason was, that Algernon Sidney held in the deepest abhorrence and contempt the legitimate heir, the king's brother, the Duke of York, whose accession to the throne a considerable party opposed. Sidney was one of the leaders of this party in Parliament, and gave the most earnest support to a bill excluding the Duke of York from the succession. The king dissolved the Parliament in the midst of the session, and the Duke of York wrote to his brother, applauding this course, and urging other arbitrary measures.

"The time," wrote he, "has come to be truly king, or to perish! No more parliaments. It is to France you must have recourse for subsidies!"

The creatures of the Duke were reckless enough to avow that their master had given this advice; and it was Algernon

Sidney who defended Parliament, and denounced the Duke for his treachery to the independence of his country. This he did in a very able, eloquent pamphlet, which had great success with the public.

"Good God!" exclaimed the indignant Sidney, "to what a condition is this kingdom reduced, when the ministers and agents of the only prince in the world who can have designs against us, or of whom we ought to be afraid, are not only made acquainted with the most secret passages of state, but are made our chief ministers too, and have the principal conduct of our affairs! And let the world judge if the Commons had not reason for their vote, when they declared *those eminent persons* who manage things at this rate, to be enemies to the king and kingdom, and promoters of the French interests."

It was well known whom he meant by "those eminent persons"; the cruel and vindictive Duke of York was, at least, well aware of the author's meaning.

Sidney, too, had mortally offended the king, and the whole party of tories and non-resistants, by the freedom with which he denounced the arbitrary principles then affected by all who aspired to favor or place.

"Do the people," said he, in one of his popular tracts, "make the king, or the king make the people? Is the king for the people or the people for the king? Did God create the Hebrews that Saul might reign over them? or did they, from an opinion of procuring their own good, ask a king that might judge them and fight their battles?"

He aggravated the royal party still further by justifying the deposition of such kings as Charles I., who proved faithless to their trust, by transcending or abusing their authority. Governments, he maintained, exist for the good of the governed, and have no rightful authority except by the consent

of the governed. Imagine Charles II., the Duke of York, and their friends, reading a passage like this in a tract by Algernon Sidney : —

“ As absolute monarchy cannot subsist unless the prevailing part of the people be corrupted, and free or popular government must certainly perish unless they be preserved in a great measure free from vices. I doubt whether any better reason can be given why there have been, and are, more monarchies than popular governments in the world, than that nations are more easily drawn into corruption than defended from it ; and I think that monarchy can be said to be natural in no other sense than that our depraved nature is most inclined to that which is worst.”

That must have been unpalatable doctrine to the men who were doing their utmost to bring England under the yoke of an absolute monarch. The time came when they could wreak a bloody vengeance upon the author of sentiments so hostile to their scheme. Upon a groundless charge of complicity with the designs of Monmouth, the partisans of the Duke of York urged his arrest and trial for treason.

Sidney had reached the age of sixty-one years. On the 26th of June, 1683, after a morning passed in study, he was seated at dinner with a few friends, unapprehensive of danger. An officer entered the apartment, bearing an order from the Privy Council, requiring him to appear before them, and ordering the seizure of his papers. Being conducted to the council chamber, he replied to all questions, that, upon the production of any evidence implicating him, he was ready to meet it, and refute it ; but till that was done, he had nothing to say. Upon this he was committed to the Tower upon a charge of high treason, no hint being given him of the particulars or the grounds of the accusation.

There were no grounds. The government had no evidence criminating him ; but they were resolved to find some,

or to make it. Among other expedients, they sent a committee to visit the prisoner in the Tower, hoping to extort or beguile something from him that could be used against him. But Sidney said to them in his lofty manner : —

“ You seem to want evidence, and to have come to draw it from my own mouth ; but you shall have nothing from me.”

He could easily foresee his doom ; for while he lay in the Tower, denied all intercourse with friends or counsel, Lord William Russell, a fellow-prisoner, died upon the block, a martyr to the very principles which Sidney had defended so long by voice, vote, and pen. After four months' imprisonment, he was arraigned before the infamous Jeffries, that creature of the court whom the Duke of York, when he became James II., rewarded for his services in these trials, by making him Lord High Chancellor of England. The trial was the merest mockery of justice. The indictment, which the prisoner never saw, and never heard till he heard it read in court that day, was so long, so involved, and couched in Latin so technical, that he could not understand what he was charged with. The prisoner objected to the indictment. The judge told him he must plead guilty or not guilty ; but the prosecuting attorney said he had no objection to the prisoner taking exception to the indictment, if he chose to run the risk.

“ I presume,” rejoined Sidney, puzzled by these proceedings, “ I presume your lordship will direct me, for I am an ignorant man in matters of this kind. I may be easily surprised in it. I never was at a trial in my life, of anybody, and never read a law book.”

The false and heartless knave of a chief-justice, unmoved by this touching appeal, refused all useful information, and told the prisoner that he must either plead to the indict-

ment, or demur; and if he should demur, and not be able to sustain his objection, his life was forfeit without further trial. Still the prisoner hesitated. It was not till Jeffries threatened to proceed to instant judgment, that he reluctantly consented to plead not guilty. A hireling witness and a packed jury completed what a corrupt judge had begun. Passages from the papers seized in Sidney's own house were read in court as evidence against him; some of which had been written twenty years before, as part of a treatise upon government. One sentence, at which Jeffries pretended to be shocked, and which the prosecuting attorney held up to the execration of an ignorant and bigoted jury, was this: —

“The *general* revolt of a nation from its own magistrates can never be called a rebellion.”

This was held to justify, not only the revolt against Charles I., but any future revolt against Charles II. or his successors; and it was in vain that Sidney called the attention of the jury to the fact that the paper upon which the offensive words were written was yellow with age.

“If you believe,” said Jeffries, in his charge to the jury, “that that was Colonel Sidney's book, no man can doubt but it is sufficient evidence that he is guilty of compassing and imagining the death of the king. . . . Gentlemen, I must tell you I think I ought more than ordinarily to press this upon you, because I know the misfortunes of the late unhappy rebellion, and the bringing the late blessed king to the scaffold, was first begun by such kind of principles. They cried, he had betrayed the trust that was delegated to him from the people.”

The trial lasted from ten in the morning until six in the evening; and during the whole period, Sidney not only

displayed his constitutional firmness and courage, but a promptitude and skill in meeting the points made by the attorney and the judge, which would have secured his triumphant acquittal, if the jury had been intelligent and uncorrupt. After half an hour's absence from their box, the jury returned with a verdict of Guilty; and a few days after, the prisoner was brought again to the court-room, to receive his sentence. When asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he attempted to speak, but was rudely interrupted by one of the associate justices, and all his exceptions were contemptuously set aside by Jeffries, who seemed impatient to sentence him. When the sentence had been pronounced, Sidney, raising his hands to heaven, uttered these words:—

“Then, O God, I beseech Thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood to the country, nor to the great city through which I am to be drawn; let no inquisition be made for it, but, if any, and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be avenged, let the weight of it fall upon those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake!”

A week later, he ascended the scaffold on Tower Hill, with the calm fortitude that belonged to his character. To the sheriff, who asked him if he had anything to say to the people, he replied:—

“I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to say to men; but here is a paper of what I have to say.”

After removing some of his upper garments, he laid his head upon the block with the utmost serenity of manner; and when the executioner, according to the customary form, asked him if he should rise again, he quietly replied:—

“Not till the general resurrection. Strike on.”

A moment after, the axe descended, severing the head at a blow, and the executioner held it up to the multitude as the head of a traitor. It was the noblest head in England, and under it had beaten one of the noblest hearts.

I have seen — and the reader may see when he visits the Tower of London — the block upon which Sidney's head was laid, and the axe with which it was severed from the body. From the number of cuts in the block, it is evident that it was often used; and the reader, if he chooses, may indulge his fancy, and guess which of the cuts records the execution of Lady Jane Grey, which that of Charles I., which that of Lord William Russell, and which that of this noblest of them all — Algernon Sidney.

A HERO OF LITERATURE—THOMAS HOOD.

It is a curious fact that those who contribute to the merriment of mankind, are, as a class, among the least happy of our species. Comic actors, for example, are usually very grave men, often subject to melancholy, sometimes to ill temper; and, in some notorious instances, they have been cruelly unfortunate. I have been behind the scenes of a theatre two or three times in my life, and I was always struck with the serious demeanor of the comic men when they were off duty.

I well remember one evening, when the curtain went down upon the gay comedy of "The Honeymoon," the startling change which came over the countenances of the comedians at the very moment that they were hidden from the gaze of the audience. Every face collapsed into an expression of mingled sadness and fatigue, and they all seemed to slink away, in their fine clothes and staring paint, as if they were thoroughly sick of the whole business, and never meant to appear on the stage again. The excellent artist who played the part of the "Mock Duke" passed me as he went slowly and wearily up to his dressing-room. I shall never forget how tired and dejected he looked; and I have since learned that he had abundant cause to be dejected. He was amusing the public and keeping multitudes in a roar of laughter, when his heart was torn and desolate by the most acute domestic afflictions.

Humorous writers, I should suppose, are not more happy or more fortunate than their brethren of the stage. I could mention some striking examples among the living; but it seems to be a necessity of the case, that those who cheer and entertain us by their pleasure-giving talents, should themselves tread the wine-press alone, and receive little help and little sympathy until neither can do them any good.

The life and death of Thomas Hood, author of the "Song of the Shirt," and editor for many years of the "Comic Annual," seems to me to be one of the most pathetic tragedies of modern times. Observe this passage from one of the letters of his wife:—

"All Tuesday Hood has been in such an exhausted state he was obliged to go to bed; but *I was up all night ready to write at his dictation if he felt able*; but it was so utter a prostration of strength, that he could scarcely speak, much less use his head at all. The doctor said it was extreme exhaustion from the cold weather, want of air and exercise, acted upon by great anxiety of mind and nervousness. . . . The shorter the time became the more nervous he was, and incapable of writing. . . . His distress that the last post was come without his being able to send (manuscript to a magazine) was dreadful."

It was jests for a comic periodical that poor Hood struggled to invent that night, while his wife sat at his side waiting to write them down at his dictation. Such scenes occurred many a time in the author's room,—he so racked with agony that he could neither write nor draw, and his wife sitting patiently during the slow hours of the night, waiting to see if her husband would have an interval of ease when he could exercise his powers. The following is a portion of an apology once inserted in the magazine called "Hood's Own":

"Up to Thursday, the twenty-third, Mr. Hood did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue in the present

number the novel which he began in the last. . . . On the same evening, sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion."

And yet, even in such desperate circumstances, he could sometimes throw off a great number of excellent jests and amusing pictures. On that very night just described, he succeeded in drawing two humorous sketches, which were published in the magazine. One was a picture of a magpie, with a hawk's hood on its head, which was called "Hood's Mag." The other picture was a collection of bottles, leeches, and blisters; and this was styled "The Editor's Apologies." During the last twelve years of his life, he scarcely ever wrote except with great physical pain or inconvenience. Nor was it possible for him to rest; for the compensation paid to contributors was smaller then than now, and he had a family dependent on him. He was in debt through the fault of others, and it required the utmost exertion of his powers to keep the wolf from the door.

His father was a London bookseller and author, — more successful, however, in selling than in making books. He wrote two novels, which have long since passed into oblivion; but as a bookseller he was successful enough to rear his family respectably, and give his children such education as was usual at that day, in his sphere of life. His second son, Thomas, was born in the last year of the last century. Losing his father when he was a boy of fifteen, he was apprenticed to an engraver, under whom he acquired that skill with his pencil which he turned to account as the editor of comic periodicals. To his widowed mother he was a most affectionate and faithful son. She did not long survive her husband, and her last days were greatly soothed and cheered by the untiring services of her children.

If the reader knows anything of the writings of Thomas Hood, he is aware that there was one thing in the world that he hated more than all others besides, and that was the *cant* of religion. I have just discovered the cause of the peculiar intensity of this hatred. Being much persecuted by a female neighbor with tracts and canting letters, he sat down one day, and wrote her a long satirical remonstrance, which he entitled, "My Tract." It is extremely ingenious and forcible; but the last paragraph gives us the key, not only to this composition, but to others of a similar nature which abound in his works:—

"And now, Madam, farewell Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life (which was marked by every Christian virtue), by the presentation of a tract addressed to Infidels. I remember, also, that the same heartless woman intruded herself, with less reverence than a Mohawk squaw would have exhibited, on the chamber of death, and interrupted with her jargon almost my very last interview with my dying parent. Such reminiscences warrant some severity; but if more be wanting, know that my poor sister has been excited by a circle of canters like yourself into a religious frenzy, and is at this moment in a private mad-house."

That explains all. And terrible was the revenge which he took upon all the tribe of hypocrites; for I suppose no man ever lived who did so much to make the cant of religion odious and loathsome.

The close confinement of an engraver's office soon told upon his health; for he was a delicate and sensitive boy. He was therefore sent to a relation in Scotland, where he remained for two years as clerk in a counting-room; and it was in Scotland that he first began to write for the public. Returning to London in his twenty-second year, he obtained

employment in the office of a magazine as proof-reader and editorial assistant. He began forthwith to write humorous contributions for this periodical in prose and verse, few of which, however, have been thought worthy of republication. His connection with this magazine made him a literary man for life, and in that career he achieved, at length, a fame which extended as far as the English language is known.

At twenty-five he married that admirable, that devoted, that martyr wife, who gave herself up so entirely to her suffering husband, and upon whose cheering presence he was at last so dependent, that he could hardly write at all if she were not near him. The first years of his married life were happy and fortunate, for he enjoyed tolerable health; he could produce salable matter with astonishing ease, and he had a sufficient income.

Ten years passed. He had saved some money, which he invested in a publishing business, as Sir Walter Scott did in the great Edinburgh house that published his novels. The firm of which poor Hood was a silent member failed in 1834, by which he lost all that he had saved, and was plunged into debt. His friends advised him to avail himself of the Bankrupt Act, or as he expressed it, to "score off his debts with legal whitewash or a wet sponge." But he chose to follow the example of Scott, and resolved, if health continued, to discharge his obligations by honest toil in his profession. With this object in view, he removed with his family to Coblenz, a town on the Rhine, where the necessaries of life are much cheaper than in England. On the passage over he narrowly escaped shipwreck, and suffered so severely, that his delicate constitution never recovered the strain.

How he flew at his task; how patiently he toiled; how fearfully he suffered; with what indomitable gayety of heart he bore his daily and nightly anguish; how kind he was as

father, husband, and friend; how tenderly he felt for the sorrows of the poor and friendless; how nobly he toiled in the service of the forlorn and afflicted; and how, while he suffered, he enlivened and blessed ten thousand homes with his honest, cheerful, and innocent writings, cannot here be told. The story of his life has never been related as it ought to have been. The memorials published some years ago by his children are of the deepest interest, and would almost move a heart of stone to pity; but we feel the tale to be incomplete, and it provokes curiosity rather than satisfies it. I gather, however, a few traits and incidents from it.

It is a custom in Europe to construct libraries in such a way that the doors and windows are not visible, so that the student may feel himself hemmed in on every side by books, and not be tempted to wander forth before his task is done. As there must be a way of getting in and out, the doors are so contrived as to resemble perfectly a continuation of the book-shelves, and on the backs of the imaginary books are stamped such fanciful titles as the ingenuity of the owner can devise; as "Essays on Wood," "Perpetual Motion," and others. Hood being requested by the Duke of Devonshire to furnish a number of such titles, he contributed a great number, of which the following are specimens:—

"The Life of Zimmerman (author of a work on Solitude). *By Himself.*" "The Racing Calendar, with the *Eclipses* for 1831." "Percy Vere, in forty volumes." "Lamb on the Death of Wolfe." "Tadpoles, or Tales out of My Own Head." "On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases." "MacAdam's Views in Rhodes." "Boyle on Steam." "John Knox on Death's Door." "Designs for Friezes, by Captain Parry." "Peel on Bell's System." "Life of Jack Ketch, with Cuts of His own Execution." "Barrow on the Common Weal." "Cursory

Remarks on Swearing." "Recollections of Bannister, by Lord Stair." "The Sculpture of the Chipaway Indians." "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue." "In-i-go on Secret Entrances."

The Duke might well reply as he did: "I am more obliged to you than I can say for my titles. They are exactly what I wanted, and are invented in that remarkable vein of humor which has, in your works, caused me and many of my friends so much amusement and satisfaction."

It was dangerous to make Hood the butt of a joke, for he was most ingenious at a retort, whether verbal or practical. Some friends one day, who were fishing with him in a small boat near his cottage, contrived to give the boat such a push as to throw him into the water. Upon coming out dripping he made light of the mishap; but soon began to complain of various cramps and pains, and at last went into the house apparently suffering a good deal. His jovial friends became serious, and persuaded him to go to bed, which he did. As soon as he was within the sheets, he began to groan and writhe in the most alarming manner, to the infinite distress of his comrades. The nearest doctor lived some miles distant, and meanwhile the patient, shaking with suppressed laughter, appeared to those around him seized with the most violent ague. One rushed for a teakettle of boiling water, another brought in a large tin bath; and a third employed himself in getting the materials for a mustard plaster. At last the patient pretended to be dying, and began in a hollow voice to give directions with regard to his will. His friends, penetrated with horror, implored him to forgive them for their fatal joke, and begged him to believe in the depth and sincerity of their remorse. Upon this, Hood could restrain himself no longer, but burst into

a perfect roar of laughter, which the horrified by-standers regarded as delirium. This time, however, the laughter was too natural to deceive them long, and they were soon all roaring in concert around the bedside.

The city of Cologne in those days was paved with cobblestones, even to the sidewalks, as New York used to be when it was a Dutch town. As Hood and his wife were hobbling along, he said it looked as though there had been a *stone storm*, and that if a certain place was paved with good intentions, Cologne must have been paved with the bad ones.

When they were living in Germany, Mrs. Hood volunteered to make an English plum-pudding for some of the officers of the garrison of Coblenz. Hood was writing late at night, when the servant took the pudding out of the pot, and put it smoking on a table near him. She then went to bed, and left him alone with the savory object. The spirit of mischief seized him. There was a large quantity of new wooden skewers lying about, which he proceeded to thrust into the pudding in every direction, and did it so neatly that the pudding presented no visible sign of the mischief that had been done to it. In the morning it was conveyed to the officers' mess, where it figured upon their table at dinner; and in the evening one of them came to thank Mrs. Hood for the gift. When the officer arrived, the lady was not present, and he began to pour forth the admiration and gratitude of the officers to her mischievous husband.

"Don't you think it was well trussed?" asked Hood.

To this the officer replied, "Yes," so simply and gravely, that Hood supposed they meditated a joke in retaliation, and kept a bright lookout upon the parties concerned. Days passed, and nothing happened. He discovered at length, by accident, that the Prussian officers, totally ignorant of the nature of plum-pudding, supposed that the skewers were a

proper and necessary part of it, and it was not until some one informed them to the contrary that they became aware that a joke had been played upon them. George the Third, we know, was puzzled to account for the presence of the apple inside of a dumpling; and these Prussians were no better informed respecting the nature of a plum-pudding.

He made a remark in one of his letters from Ostend, which some of our office-seekers might employ if their applications for appointment were "founded upon fact."

"Why," said he, "can't the Queen make me consul here? I don't want to turn anybody out; but can't there be nothing-to-do enough for two?"

He said once that there was a family living near him that had a *mile* of daughters. The name of the family was Furlong, and eight of them were daughters. "Eight furlongs make a mile."

When Hood was ready to sink under his burden, poor and sick, earning a bare subsistence for his family by efforts of almost superhuman endurance, a young man, little more than twenty-one, soared to celebrity and wealth by the exercise of the same kind of talent as that which Hood possessed. This was Charles Dickens, whose *Pickwick*, after running three or four months, was selling at the rate of eighty thousand a number. Hood beheld this success, not only without any mean repining, but with generous joy, and was one of the keenest appreciators of the new author. The editor of the "*Athenæum*" having privately asked his opinion of Dickens, Hood gave him the warmest praise, exulting in the talent which knew how to recognize and exhibit "good in low places, and evil in high ones."

He had a funny habit of inserting notes and comments in his wife's letters to her friends. She wrote once, "Hood is certainly much better in spite of all his drawbacks." Upon which he inserted, "Does she mean blisters?"

Although he was one of the most fertile of jesters, he did not disdain to note down ideas for use when he should need them. Among his papers was found a small book, in which he was accustomed to put down rudimental jokes, like the following :—

“Some men pretend to *penetration*, who have not even *half-penny-tration*.” “A quaker loves the ocean for its broadbrim.” “If three barley corns go to an inch, how many corns go to a foot? Bunyan says thirty-six.” “That bantam Mercury, with feathered heels.” “What a little child! Ah! his parents never made much of him.”

As his life was ebbing away, he wrote several notes of farewell to his more distant friends, and even in them he could not refrain from the exercise of his fanciful wit. One of these notes was the following :—

“Dear Moir—God bless you and yours, and good-by! I drop these few lines as in a bottle from a ship water-logged and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility. But though suffering in body, serene in mind. So without reversing my Union Jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir, yours most truly,

“THOMAS HOOD.”

There never was a man more disposed to enjoy and make much of the innocent pleasures of this world. He suffered extremely during his last sickness, and yet the sight of a flower, or the streaming in of the sunlight, would often make him for a while forget his pain. He said to his children on a fine spring morning, shortly before his death :—

“It’s a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here I have thought of it more and more. It is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very

happy days while I lived in it, and *could* have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world."

His last verses, published in the last number of his magazine to which he contributed, were these : —

STANZAS.

Farewell Life! My senses swim,
And all the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night:
Colder, colder, colder still —
Upward steals a vapor chill —
Strong the earthy odor grows,
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! The spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom —
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapors cold —
I smell the rose above the mould!

He died in 1845, aged forty-six years. He was buried in a cemetery near London, where an unusually beautiful and tasteful monument covers his remains, to the erection of which a prodigious number of the best hearts in the British Empire contributed.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A CITIZEN.

To most of us, the prospect of being obliged to make a speech is simply terrible. This appears to be particularly the case with literary men, who are apt to be shy and sensitive, and whose success in one kind of utterance, they think, imposes upon them a kind of obligation not to fail in another.

Every one remembers the woful plight into which the poet Cowper was thrown when his friends procured for him a lucrative office for life, which would oblige him to read aloud occasionally in the House of Lords. He was so completely panic-stricken, that his reason at length gave way; and, after he had twice attempted to commit suicide, his family consented to his resigning the place. Washington Irving, as we all know, had a mortal dread of addressing an assembly,—and, on one celebrated occasion, broke down and took his seat in confusion. Hawthorne, too, was a coward before an audience, and it cost him a great effort, when he was Consul at Liverpool, to say a few words after dinner in acknowledgment of a toast complimenting his country. Thackeray was little more of a speech-maker than Hawthorne. He used to suffer extremely when he had engaged to preside at a meeting, or reply to a sentiment. I remember, also, the remarkable case of the strong man of New England, Dr. Winship, who declares that he lost seven pounds of flesh during the week or two precoding the delivery of his first lecture; and

when at length he came trembling before the audience, and had uttered a few words, the lights swam before his eyes, he fell to the floor, and was carried out in a dead faint.

Notwithstanding this natural repugnance to public speaking, I think that every citizen of a free country ought to endeavor to overcome it. It seems to me to be a real cowardice, which we ought not to permit to ourselves, any more than a boy ought to stay out of the water, because the first plunge is chill and disagreeable. Surely we ought to expect from every educated person, that he should be able to get upon his legs, look his fellow-beings in the face, and utter to them freely and calmly his thoughts, if he has any, upon subjects of common interest. That this accomplishment is somewhat more common in the United States than anywhere else in the world, is a fact upon which we should congratulate ourselves.

Charles Dickens was so constituted that he never experienced the slightest embarrassment in making a speech. When he was last in the United States, he told a friend that the first time he had ever addressed an audience, he was as composed in mind as though he were talking to his own family, and that every speech he had ever delivered was extemporaneous. He said that when he was going to speak in the evening, he was accustomed to take a walk by himself, and arrange the outline of what he wished to say, and after fixing the leading thoughts well in his mind, dismiss the subject until he rose to speak.

All those fifty-six speeches, therefore, which have been recently published in a volume, were in some degree the unstudied expression of his nature. Many of them, indeed, were uttered without a moment's preparation, since they were suggested by occurrences which could not be anticipated. In delivering the prizes one evening to the pupils

of the Birmingham Institute, he had to bestow one of the medals upon a Miss Winkle,— a name which was, of course, received by the audience with laughter, as it reminded them of Mr. Pickwick's sporting friend. The young lady herself joining in the merriment, Mr. Dickens pretended to whisper a few words in her ear, and then, turning to the audience, said : —

"I have recommended Miss Winkle to change her name."

In this happy way he availed himself of every incident of festive occasion. No one, I presume, ever carried the art of presiding at a public dinner nearer perfection than he. There was such a blending of dignity and ease in his demeanor, and such a union of airy humor and weighty thought in his discourse, that no one could tell, at the close of the repast, whether he had been more amused than impressed, or more impressed than amused, although sure that he had never been so much amused or so much impressed in his life before.

These speeches are perhaps, upon the whole, the most *Dickensy* of his works, and they certainly do present him to us in a most captivating light. They show him to us as a man who, although himself powerful and famous, yet had a peculiar and strong sympathy with the weak and the defeated. For example, in that very Birmingham speech, to which allusion has just been made, he did not omit to say a few consoling words to those who had striven for the prizes, but striven in vain. He remarked that the prize-takers were not the only successful pupils, but merely the most successful.

"To strive at all," said he, "involves a victory achieved over sloth, inertness, and indifference. . . Therefore, every losing competitor among my hearers may be certain

that he has still won much — very much — and that he can well afford to swell the triumph of his rivals who have passed him in the race."

It was also graceful in him, in presiding at a meeting of proof-readers, to acknowledge that he had never gone over the sheets of any of his works without having a proof-reader point out to him "something that he had overlooked, some slight inconsistency into which he had fallen, some little lapse he had made"; showing that he had been closely followed "by a patient and trained mind, and not merely by a skilful eye."

At the same time he was, if we may judge by his speeches, wholly free from jealousy of authors who might be supposed to be his rivals. The only two men in England whom any one could regard in that light, during his lifetime, were Thackeray and Bulwer, but he seems to have had for both a genuine admiration.

"I am sure," said Mr. Dickens, at a dinner of the Theatrical Fund, at which Thackeray presided, "I am sure that this institution never has had, and that it never will have, simply because it cannot have, a greater lustre cast upon it than by the presence of the noble English writer who fills the chair to-night."

On more than one occasion, he paid equal homage to the genius of Lord Lytton, Thomas Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Carlyle, and Henry Thomas Buckle.

Dickens shows himself a modest man in these speeches, inasmuch as he ever attributes whatever success he may have had in literature to hard work. I would like to have the following passage put up conspicuously in every school and college on the globe:—

"The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality, in every study and in every pursuit, is the quality of

ATTENTION. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas, — such mental qualities will not be commanded; but attention, after a due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by any one, and it is certain, in its own good season, to bring forth flowers and fruit."

Many times he recurs to the same idea. He seems to take pleasure, also, in sharing the glory of his works with his readers. "*Your earnestness*," he once said, "has stimulated mine, your laughter has made me laugh, and your tears have overflowed my eyes"; and he again added, that he claimed nothing for himself but "*constant fidelity to hard work*."

For so amiable a man, he was singularly free from everything mawkish and weakly sentimental. Like every other person of good feeling, he regarded war with horror; but he knew well, as he once eloquently said, that there are times "when the evils of peace, though not so acutely felt, are immeasurably greater than the evils of war." We might almost suppose him speaking with a mind prophetic of these very days, when he gave one example of a peace more terrible than war. It was when "a powerful nation, by admitting the right of any autocrat to do wrong, sows, by such complicity, the seeds of its own ruin."

The same hearty, robust sense dictated his frequent remark, that sanitary reform must precede all other social remedies, and that neither education nor religion can do anything permanently useful until the way has been paved for their ministrations by cleanliness and decency.

He always stands by the age in which he had the happi-

ness to live. There is an excellent passage, too long for quotation, in which he defends the present time against the common charge of its being "a material age." He wishes to know whether electricity has become more *material*, in any sane mind, because of the blessed discovery that it could be employed for the service of man, to an immeasurably greater extent than for his destruction. He desires also to be informed whether he makes a more *material* journey to the bedside of a dying parent, when he travels thither sixty miles an hour, than when he jogs along at six.

"Rather," he adds, "in the swiftest case, does not my agonized heart become over-fraught with gratitude to that Supreme Beneficence from which alone could have proceeded the wonderful means of shortening my suspense?"

He goes on to say, with excellent truth and point, that the true material age is "the stupid Chinese age, in which no new or grand revelations of nature are granted, because they are ignorantly and insolently repelled, instead of being diligently and humbly sought."

I am tempted to append to these observations a passage from his celebrated Manchester speech of 1858, before the distribution of the prizes awarded by the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire. It may serve as a specimen of his manner, and an evidence of his worth as a citizen.

"I have looked," said he, "over a few of those examination-papers, which have comprised history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, decimal coinage, mensuration, mathematics, social economy, the French language, — in fact, they comprise all the keys that open all the locks of knowledge. I felt most devoutly gratified, as to many of them, that they had not been submitted to me to answer, for I am perfectly sure that if they had been, I should have had

mighty little to bestow upon myself to-night. And yet it is always to be observed, and seriously remembered, that these examinations are undergone by people whose lives have been passed in a continual fight for bread, and whose whole existence has been a constant wrestle with

‘Those twin jailors of the daring heart, —
Low birth and iron fortune.’ *

“I could not but consider, with extraordinary admiration, that these questions have been replied to, not by men like myself, the business of whose life is with writing and with books, but by men, the business of whose life is with tools and with machinery.

“Let me endeavor to recall, as well as my memory will serve me, from among the most interesting cases of prize-holders and certificate-gainers who will appear before you, some two or three of the most conspicuous examples. There are two poor brothers from near Chorley, who work from morning to night in a coal-pit, and who, in all weathers, have walked eight miles a night, three nights a week, to attend the classes in which they have gained distinction. There are two poor boys from Bollington, who began life as piecers at one shilling or eighteenpence a week, and the father of one of whom was cut to pieces by the machinery at which he worked, but not before he had himself founded the institution in which this son has since come to be taught. These two poor boys will appear before you to-night, to take the second-class prize in chemistry. There is a plasterer from Bury, sixteen years of age, who took a third-class certificate last year at the hands of Lord Brougham; he is this year again successful in a competition three times as severe. There is a wagon-maker from the same place, who knew little or absolutely nothing until he was a grown man, and who has

* Claude Melnotte, in “The Lady of Lyons,” Act III. Scene 2.

learned all he knows, which is a great deal, in the local institution. There is a chain-maker, in very humble circumstances, and working hard all day, who walks six miles a night, three nights a week, to attend the classes in which he has won so famous a place. There is a moulder in an iron foundry, who, whilst he was working twelve hours a day before the furnace, got up at four o'clock in the morning to learn drawing. 'The thought of my lads,' he writes in his modest account of himself, 'in their peaceful slumbers above me, gave me fresh courage, and I used to think that if I should never receive any personal benefit, I might instruct them when they came to be of an age to understand the mighty machines and engines which have made our country, England, pre-eminent in the world's history.' There is a piecer at mule-frames, who could not read at eighteen, who is now a man of little more than thirty, who is the sole support of an aged mother, who is arithmetical teacher in the institution in which he himself was taught, who writes of himself that he made the resolution never to take up a subject without keeping to it, and who has kept to it with such an astonishing will, that he is now well versed in Euclid and Algebra, and is the best French scholar in Stockport. The drawing-classes in that same Stockport are taught by a working blacksmith; and the pupil of that working blacksmith will receive the highest honors of to-night. Well may it be said of that good blacksmith, as it was written of another of his trade, by the American poet:—

‘Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.’

"To pass from the successful candidates to the delegates from local societies now before me, and to content myself with one instance from amongst them,—there is among their number a most remarkable man, whose history I have read with feelings that I could not adequately express under any circumstances, and least of all when I know he hears me, who worked when he was a mere baby at hand-loom weaving until he dropped from fatigue; who began to teach himself as soon as he could earn five shillings a week; who is now a botanist, acquainted with every production of the Lancashire valley; who is a naturalist, and has made and preserved a collection of the eggs of British birds, and stuffed the birds; who is now a conchologist, with a very curious, and, in some respects, an original collection of fresh-water shells, and has also preserved and collected the mosses of fresh water and of the sea; who is worthily the president of his own local Literary Institution, and who was at his work this time last night as foreman in a mill

"So stimulating has been the influence of these bright examples, and many more, that I notice among the applications from Blackburn for preliminary test examination-papers, one from an applicant who gravely fills up the printed form by describing himself as ten years of age, and who, with equal gravity, describes his occupation as "nursing a little child." Nor are these things confined to the men. The women employed in factories, milliners' work, and domestic service, have begun to show, as it is fitting they should, a most decided determination not to be outdone by the men; and the women of Preston in particular have so honorably distinguished themselves, and shown in their examination-papers such an admirable knowledge of the science of household management and household economy, that if I were a working bachelor of Lancashire or Cheshire, and if I had

not cast my eye or set my heart upon any lass in particular, I should positively get up at four o'clock in the morning with the determination of the iron-moulder himself, and should go to Preston in search of a wife."

How admirable is this! Mr. Dickens concluded with the following remark: "Lastly, let me say one word out of my own personal heart, which is always very near to it in this connection. Do not let us, in the midst of the visible objects of nature, whose workings we can tell in figures, surrounded by machines that can be made to the thousandth part of an inch, acquiring every day knowledge which can be proved upon a slate or demonstrated by a microscope, — do not let us, in the laudable pursuit of the facts that surround us, neglect the fancy and the imagination which equally surround us as a part of the great scheme. Let the child have its fables, let the man or woman into which it changes, always remember those fables tenderly; let numerous graces and ornaments that can not be weighed and measured, and that seem at first sight idle enough, continue to have their places about us, be we never so wise. The hardest head may coexist with the softest heart. The union and just balance of those two is always a blessing to the possessor, and always a blessing to mankind. The Divine Teacher was as gentle and considerate as he was powerful and wise. You all know how He could still the raging of the sea, and could hush a little child. As the utmost results of the wisdom of men can only be at last to help to raise this earth to that condition to which His doctrine, untainted by the blindnesses and passions of men, would have exalted it long ago; so let us always remember that He set us the example of blending the understanding and the imagination, and that, following it ourselves, we tread in His steps, and help our race on to its better and best days. Knowledge, as all followers of it must know,

has a very limited power indeed, when it informs the head alone ; but when it informs the head and heart too, it has a power over life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the universe."

The perusal of these speeches, when some day a well-edited edition of them shall be published, with due explanations of the circumstances in which they were delivered, will probably enhance the public estimate both of his genius and of his worth. The reader will observe, with pleasure, that most of them were delivered for the benefit of charitable funds and working men's lyceums. He could not but know that the success of a public dinner or of a public meeting was secure, if only the managers could print the magic words : "Charles Dickens will preside." It was a matter of principle with him not to refuse such a request when it was made on behalf of an institution which he approved. He presided several times at the annual dinner of the London newspaper carriers, and he frequently performed the same office for the benefit of circus riders and poor actors, — a class whom he delighted to defend against their calumniators. By making this noble use of his great powers and his great fame, he not only put many thousands of pounds into the treasury of useful charities, but he assisted to rescue from failure, and to place upon a solid footing, the working men's lyceum system of England.

Like all the rest of the sons of men, he had his faults and his limits. He was more a microscope than a telescope. He knew the by-ways of London better than he could ever have known the solar system. He could better inspire benevolent feeling than suggest practical measures. But when the whole story of his public and private life has been told, we shall probably all be persuaded that this beloved author was not less excellent as a man and citizen, than admirable as a genius.

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